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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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A

COMPENDIUM

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

FROM

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

TO

WILLIAM COWPER.

CONSISTING OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS, CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WORKS, WITH NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE, AND DIRECTING TO THE BEST EDITIONS AND TO VARIOUS CRITICISMS.

DESIGNED AS A TEXT-BOOK FOR THE HIGHEST CLASSES IN SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, AS WELL AS FOR PRIVATE READING.

BY

CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND.

38

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

The following work is, perhaps, as much the offspring of necessity, as of a love for the subject. Very shortly after I had opened my school for Young Ladies, in this city, in 1834, I felt greatly the want of a book that would give my first or "finishing" class a knowledge of the best English Poets and Prose writers, arranged in a chronological order to show the progress of the language, with short accounts of the lives of the authors themselves and of the works they had written, accompanied by such notes as would direct the reader to the best editions of the different writers, to the various criticisms upon them in reviews or elsewhere, and to other books upon kindred subjects, that might be read with profit. But such a work I could not find. Accordingly, in 1838, I printed, solely for the use of my pupils, a small syllabus, consisting merely of the names of most of the English authors, with the dates of their birth and death, arranged under the different sovereigns. From this I delivered a series of lectures, from time to time, until I had progressed through the reign of Elizabeth, when, about four years ago, I concluded to prepare, as soon as I could, a work like the present. But numerous avocations have prevented me from completing my design until this time.

I have felt it to be a sort of duty, in justice to myself, thus to give this brief history of my book, lest it might be supposed by some, that I had taken the hint of it from Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," recently republished in this country. On the contrary, it will be seen, that, years before that work was published, I had matured in my mind the plan of this, and was gathering materials for it.

Besides, the "Cyclopedia," excellent as it is, is on a plan different from my own, and is far too voluminous for the object for which the "Compendium" is intended; yet the two, so far from conflicting with each other, may be mutual aids; for I should hope that my own work would but give the reader a greater zest to extend his inquiries into the same most interesting subject—a subject so rich in everything that can refine the taste, enlarge the understanding, and improve the heart.

In making selections for my work, I have not been prevented from inserting many pieces, because the same had been selected by others before me; not presuming myself to be wiser, or to have a better taste than hundreds who have gleaned from the same rich field. Hence, while much, I believe, will here be found that, to the generality of readers, will be new, some extracts may also be found that will be familiar. But, like old friends, their re-appearance, I hope, will be hailed with pleasure. Besides, I have endeavored constantly to bear in mind this truth, which even those engaged in education may sometimes forget, that what is well known and familiar to us, will be new to every successive generation; and therefore that all books of selections designed for them, should contain a portion of such pieces as all persons of any pretensions to taste have united to admire. Milton's "Invocation to Light," Pope's "Messiah," Goldsmith's "Village Pastor," and Gray's "Elegy" illustrate my meaning.

But if any one should not see in my work some favorite piece of his own, let him reflect that I could not put in every thing, and be assured that often, very often I have felt no little pain in being compelled, from the narrow limits of the "Compendium," to reject pieces of great beauty and merit. Let him but propose to himself, too, the task of bringing the beauties of English Literature into a duodecimo of seven hundred pages, and I am sure he will be little inclined to censure my deficiencies. I say not this to deprecate criticism. On the contrary I desire it, and shall be glad to have all the faults in the work, both of omission and commission, faithfully pointed out.

In the preparation and execution of this work, I hope I have not been unmindful of the great, the solemn responsibility that rests upon him who is preparing a book that may be the means of forming the taste, directing the judgment, and moulding the opinions of thousands of the rising generation, and I hope and pray that it may contain not one line, either of original or selected matter, which may have, in the least degree, an injurious tendency upon a single mind; not one line which, "dying, I might wish to blot;" but that, on the contrary, it may render good service to the cause of sound education; that it may exert, wherever read, a wholesome moral influence; and that it may impress upon the minds of the young, such principles as are essential to their well being and happiness for time and for eternity; such principles as are in harmony with everlasting truth.

CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 2d*, 1847.

Note.—It was my intention to subjoin a list of the works which I have consulted in the preparation of the "Compendium," which might serve as a sort of "list of books for reading;" but as these are all, I believe, mentioned in the notes, the repetition is deemed unnecessary. C. D. C.

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COMPENDIUM

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE. 1300—1371.

The first prose writer which occurs in the annals of English Literature, is the ancient and renowned traveller, Sir John Mandeville. He was born at St. Albans,[1] about the year 1300. Stimulated by an unconquerable curiosity to see foreign countries, he departed from England in 1322, and continued abroad for thirty-four years; during which time his person and appearance had so changed, that, on his return, his friends, who had supposed him dead, did not know him. But so fixed was his habit of roving, that he set out a second time from his own country, and died at Leige (in Belgium) in the year 1371. John Bale, in his catalogue of British writers, gives him the following fine character, as translated by Hakluyt.

"John Mandevil Knight, borne in the Towne of S. Albans, was so well given to the study of Learning from his childhood, that he seemed to plant a good part of his felicitie in the same: for he supposed, that the honour of his Birth would nothing availe him, except he could render the same more honourable, by his knowledge in good letters. Having therefore well grounded himself in Religion, by reading the Scriptures, he applied his Studies to the Art of Physicke, a Profession worthy a noble Wit: but amongst other things, he was ravished with a mightie desire to see the greater parts of the World, as Asia & Africa. Having therefore provided all things necessary for his journey, he departed from his Countrey in the Yeere of Christ 1322; and, as another Ulysses, returned home, after the space of thirty-four yeeres, & was then knowen to a very fewe. In the time of his Travaile he was in Scythia, the greate & lesse Armenia, Egypt, both Libyas, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldæa, Greece, Illyrium, Tartarie, & divers other Kingdomes of the World: & having gotten by this meanes the knowledge of the Languages, least so many & great varieties, & things miraculous, whereof himself had bene an eie witnes, should perish in oblivion, he committed his whole Travell of thirty-four yeeres to writing, in three divers tongues, English, French, & Latine."

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[1] A town of Hertfordshire, about twenty miles N. of London.

John Mandeville was indeed a remarkable man; and though England has since distinguished herself above all other nations for the number and the character of her voyagers and travellers, who, for the sake of enlarging the bounds of geographical knowledge, have pushed their way into every part of the world, yet, considering the time and circumstances in which he wrote, to none must Sir John Mandeville give place. We must bear continually in mind that he wrote nearly five hundred years ago—one hundred years before printing was introduced into England—in an age of great ignorance, and eager for the marvellous and the wonderful in relation to other lands so little known. That he has told many ridiculous stories is no doubt true;[1] but such he generally prefaces with "thei seyn," or "men seyn but I have not sene it." But if we charge these against him, we must also give him credit for those accounts which, for a long time, rested on his single and unsupported authority, but which later discoveries and inquiries have abundantly confirmed;—such as the cultivation of pepper—the burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands—the trees which bear wool, of which clothing is made—the carrier pigeons—the gymnosophists—the Chinese predilection for small feet—the artificial egg hatching in Egypt—the south pole star, and other astronomical appearances, from which he argues for the spherical form of the earth—the crocodile—the hippopotamus—the giraffe, and many other singular productions of nature. "His book," says an elegant writer,[2] "is to an Englishman doubly valuable, as establishing the title of his country to claim as its own, the first example of the liberal and independent gentleman, travelling over the world in the disinterested pursuit of knowledge; unsullied in his reputation, and honored and respected wherever he went for his talents and personal accomplishments."

FROM THE PROLOGUE.[3]

"And for als moche[4] as it is longe tyme passed, that ther was no generalle Passage ne Vyage over the See; and many Men desiren for to here speke of the holy Lond, and han[5] thereof gret Solace and Comfort; I John Maundevylle, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englond, in the

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[1] In No. 254 of the Tatler, Addison has ridiculed, with infinite humor, the propensities of Sir John towards the marvellous.

[2] See a very interesting article on Sir John Mandeville's travels in the Retrospective Review, vol. iii. p. 269.

[3] In printing these extracts from Mandeville, the edition of J. O. Halliwell, London, 1839, published from a manuscript about three hundred years old, has been carefully followed. The language, therefore, is such as our ancestors used more than three centuries ago, and it is here given not only as a curiosity, but from the belief that it will give more real pleasure, and convey a much better idea of the progress which the English language has since made, than if it were modernised. Before the art of printing was discovered there was no settled method of spelling; the same word, therefore, will be found spelled different ways.

[4] As much.

[5] Have.

Town of Seynt Albones, passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the Day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to[1] have been longe tyme over the See, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse Londes, and many Provynces and Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye[2] the litylle and the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out many othere Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes[3] of men. Of whiche Londes and Iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre. And I schalle devise zou sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan time schalle ben, aftre it may best come to my mynde; and specyally for hem, that wylle and are in purpos for to visite the Holy Citee of Jerusalem, and the holy Places that are thereaboute. And I schalle telle the Weye, that thei schulle holden thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden[4] the way, with gode Companye of many Lordes: God be thonked.

"And zee schulle[5] undirstonde, that I have put this Boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it azen[6] out of Frensche into Englyssche, that every Man of my Nacioun may undirstonde it. But Lordes and Knyghtes and othere noble and worthi Men, that conne[7] Latyn but litylle, and han ben bezonde the See, knowen and undirstonden, zif I erre in devisynge, for forzetynge,[8] or elles;[9] that thei mowe[10] redresse it and amende it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a Mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone into forzetynge: Because that Mynde of Man ne may not ben comprehended ne witheholden, for the Freeltee of Mankynde."

THE LONG NAILS AND LITTLE FEET OF THE CHINESE.

"For the Noblesse of that Contree is to have longe Nayles, and to make hem growen alle weys to ben as longe as men may. And there been manye in that Contree, that han hire[11] Nayles so longe, that thei envyronne alle the Hond: and that is a gret Noblesse. And the Noblesse of the Women, is for to haven smale Feet and litille: and therfore anon as thei ben born, they leet[12] bynde hire Feet so streyte, that thei may not growen half as nature wolde."

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[1] Hitherto. [2] Armenia. [3] Shapes. [4] Ridden. [5] Should. [6] Again. [7] Know. [8] Forgetting. [9] Else. [10] May. [11] Their. [12] Let.

THE GIRAFFE.

"In Arabye, thei ben clept Gerfauntz; that is a Best pomelee or spotted; that is but a litylle more highe, than is a Stede:[1] but he hathe the Necke a 20 Cubytes long: and his Croup and his Tayl is as of an Hert: and he may loken over a gret highe Hous."[2]

THE SPHERICAL FORM OF THE EARTH.[3]

"In that Lond,[4] ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the Sterre transmontane,[5] that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevable, and that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the Lode Sterre.[6] But men seen another Sterre, the contrarie to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept[7] Antartyk. And right as the Schip men taken here Avys[8] here, and governe hem be the Lode Sterre, right so don Schip men bezonde the parties, be the Sterre of the Southe, the whiche Sterre apperethe not to us. And this Sterre, that is toward the Northe, that wee clepen the Lode Sterre, ne apperethe not to hem. For whiche cause, men may wel perceyve, that the Lond and the See ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the Firmament schewethe in o[9] Contree, that schewethe not in another Contree. And men may well preven be experience and sotyle[10] compassement of Wytt, that zif a man fond passages be Schippes, that wolde go to serchen the World, men myghte go be Schippe alle aboute the World, and aboven and benethen. And zif I hadde had Companye and Schippynge, for to go more bezonde, I trowe[11] wel in certeyn, that wee scholde have seen alle the roundnesse of the Firmament alle aboute.

"But how it semethe to symple men unlerned, that men ne mowe[12] not go undre the Erthe, and also that men scholde falle toward the Hevene, from undre! But that may not be, upon lesse,[13] than wee mowe falle toward Hevene, fro the Erthe, where wee ben. For fro what partie of the Erthe, that men

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[1] Horse. [2] The houses of the east, but one story.

[3] This, it seems to me, is a most curious and remarkable passage, for we must remember that it was written nearly one hundred and fifty years before the discovery of America. It proves, beyond a doubt, that Mandeville had a distinct idea of the rotundity of the earth, and probably of the New World, and that, if he had had the means, he would undoubtedly have anticipated by more than a century the brilliant discovery of Columbus.

[4] Africa. [5] The pole star. [6] That is, the star to which the loadstone or magnet points. [7] Called. [8] Advice. [9] One. [10] Subtle. [11] Think. [12] May not, that is, cannot. [13] Unless.

duelle,[1] outher aboven or benethen, it semethe alweys to hem that duellen, that thei gon more righte than ony other folk. And righte as it semethe to us, that thei ben undre us, righte so it semethe hem, that wee ben undre hem. For zif a man myghte falle fro the Erthe unto the Firmament; be grettere resoun, the Erthe and the See, that ben so grete and so hevy, scholde fallen to the Firmament: but that may not be."

JOHN WICLIF. 1324—1384.

John Wiclif, *the Morning Star of the Reformation*, "that Englishman," (to use the words of Milton,) "honored of God to be the first Preacher of a general Reformation to all Europe," was born in the little village of Wiclif, near Richmond, in the northern part of Yorkshire, about the year 1324. Where he received the rudiments of his education is not known, but at a suitable age he entered the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself, not only in the scholastic philosophy of the times, in which he surpassed all his cotemporaries, but also in the study and interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures; so that he acquired the title of Evangelical or Gospel Doctor. In 1361 he was promoted to the headship of Canterbury Hall, and soon after, from witnessing the ecclesiastical corruptions which so extensively prevailed, he began to attack, without discrimination, both in his sermons and other pieces, not only the whole body of Monks, but also the encroachments and tyranny of the church of Rome.

He had now fairly entered into that arena which he was to quit only with his life. To enter, however, into the particulars of his eventful life—the continued and most bitter persecutions he ever experienced at the hands of ecclesiastical power—his fearless and manly defences of himself—the bulls issued against him by the Pope—his appearance before august convocations to answer for himself, touching the same—his providential escapes from the snares set for him by his enemies—to enter into these and the numerous other incidents of his most active life, would be quite impracticable in the limited space prescribed for these biographical sketches. The reader is therefore referred to the excellent works mentioned below.[2]

Milton, in his Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, thus remarks: "Had it not been for the obstinate perverseness of our Prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wiclif, to suppress him as a schis-

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[1] Dwell, live.

[2] The Life and Opinions of John Wiclif, by Robert Vaughan, 8vo. The Life of Wiclif, by Professor Charles Webb Le Bas, London, 12mo. The Life of Wiclif, with an appendix and list of his works, 12mo., Edinburg, 1826. No author's name is given to this. Of these, I must prefer the work of Professor Le Bas. If none of these is accessible, there is the little work of Professor Pond, entitled "Wiclif and his Times," published by the American Sunday School Union.

matic or innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Husse and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin had ever been known." And Milton is undoubtedly right. Far be it from us to say anything that would detract, in the least degree, from the great merits of the great German Reformer. The name of Luther is endeared to the whole Protestant world, and will ever be cherished as long as holy zeal, and moral courage, and untiring ardor in the best of causes, have an advocate on earth. But in some respects Wiclif claims precedence of Luther. We must ever bear in mind that he was one hundred years before him, and that he lived in a darker night of ignorance, and when the Papal power was in its fullest strength. Wiclif, too, stood almost alone; for though countenanced by the mother of the king, and by the powerful Duke of Lancaster, yet he met with no support that deserved to be compared with that retinue of powerful patronage which gave effect to the exertions of Luther. "Allowing, however," (says Professor Le Bas,) "if we must, to Luther, the highest niche in this sacred department of the Temple of Renown, I know not who can be chosen to fill the next, if it shall be denied to Wiclif."

"In all stages of society, those unquestionably deserve the highest praise, who outstep the rest of their cotemporaries; who rise up in solitary majesty amidst a host of prejudices and errors, combating intrepidly on one side, though assailed and weakened on another. The merit consists in setting the example; in exhibiting a pattern after which others may work. It is easy to follow where there is one to lead; but to be the first to strike out into a new and untried way, in whatever state of society it may be found, marks a genius above the common order. Such men are entitled to everlasting gratitude." *Burnet's English Prose Writers.*

Wiclif died in the year 1384 of a stroke of the palsy, continuing to the very end of life to labor with increasing zeal in that holy cause, to which he had devoted himself in his earlier years. His inveterate enemies, the papal clergy, betrayed an indecent joy at his death, and the council of Constance, thirty years after, decreed that his remains should be disinterred and scattered. The order was obeyed, and what were supposed to be the ashes of Wiclif were cast into an adjoining brook, one of the branches of the Avon. "And thus," says old Fuller, the historian, "this brook did convey his ashes into the Avon; the Avon into the Severn; the Severn into the narrow sea; and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine. It is now dispersed all over the world."[1]

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[1] Wordsworth has thus beautifully expressed this thought.

——————— Wiclif is disinhumed;
Yea—his dry bones to ashes are consumed,
And flung into the brook that travels near:
Forthwith, that ancient voice which streams can hear,
Thus speaks—(that voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind:)
'As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear
Into the Avon—Avon to the tide
Of Severn—Severn to the narrow seas—

The number of the writings of Wiclif still extant, though very many were burnt both before and after his death by order of the Pope, is truly astonishing. Most of these now exist in manuscript, in the public libraries in England and Ireland, and some in the Imperial Library at Vienna. His great work was the translation of the Scriptures, and to him belongs the high honor of having given to the English nation the first translation of the entire Scriptures in their mother tongue, which he made, not from the original languages, the Hebrew and Greek, but from the Latin Vulgate. The following are his reasons for this great undertaking :[1]

WICLIF'S APOLOGY.

"Oh Lord God! sithin[2] at the beginning of faith, so many men translated into Latin, and to great profit of Latin men ; let one simple creature of God translate into English, for profit of Englishmen. For, if worldly clerks look well their chronicles and books, they shoulden find, that Bede translated the Bible, and expounded much in Saxon, that was English, either[3] common language of this land, in his time. And not only Bede, but king Alfred, that founded Oxenford, translated in his last days, the beginning of the Psalter into Saxon, and would more, if he had lived longer. Also Frenchmen, Bemers[4] and Britons, han[5] the Bible and other books of devotion and exposition translated into their mother language. Why shoulden not Englishmen have the same in their mother language? I cannot wit.[6] No, but for falseness and negligence of clerks,[7] either for[8] our people is not worthy to have so great grace and gift of God, in pain of their old sins.

Into main ocean they—this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed.'"

[1] He received, of course, abuse without measure from the priests, for this noble labor, which he completed in 1380. The following is but a mild specimen of Papal rage. It is from one Henry Knyghton, a cotemporary priest.

"This master John Wiclif translated out of Latin into English, the Gospel which Christ had entrusted with the clergy and doctors of the church, that *they* might minister it to the laity and weaker sort, according to the exigency of times, and their several occasions. So that by this means the Gospel is made vulgar, and laid more open to the laity, and even to women who could read, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of the best understanding. And so the Gospel jewel, or evangelical pearl, is thrown about and trodden under foot of swine."

[2] Since. [3] Or. [4] Bohemians. [5] Have. [6] Know, or tell. [7] Scholars. [8] Or because.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

"Christian men and women, old and young, shoulden study fast in the New Testament, and that no simple man of wit should be aferde unmeasurably to study in the text of holy writ; that pride and covetisse of clerks,[1] is cause of their blindness and heresy, and priveth them fro very understanding of holy writ. That the New Testament is of full autority, and open to understanding of simple men, as to the points that ben most needful to salvation; that the text of holy writ ben word of everlasting life, and that he that keepeth meekness and charity, hath the true understanding and perfection of all holy writ; that it seemeth open heresy to say that the Gospel with his truth and freedom sufficeth not to salvation of Christian men, without keeping of ceremonies and statutes of sinful men and uncunning, that ben made in the time of Satanas and of Anti-Christ; that men ought to desire only the truth and freedom of the holy Gospel, and to accept man's law and ordinances only in as much as they ben grounded in holy scripture, either good reason and common profit of Christian people. That if any man in earth, either angel of heaven teacheth us the contrary of holy writ, or any thing against reason and charity, we should flee from him in that, as fro the foul fiend of hell, and hold us stedfastly to life and death, to the truth and freedom of the holy Gospel of Jesus Christ; and take us meekly men's sayings and laws, only in as much as they accorden with holy writ and good consciences; no further, for life, neither for death.

"And so (says Wicliffe) they would condemn the Holy Ghost, that gave it in tongues to the apostles of Christ, as it is written, to speak the word of God in all languages that were ordained of God under heaven, as it is written."

SPECIMENS OF WICLIF'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.[2]

PSALM II.

"Whi gnastiden with teeth hethene men, and puplis thoughten veyn thingis. The kyngis of eerthe stoden to gidre, and princes camen to gidre aghens the Lord and aghens his Crist. Breke we the boondis of hem, and cast we away the yock of hem fro

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[1] Scholars. [2] The original spelling is here preserved in these extracts from Wiclif's Bible as a curiosity.

us. He that dwelleth in hevenes schal scorne hem: and the Lord schal bemowe hem. Thanne he schal speke to hem in his ire; and schal distrouble hem in his stronge vengeaunce. Forsothe I am maad of him a kyng on Sion his hooli hil, prechynge his commandementis. The Lord seide to me, thou art my sone: I have gendred thee to-day. Axe thou of me and I shall gheve to thee hethene men thine heritage: and thi possessioun the teermes of the eerthe. Thou shalt governe hem in an yren gherd,[1] and thou shalt breke hem as a vessel of a potter. And now, ye kyngis, understonde: ye that deemen the erthe be lernid. Serve ye to the Lord with dreed: and make ye, ful oute, joie to him with trembling. Take ye lore: leest the Lord be wrooth sumtyme: and leest ye perischen fro the right weye. Whaune his ire brenneth oute in shorte tyme, blessed ben alle thei that tristene in him."

MATTHEW, CHAP. V.

"And Jhesus seynge the peple, went up into an hil; and whanne he was sett, his disciplis camen to him. And he openyde his mouthe, and taughte hem: and seide, Blessid be pore men in spirit; for the kyngdom of hevenes is herun.[2] Blessid ben mylde men: for thei schulenweelde the erthe. Blessid ben thei that mournen; for thei schal be coumfortid. Blessid be thei that hungren and thirsten rightwisnesse:[3] for thei schal be fulfilled. Blessed ben merciful men: for thei schul gete mercy. Blessed ben thei that ben of clene herte: for thei schulen se God. Blessid ben pesible men: for thei schulen be clepid goddis children. Blessid ben thei that suffren persecucioun for rightwisnesse: for the kyngdom of hevenes is hern. Ye schul be blessid whanne men schul curse you, and schul pursue you: and schul seye al yvel agens you liynge for me. Joie ye and be ye glade: for your meede is plenteous in hevenes: for so thei han pursued also prophetis that weren bifore you. Ye ben salt of the erthe, that if the salt vanishe awey wherynne schal it be salted? to nothing it is worth over, no but it be cast out, and be defoulid of men. Ye ben light of the world, a citee set on an hill may not be hid. Ne me teendith not a lanterne and puttith it undir a bushel: but on a candilstik that it give light to alle that ben in the hous. So, schyne your light bifore men, that thei see youre gode workis, and glorifie your fadir that is in hevenes. Nyle ghe deme that I cam to undo the Lawe or the prophetis, I cam not to undo

[1] An iron yard, or rod. [2] Theirs. [3] Rightfulnesse MS. *plures.*

the lawe but to fulfille. Forsothe I sey to you till hevene and erthe passe, oon lettre, or oon title, schal not passe fro the Lawe til alle thingis be don. Therfore he that brekith oon of these leeste maundementis, and techith thus men, schal be clepid the Leest in the rewme of hevenes: but he that doth, and techith, schal be clepid greet in the kyngdom of hevenes."

JOHN BARBOUR. 1326—1396.

Among the very earliest of the poets of Scotland was John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen. But very little is known of his personal history. The only work of consequence which he has left, is entitled "Bruce." It is a metrical history of Robert the First (1306—1329)--his exertions and achievements for the recovery of the independence of Scotland, and the principal transactions of his reign. Barbour, therefore, is to be considered in the double character of historian and poet. As he flourished in the age immediately following that of his hero, he enjoyed the advantage of hearing from eye-witnesses themselves, narratives of the war for liberty. As a history, his work is good authority. He himself boasts of its "soothfastness;" and the lofty sentiments and vivid descriptions with which it abounds, prove the author to have been fitted by feeling and principle, as well as by situation, for the task which he undertook.

As the language of Barbour is now exceedingly obsolete, we will give but one quotation from his heroic poem. After the painful description of the slavery to which Scotland was reduced by Edward I., he breaks out in the following noble Apostrophe to Freedom. It is in a style of poetical feeling uncommon not only in that but many subsequent ages, and has been quoted with high praise by the most distinguished Scottish historians and critics.

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff freedome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is."[1]

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[1] The following paraphrase of the above lines is taken from Chambers'

GEOFFRY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.

We now come to one of the brightest names in English literature--to him who has been distinctively known as the Father of English poetry--Geoffry Chaucer. Warton has with great beauty and justice compared the appearance of Chaucer in our language, to a premature day in an English Spring, after which the gloom of Winter returns, and the buds and blossoms which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms.

Chaucer was born in the year 1328, and was educated at Oxford. His great genius early attracted the notice of the reigning sovereign, Edward III., and he soon became the most popular personage in the brilliant court of that monarch. It was in this circle of royalty that he became attached to a lady whom he afterwards married, Philippa Pyknard. She was maid of honor to the queen, Philippa, and a younger sister of the wife of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. By this connection, therefore, Chaucer acquired the powerful support of the Lancastrian family, and during his life his fortune fluctuated with theirs. To his courtly accomplishments he added much by foreign travel, having been commissioned by the king in 1372 to attend to some important matters of state at Genoa. While in Italy he became acquainted with Petrarch,[1] and probably with Boccacio, whose works enriched his mind with fresh stores of learning and images of beauty, and whose great success was doubtless a spur to his ambition to attain a like enviable fame.

On his return home, the friendship and patronage of the reigning monarch

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Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen, in four volumes, a work of great interest and merit.

Ah! freedom is a noble thing,
And can to life a relish bring,
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor aught beside that may it please,
If freedom fail—for 'tis the choice,
More than the chosen, man enjoys.
Ah, he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,
Knows not the weary pains which gall
The limbs, the soul, of him who plains
In slavery's foul and festering chains.
If these he knew, I ween right soon
He would seek back the precious boon
Of freedom, which he then would prize
More than all wealth beneath the skies.

[1] The three distinguished scholars of Italy of the fourteenth century were, Dante (1265—1321), the father of modern Italian poetry; Petrarch (1304—1374), the reviver of ancient learning, and the first founder and collector of any considerable library of ancient literature; and Boccacio (1313—1375), the father of modern Italian prose.

were continued to him. He was made controller of the customs of wine and wool, the revenue from which office, together with a pension that was granted to him, gave him a liberal support. During the whole of the reign of Edward III., his genius and connections seemed to keep him in prosperity, as well as during the period of John of Gaunt's influence of the succeeding reign of Richard II., 1377--1399. But during the waning fortunes of that nobleman, Chaucer also suffered, and was indeed imprisoned for a short time; but on the return of the Duke of Lancaster from Spain, 1389, he had once more a steady protector, and on the accession of Henry IV., he had an additional annuity conferred upon him. But he did not live long to enjoy this accession to his fortune, for he died on the twenty-fifth of October, 1400, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer's genius, like Cowper's, was not fully developed till he was advanced in years; for it was not until he was about sixty, in the calm evening of a busy life, that he composed his great work on which his fame chiefly rests, his CANTERBURY TALES. He took the idea, doubtless, from the Decameron of Boccacio,[1] at that time one of the most popular of books. He supposes that a company of pilgrims, consisting of twenty-nine "sundry folk," meet together at the Tabard inn, Southwark, (near London,) on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket,[2] at Canterbury. While at supper they agreed, at the suggestion of their host, not only to pursue their journey together the next morning, but, in order to render their way the more interesting, that each should divert the others with a tale, both in going and returning, and that whoever told the best, should have a supper at the expense of the rest; and that the landlord should be the judge.

It will thus be seen that the plan of Chaucer is vastly superior to that of Boccacio. His characters, instead of being youthful, and from the same city, are of matured experience, from various places, and are drawn from every class of mankind, and, consequently, are, in their rank, appearance, manners, and habits, very widely opposed. But what gives us the greatest admiration of the poet, is the astonishing skill with which he has supported his characters, and the exquisite address that he has shown in adapting his stories to the different humors, sentiments, and talents of the reciters. He has thus given us such an accurate picture of ancient manners, as no cotemporary writer has transmitted to posterity, and in the Canterbury Tales we view the pursuits and employments, the customs and diversions of the reign of Edward III., copied from the life, and represented with equal

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[1] Boccacio supposes that when the plague began to abate in Florence (1348), ten young persons of both sexes retired to the country to enjoy the fresh air, and pass TEN DAYS agreeably. (Hence the name DECAMERON, from the Greek δεκα (*deka*) "ten," and ἡμερα (*hemera*) "a day.") Their principal amusement was for each to take their turn in telling tales; and as each of the ten told a story a day, and as they continued together ten days, the Decameron consists of one hundred tales.

[2] For the murder of this famous archbishop in the reign of Henry II., A. D. 1171, see History of England. Canterbury was about fifty-three miles S. E. from London.

truth and spirit.[1] The following are some select characters, as portrayed in the Prologue.

THE PROLOGUE.

"Whenné that April, with his showrés sote,[2]
The drouth of March hath piercéd to the rote,[3]
And bathéd every vein in such licoúr,
Of which virtúe engendred is the flow'r;
When Zephirus eké, with his soté[2] breath,
Inspiréd hath in every holt[4] and heath
The tender croppés; and the youngé sun
Hath in the Ram his halfé course yrun,
And smallé fowlés maken melody,
That sleepen allé night with open eye,
So pricketh them natúre in their couráges,[5]
Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken strangé strands,
To servé hallows[6] couth[7] in sundry lands;
And 'specially from every shiré's end
Of Engleland to Canterbury they wend,[8]
The holy blissful martyr for to seek
That them hath holpen when that they were sick.
"Befell that in that season on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabard[9] as I lay,
Ready to wenden[8] on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout couráge;
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine-and-twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by áventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That towárd Canterbury woulden ride.
The chambers and the stables weren wide,[10]
And well we weren easéd[11] aité best.

THE KNIGHT AND SQUIRE.

"A *Knight* there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the timé that he first began
To riden out, he lovéd chivalry,
Truth and honóur, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lordés war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man farre.[12]

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[1] In a subsequent age, the great work of Chaucer exerted a powerful influence in helping on the great cause of the Reformation. So much was Cardinal Wolsey offended at the severity with which the Papal clergy were treated in the Pilgrim's Tale, that he laid an interdict upon its ever being printed with the rest of the work, and it was with difficulty that the Ploughman's Tale was permitted to stand.

[2] Sote—sweet. [3] Rote—root. [4] Holt—grove, forest. [5] Courages—hearts, spirits. [6] Hallows—holiness. [7] Couth—known. [8] Wend—go, make way. [9] That is, the inn called "The Tabard." The *Tabard* was a "jacket, or sleeveless coat, worn in times past by noblemen in the wars, but now only by heralds, and is called their coat of arms in service."—*Speght*. [10] Wide—spacious. [11] Eased atté best—commodiously lodged. [12] Farre—farther.

As well in Christendom as in Heatheness,
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.
"With him there was his son, a youngé *Squire*,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was I guess.
Of his statúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver,[1] and great of strength;
And he had been some time in chevachie,[2]
In Flaunders, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so little space,[3]
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
"Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowrés white and red:
Singing he was or floyting[4] all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May:
Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide;
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride:
He couldé songés make, and well endite,
Joust and eke dance, and well pourtray and write:
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale[5]
He slept no more than doth the nightingale:
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carv'd before his father at the table."

THE MONK.

"A *Monk* there was, a fair[6] for the mast'ry',
An out-rider,[7] that lovéd venery;[8]
A manly man to been[9] an abbot able;
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,
And when he rode men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell,
There[10] as this lord was keeper of the cell.
"I saw his sleevés purfiled[11] at the hand
With gris,[12] and that the finest of the land;
And, for to fasten his hood under his chin,
He had of gold ywrought a curious pin;
A love-knot in the greater end there was:
His head was bald, and shone as any glass,

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[1] Wonderly deliver—wonderfully active: from the French *libre*, free. [2] Chevachie, (French, *chevauchée*)—a military expedition. [3] Conducted himself well, considering the short time that he had served. [4] Floyting—fluting, playing on the flute, whistling.* [5] Nightertale—night-time. [6] A fair—that is, "a fair one." [7] Out-rider—as we should say "a rider out-and-out." [8] Venery—hunting. [9] Been—to have been. [10] There—where. [11] Purfiled—wrought at the edge. [12] Gris—a fur, and probably from the name of a *gray* colour.

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* The Squire would not, in all probability, have a flute always with him. I should therefore prefer the reading that he "*whistled* all the day;" as being a more natural touch of character, as well as in keeping with the hilarity of youth.

And eke his face, as it had been anoint;
He was a lord full fat and in good point:
His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,
That steaméd as a furnace of a lead;
His bootés supple, his horse in great estate;
Now certainly he was a fair prelate:
He was not pale as a forepinéd[1] ghost;
A fat swan lov'd he best of any roast:
His palfrey was as brown as is a berry."

THE CLERK.

"A *Clerk*[2] there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logic haddé long ygo.[3]
As leané was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake,
But looked hollow, and thereto soberly.
Full threadbare was his overest courtepy;[4]
For he had gotten him yet no benefice,
Nor was nought worldly to have an office;
For him was lever[5] have at his bed's head
Twenty bookés clothéd in black or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robés rich, or fiddle or psaltry:
But all be that he was a philosópher
Yet haddé he but little gold in coffer,
But all that he might of his friendés hent,[6]
On bookés and on learning he it spent,
And busily 'gan for the soulés pray
Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.[7]
Of study took he mosté cure and heed;
Not a word spake he moré than was need,
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence:[8]
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

THE WIFE.

"A good *Wife* was there *of* besidé *Bath*,
But she was some deal deaf, and that was scathe.[9]
Of cloth-making she haddé such a haunt[10]
She passéd them of Ypres and of Ghent.
In all the parish, wife ne was there none
That to the off'ring before her shouldé gone,
And if there did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allé charity.
Her coverchiefs[11] weren full fine of ground;
I dursté swear they weigheden a pound,

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[1] Forepined—wasted. [2] That is, a scholar. [3] Ygo—*part. past*, gone. [4] Overest courtepy—uppermost short cloak. [5] Lever—rather. [6] Hent—catch hold of. [7] Scholay—study. [8] High sentence—i. e. lofty period. [9] Scathe—harm, damage. [10] Haunt—custom. [11] Head-dress.

That on the Sunday were upon her head:
Her hosen weren of fine scarlet red,
Full strait ytied, and shoes full moist[1] and new:
Bold was her face, and fair and red of hew.
She was a worthy woman all her live;
Husbands at the church door had she had five."

THE PARSON.

"A good man there was of religión,
That was a pooré *Parson* of a town,
But rich he was of holy thought and work;
He was also a learned man, a Clerk,
That Christés gospel truly wouldé preach;
His parishens[2] devoutly would he teach;
Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversity full patiént,
And such he was yprovéd often sithés:[3]
Full loth were him to cursen for his tithés;
But rather would he given out of doubt
Unto his pooré parishens about
Of his off'ring, and eke of his súbstance;
He could in little thing have suffisance:[4]
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left nought for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief, to visit
The farthest in his parish much and lite[5]
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff:
This noble 'nsample to his sheep he yaf,[6]
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
Out of the gospel he the wordés caught,
And this figûre he added yet thereto,
That if gold rusté what should iron do?
For if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewéd[7] man to rust;
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep
To see a 'fouléd' shepherd and clean sheep:
Well ought a priest ensample for to give
By his cleanness how his sheep should live.
"He setté not his benefice to hire,
And let his sheep accumbred[8] in the mire,
And ran unto London unto Saint Poule's
To seeken him a chantery[9] for souls,

[1] Moist—fresh. [2] Parishens—parishioners. [3] Sithes—times. [4] Suffisance—sufficiency. [5] Much and lite—great and small. [6] Yaf—gave. [7] Lewed—ignorant. [8] Accumbred—encumbred. [9] Chantery.*

* An endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder. There were thirty-five of these chantries established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four priests.—*Dugdale, Hist. pref.* p. 41.

Or with a brotherhood to be withold;[1]
But dwelt at home and kepté well his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry:
He was a shepherd and no mercenary;
And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispítous,[2]
Ne of his speeché dangerous[3] ne digne;[4]
But in his teaching díscreet and benign.
To drawen folk to heaven with fairéness,
By good ensample, was his business;
But it were[5] any person obstinate,
What so he were of high or low estate,
Him would he snibben[6] sharply for the nonés:[7]
A better priest I trow that no where none is.
He waited after no pomp or reverence,
Ne makéd him no spicéd consciénce;
But Christés lore,[8] and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselve."

But the Canterbury Tales are by no means the only production of Chaucer's muse. He has written many other poems containing passages equal to anything found in his chief work. The following are the principal.

Troilus and Creseida. This is in five books, "in which the vicissitudes of love are depictedin a strain of true poetry, with much pathos and simplicity of sentiment." The author calls it "a litill tragedie." On the whole, however, it is rather tedious, from its innumerable digressions. For instance, Troilus declaims, for about one hundred lines, on the doctrine of predestination.

Romaunt of the Rose. This is an allegory, depicting the difficulties and dangers encountered by a lover in pursuit of the object of his affections, who is set forth under the emblem of the rose. He traverses vast ditches, scales lofty walls, and forces the gates of adamantine and almost impregnable castles. These enchanted fortresses are all inhabited by various divinities, some of which assist, and some oppose the lover's progress. Thus this poem furnishes a great variety of rich and beautiful descriptions—paintings most true to nature.

The House of Fame. This is represented under the form of a dream, and consists of three books. It abounds in lively and vigorous description, in disquisitions on natural philosophy, and in sketches of human nature of no common beauty. The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass, on the walls of which are displayed in portraitures the history of Æneas, abridged from Virgil. After looking around him, he sees aloft, "fast by the sun," a gigantic eagle, which souses down, and bears him off in his talons through the upper regions of air, leaving clouds, tempests, hail, and snow far beneath

[1] Withold—witholden, withheld. [2] Dispitous—inexorable, angry to excess. [3] Dangerous—sparing. [4] Digne—proud, disdainful. [5] But it were—should it happen that any one were, &c. [6] Snibben—rebuke. [7] For the nones—for the occasion. [8] Lore—learning, doctrine.

him, and at length arrives among the celestial signs of the Zodiac. Here his journey ends. The "House of Fame" is before him. It is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice of excessive height, and almost inaccessible. All the southern side of the rock is covered with the names of famous men, which were perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun; but those on the northern side remained unmelted and uneffaced. The poet then enters the building, and beholds the Goddess of Fame, seated upon a throne of sculptured carbuncle. Before her appear the various candidates for her favor; and here the poet has admirably improved the wide field before him in describing the capricious judgment of the fickle deity, in awarding her favors.

Pope, in his "Temple of Fame," has imitated Chaucer to a considerable extent, as may be seen by comparing various passages in each author.

"THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT WITH THE POET.

"And I adown 'gan looken tho,[1]
And beheld fieldés and plainés,
Now hillés and now mountainés,
Now valleys and now forésté's,
And now unnethés[2] great beastés,
Now riverés, now cityés,
Now townés, and now great treés
Now shippés sailing in the sea;
But thus soon in a whilé he
Was flowen from the ground so high
That all the world, as to mine eye,
No more yseeméd than a prick,[3]
Or ellés was the air so thick
That I ne might it not discern."[4]

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. This has an instructive moral. A gentlewoman, out of an arbor in a grove, seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green grass, the which being ended they all kneel down, and do honor to the daisy, some to the Flower and some to the Leaf. Afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: they who honor the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure; but

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[1] Tho—then. [2] Unnethes—not easily, with difficulty. [3] Prick—point.

[4] I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes are seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples rise.
Temple of Fame, lines 11—18.

they that honor the Leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the winter storms and frosts, are they which follow virtue and true merit, without regarding worldly respects.

Such are the chief poems of Geoffrey Chaucer.[1]

WILLIAM CAXTON. 1413—1491.

The name of William Caxton will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the world of letters, for he it was who introduced the art of printing into England.[2] He was born in the County of Kent in the year 1413, and at the age of fifteen was put as an apprentice to a merchant of London. In consideration of his integrity and good behavior, his master bequeathed him a small sum of money as a capital with which to trade. He was soon chosen by the Mercers' Company to be their agent in Holland and Flanders, in which countries he spent about twenty-three years. While there, the new invention of the art of printing[3] was everywhere spoken of; and Caxton, at

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[1] Read Clarke's Tales from Chaucer, written in imitation of Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare, and Clarke's Riches of Chaucer. Also, an interesting and able critique upon Chaucer in the Retrospective Review, vol. ix. page 173; and another in the Edinburgh Review, iii. 437; also a parallel between Chaucer and Spencer in the latter Review, xxiv. 58.

[2] O Albion! still thy gratitude confess
To Caxton, founder of the British Press:
Since first thy mountains rose, or rivers flowed,
Who on thy isles so rich a boon bestow'd.
The Press, a Poem, by John M'Creery.

See also a tribute to the memory of Caxton, by the talented author of the *Corn Law Rhymes*, Ebenezer Elliot, beginning,

Lord! taught by thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words forever speak;
A grave for tyrants then was made—
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

[3] It is not a little singular that the history of printing, that art which commemorates all other inventions, and which hands down to posterity every important event, is so enveloped in mystery that the ablest minds in Europe have had long and acrimonious disputations respecting the question to what place and to what person the invention is rightfully due. There is not space here to give even an outline of these controversies; I can merely give the result. The two cities which claim the discovery are Haarlem or Haerlem, a city of North Holland, and Mentz, in Germany on the Rhine. The dispute, however, as Mr. Timperley properly observes, has turned rather on words than facts, arising from the different definitions of the word printing. If the honor is to be awarded from the discovery of the principle, it is unquestionably due to Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, who first found out the method of impressing characters on paper, by means of blocks of carved wood, about

a great expense of time and labor, and with an industry to which all obstacles will ever give way, made himself complete master of it, as then known. He first employed himself in translating from French into English. *The Recuyell*[1] *of the Histories of Troye*, which was published at Cologne, 1471, and is the first book ever printed in the English language. The next year Caxton returned to England, and in 1474 put forth The Game of Chess, remarkable as being the first book ever printed in England. It was entitled, *The Game and Playe of the Chesse : Translated out of the French, and imprynted by William Caxton. Fynyshed the last day of Marche, the yer of our Lord God, a thousand foure hundred, lxxiiij.*

Caxton was a man who united great modesty and simplicity of character to indefatigable industry. He styled himself "simple William Caxton." He printed, in all, about sixty-four different works, continuing to prepare copy for the press to the very close of his life; and though of no brilliancy of talent, he exemplifies, in a remarkable degree, how much good one man may do, of even moderate powers, provided he industriously and faithfully employs all that has been given to him with an eye single to one great object.

Among other works[2] printed by Caxton were the Chronicles of England, which contained indeed some true history, but much more of romantic fable. As a specimen of the latter the following may be given upon the

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF ALBION.

"Before that I will speak of Brute,[3] it shall be shewed how the land of England was first named Albion, and by what encheson[4] it was so named.

"Of the noble land of Syria, there was a royal king and mighty, and a man of great renown, that was called Dioclesian, that well and worthily him governed and ruled thro' his noble chivalry; so that he conquered all the lands about him; so that almost all the kings of the world to him were attendant. It befel thus that this Dioclesian spoused a gentle damsel that was wonder fair, that was his uncle's daughter, Labana. And

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1430. If movable types be considered the criterion, as it seems to me they must, the merit of the invention is due to John Guttenburg, of Mentz, who used them about 1440: while Schoeffer, in conjunction with Faust, (more familiarly known as Dr. Faustus,) was the first who founded types of metal.

From all the arguments and opinions, therefore, which have been adduced in this important controversy, the following conclusion may be satisfactorily drawn. To JOHN GUTTENBURG is due the appellation of FATHER OF PRINTING; to PETER SCHOEFFER that of FATHER OF LETTER-FOUNDING; and to JOHN FAUST that of GENEROUS PATRON, by whose means the wonderful discovery was brought rapidly to perfection.

[1] Compilation—selection. [2] For a full list of his works, see Ames' Typographical Antiquities, or Timperley's History of Printing, page 155. [3] This Brute was the grandson of Æneas, and the old chronicles derived the descent of the Britons from the Trojans. [4] Chance.

she loved him as reason would; so that he had by her thirty-three daughters; of the which the eldest was called Albine. And these damsels, when they came unto age, became so fair that it was wonder. Whereof Dioclesian anon let make a summoning, and commanded by his letters, that all the kings that held of him, should come at a certain day, as in his letters were contained, to make a feast royal. At which day, thither they came, and brought with them admirals, princes, and dukes, and noble chivalry. The feast was royally arrayed; and there they lived in joy and mirth enough, that it was wonder to wyte.[1] And it befel thus, that Dioclesian thought to marry his daughters among all those kings that were of that solemnity. And so they spake and did, that Albine, his eldest daughter, and all her sisters, richly were married unto thirty-three kings, that were lords of great honour and of power at this solemnity. And when the solemnity was done, every king took his wife, and led them into their own country, and there made them queens."

The story then goes on to relate how these thirty-three wives conspired to kill their husbands, all on the same night, and anon, as their lords were asleep, they cut all their husbands' throats; and so they slew them all.

"When that Dioclesian, their father, heard of this thing, he became furiously wroth against his daughters, and anon, would them all have brente.[2] But all the barons and lords of Syria, counseled not so for to do such straitness[3] to his own daughters; but only should void the land of them for evermore; so that they never should come again; and so he did.

"And Dioclesian, that was their father, anon commanded them to go into a ship, and delivered to them victuals for half a year. And when this was done, all the sisters went into the ship, and sailed forth in the sea, and took all their friends to Apolin, that was their God. And so long they sailed in the sea, till at the last they came and arrived in an isle, that was all wilderness. And when dame Albine was come to that land, and all her sisters, this Albine went first forth out of the ship, and said to her other sisters: for as much (said she), as I am the eldest sister of all this company, and first this land hath taken; and for as much as my name is Albine, I will that this land be called Albion, after mine own name. And anon, all her sisters granted to her with a good will."

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[1] Know. [2] Burnt. [3] Strictness.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 1465—1530.

William Dunbar is pronounced by Ellis,[1] to be "the greatest poet Scotland has produced." His writings, however, with scarcely an exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript, till the beginning of the last century; but his fame since then has been continually rising. His chief poems are The Thistle and The Rose, The Dance, and The Golden Terge. The Thistle and the Rose was occasioned by the marriage of James IV., of Scotland, with Margaret Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England, an event in which the whole future political state of both nations was vitally interested, and which ultimately produced the union of the two crowns and kingdoms, in the person of James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, 1603—1625. This poem opens with the following stanzas, remarkable for their descriptive and picturesque beauties.

"Quhen[2] Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with hir silver shouris
Tane leif[3] at Nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir[4] is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris,
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt
Quhois[5] harmony to heir it wes delyt:

"In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene
In at the window lukit[6] by the day,
And halsit[7] me with visage pale and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang, fro the splene,[8]
'Awak, luvaris,[9] out of your slemering,[10]
Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring!'

"Methocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude,
In weid[11] depaynt of mony diverse hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bright atteir of flouris forgit[12] new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus' bemys;
Quhil al the house illumynit of her lemys.[13]

The Dance *of the seven deadly sins through hell*, has much merit. On the eve of Lent, a day of general confession, the poet, in a dream, sees a display of heaven and hell. Mahomet,[14] or the devil, commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends, and immediately the *seven deadly sins* appear. The following is a description of Envy.

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[1] Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. i. p. 377: but should he not have excepted Burns and Sir Walter Scott? [2] When. *Qu* has the force of *w*. [3] Taken leave. [4] Mother. [5] Whose. [6] Looked. [7] Hailed. [8] With good will. [9] Lovers. [10] Slumbering. [11] Attire. [12] Forged, made. [13] Brightness. [14] The Christians, in the crusades, were accustomed to hear the Saracens swear by their Prophet Mahomet, who then became in Europe another name for the Devil.

"Next in the dance followit Invy,
Fild full of feid[1] and fellony,
Hid malyce and dispyte;
For pryvie haterit[2] that tratour trymlit,[3]
Him followit mony freik dissymlit,[4]
With feynit wordis quhyte.
And flattereris into mens facis,
And back-byttaris[5] of sundry racis,
To ley[6] that had delyte.
With rownaris[7] of fals lesingis:[8]
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
Of tham can nevir be quyte!"[9]

As a specimen of one of his minor poems take the following, containing so much wholesome advice.

"NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS,

I.

"Be merry, man! and take not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretchit world of sorrow!
To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow:
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blithe in heart for any áventure;
For oft with wysure[10] it has been said aforrow,[11]
Without gladness availis no treasùre.

II.

"Make thee good cheer of it that God thee sends,
For worldis wrak[12] but welfare, nought avails:
Na good is thine, save only but thou spends;
Remenant all thou brookis but with bales.[13]
Seek to solàce when sadness thee assails:
In dolour lang thy life may not endure;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails:
Without gladnèss availis no treasùre.

III.

"Follow on pity;[14] flee trouble and debate;
With famous folkis hold thy company;
Be charitable, and humble in thine estate,
For worldly honour lastis but a cry;[15]
For trouble in earth take no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, gif thou in goods be poor;
Who livis merry, he livis mightily:
Without gladnèss availis no treasùre.

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[1] Enmity. [2] Hatred. [3] Trembled. [4] Dissembling gallant. [5] Backbiters. [6] Lie. [7] Rounders, whispers. To *round in the ear*, or simply to *round*, was to whisper in the ear. [8] Falsities. [9] Free. [10] Wisdom. [11] A-fore, before. [12] Merchandise, treasure, that is, world's trash without health. [13] Thou canst enjoy all the remainder only with *bale*, or sorrow. [14] Originally *pity* and *piety* are the same. [15] No longer than a sound.

IV.

"Though all the werk[1] that ever had livand wight
Were only thine, no more thy part does fall
But meat, drink, clais,[2] and of the laif[3] a sight!
Yet, to the judge thou shall give 'compt of all.
Ane reckoning right comes of ane ragment[4] small,
Be just, and joyous, and do to none injùre,
AND TRUTH SHALL MAKT THEE STRONG AS ANY WALL:
Without gladnèss availis no treasùre."

SIR THOMAS MORE, 1480—1535.

SIR THOMAS MORE was, without doubt, the most prominent character of the reign of Henry VIII. He was born in London in the year 1480. When a boy he was in the family of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who used to say of him to his guests, "This boy who waits at my table, who lives to see it, will prove a marvellous man." He entered the University of Oxford at the age of seventeen, and at the age of twenty-two was elected member of Parliament. In 1516 he was sent to Flanders on an important mission, and on his return the king conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and appointed him one of his privy council. In 1529, on the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, he was appointed Lord Chancellor, being the first layman who ever held the office. But he was soon to experience in himself the language which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Wolsey to Cromwell,—

"How wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on prince's favors."

Henry VIII. doubtless raised More to this high office, that he might aid him to obtain a divorce from his wife, and to marry Anne Boleyn. But More was sincerely attached to the Roman church, and looked with horror upon any thing that was denounced by the supreme head of the church, as the king's divorce was by the Pope. He therefore begged that monster, Henry VIII., to excuse him from giving an opinion. But the tyrant was relentless, and the result was, that when the Act of Supremacy was passed by Parliament, 1534, declaring Henry to be the supreme head of the Church, More refused to take the oath required of him, and he died on the scaffold, a martyr to his adhesion to the Papal church, and the supremacy of the Pope, on the fifth of July, 1535. "Nothing is wanting," (says Mr. Hume,) "to the glory of this end but a better cause. But as the man followed his principles and sense of duty, however misguided, his constancy and integrity are not the less objects of our admiration."

More was a man of true genius, and of a mind enriched with all the learning of his time, and no man had a greater influence over his cotemporaries. He was of a very cheerful or rather mirthful disposition, which forsook him

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[1] Possessions. [2] Clothes. [3] Remainder. [4] One accompt.

not to the last, and he jested even when about to lay his head upon the block. The following couplet, which is attributed to him, indicates the state of mind, which may have partially enabled him to meet his fate with a fortitude so admirable:

> If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
> And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

But truth compels me to add that his character presents great inconsistencies; for though he was a witty companion, he was a stern fanatic; though playful and affectionate in his own household, he lorded it with an iron rod over God's heritage; though an enlightened statesman, ably arguing in his study against sanguinary laws, from his chair of office he spared no pains to carry the most sanguinary into execution; and though ranked as a philosopher, he, every Friday, scourged his own body with whips of knotted cords, and by way of further penance, wore a hair shirt next to his lacerated skin.

The most celebrated work of Sir Thomas More was his UTOPIA.[1] The title of it is as follows: "A most pleasant, fruitful and witty Work of the best State of the public Weal, and of the new Isle called Utopia." It is a philosophical romance, in which More, after the manner of Plato, erects an imaginary republic, arranges society in a form entirely new, and endows it with institutions more likely, as he thought, to secure its happiness, than any which mankind had hitherto experienced. But while there is much in it that is fanciful and truly *Utopian*, there is also much that is truly excellent, and worthy to be adopted. Thus, instead of severe punishment of theft, the author would improve the morals and condition of the people, so as to take away the temptation to crime; for, says he, "if you suffer your people to be ill[2]-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education exposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves and then punish them?" In Utopia, we are also told, war is never entered on but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number, but to the fewness of the enemies whom he slays, in gaining a victory.[3]

The first chapter of the work is a description of the Island Utopia. It is somewhere in the midst of the sea, of a crescent shape, like the new moon, but more curved, the two extremities coming nearer together. Hence the concave part forms an admirable harbor for ships, but the entrance is so full of rocks, that no one but an Utopian could steer a vessel safely into the harbor.[4] They are therefore secure from the attacks of an enemy. There

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[1] More properly written Eutopia, from the Greek *eu* (ευ) "well, happily," and *topos* (τοπος) "a place:" that is, "a land of perfect happiness." [2] More uses this adverb correctly, as do all other pure writers of English: but we sometimes see *illy*, which is vicious. [3] As the Utopia was written in Latin, and not translated till a subsequent age, by Bishop Burnet, no extracts from it would show the author's English style. [4] So graphic is Sir Thomas' description of Utopia, that many of the learned of that day, took it for true history, and thought it expedient that missionaries should be sent out to convert so wise a people to Christianity.

are fifty-four cities in the Island, about the same distance apart. The inhabitants devote themselves mostly to agriculture. They raise a great deal of poultry, and that (to use the words of More) "by a marvellous policy: for the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but by keeping them in a certain equal heat, they bring life into them and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of hens."

Chapter second describes the cities, streets, and houses. The cities are surrounded by high walls; the streets twenty feet wide. All the houses have large gardens in the rear. "Whoso will may go in," for there is nothing within the houses that is private, or any man's own. And every tenth year they change houses by lot.

Chapter third is on the manner of choosing Magistrates, which is rather obscure. Chapter fourth, on Arts, Trades, and Occupations. Husbandry is a science common to all. There are no tailors nor mantua-makers, for all make their own garments at home, and that, too, "of the same cut and fashion."[1] In one custom they anticipated a characteristic of the nineteenth century. "A great multitude of every people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined."

Chapter fifth is on the Domestic Life and Character of the Utopians. There is no covetousness among them, for each householder carries to market what he has, and from it takes what he wants without money or exchange. Chapter sixth is on Modes of Travelling, Traffic, &c. "Though they carry nothing forth with them, yet in all their journey they lack nothing. For wheresoever they come they be at home." There are no "wine taverns nor ale-houses" there; so that the disgraceful business of distilling and rum-selling was not known.[2] Happy island![3]

Besides the Utopia, Sir Thomas wrote a great number of theological treatises, the main design of which was to oppose the Reformation. He also wrote a "History of Edward V. and his Brother, and of Richard III." Of this, Hume speaks in the highest terms: "No historian," (he says,) "either of ancient or modern times, can possibly have more weight. He may justly be esteemed a cotemporary with regard to the murder of the two princes; and it is plain from his narrative that he had the particulars from the eye

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[1] Thus "The Friends" were anticipated in the Island of Utopia.

[2] Widely different this from the description Cowper has given of England, which description may well be transferred to too many parts of our own land.

> Pass where we may, through city or through town,
> Village or hamlet, of this merry land,
> Though lean and beggar'd,—every twentieth pace
> Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
> Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
> That LAW HAS LICENSED, as makes temperance reel.

[3] Such are the subjects of a few chapters of this curious work. I have no room for more; but perhaps enough has been tasted to sharpen the reader's appetite for the whole.

witnesses themselves." That wretch, Richard III., resolved, as the first step to his usurpation, to get both the young princes into his hand. Accordingly he dispatched Cardinal Bouchier with other ecclesiastics, to the Queen, to prevail upon her to give them up. After a long dialogue, the cardinal, perceiving the little progress he had made with her, finally assured her that if she would consent to deliver the Duke of York to him, he "durst lay his own body and soul both pledge, not only for his surety, but also for his estate." The queen, seeing longer resistance to be fruitless, taking the young duke by the hand, thus addressed the cardinal and other lords:

"My lord, (quod she,) and all my lords, I neither am so unwise to mistrust your wits, nor so suspicious to mistrust your truths. Of which thing I purpose to make you such a proof, as if either of both lacked in you, might turn both me to great sorrow, the realm to much harm, and you to great reproach. For lo! here is (quod she,) this gentleman, whom I doubt not I could here keep safe, if I would, whatsoever any man say. And I doubt not also, that there be some abroad so deadly enemies unto my blood, that if they wist where any of it lay in their own body, they would let it out. We have also had experience that the desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred. The brother hath been the brother's bane. And may the nephews be sure of their uncle? Each of these children is other's defence while they be asunder, and each of their lives lieth in the other's body. Keep one safe, and both be sure; and nothing for them both more perilous, than to be both in one place. For what wise merchant ventureth all his goods in one ship? All this notwithstanding, here I deliver him, and his brother in him, to keep into your hands, of whom I shall ask them both afore God and the world. Faithful ye be, that wot I well; and I know well you be wise. Power and strength to keep him, if ye list, neither lack ye of yourself, nor can lack help in their cause. And if ye cannot elsewhere, then may you leave him here. But only one thing I beseech you, for the trust that his father put in you ever, and for the trust that I put in you now, that as far as ye think that I fear too much, be you well ware that you fear not as far too little. And therewithal, she said unto the child: Farewell my own sweet son; God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once yet ere you go: for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again. And therewith she kissed him, and blessed him; turned her back and wept, and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast."[1]

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[1] The result is known: the king, (Edward V.) and his brother, the Duke of York, were murdered in the tower by the usurper, June, 1483.

Sir Thomas was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of high standing, Mr. John Colt. She proved an excellent wife, sympathizing with him in all his labors and duties; but died after having been married six years, leaving three daughters and a son. For his second wife he married a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, of a very different character, being "one of the most loquacious, ignorant, and narrow-minded of women." The following letter to her has been deservedly commended for its spirit of gentleness, benevolence, and piety.

"Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost; yet since it has liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and since he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will, and if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

"I pray you to make some good onsearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by my chance, happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk from our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

"At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I

should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we farther devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

"And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September, by the hand of THOMAS MORE."

WILLIAM TYNDALE, 1477—1536.

No subject is more interesting and instructive than the history of Biblical Literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We have before spoken of the claims of John Wiclif to our lasting gratitude, for having given us the first English version of the Bible. But that was made, not from the originals, but from the Latin Vulgate. Wiclif died 1384. About twenty-four years after his death, Archbishop Arundel, in a convocation of the clergy of his province assembled at Oxford, published a constitution, by which it was decreed, "that no one should thereafter translate any text of Holy Scripture into English, by way of a book, a little book, or tract; and that no book of this kind should be read that was composed lately in the time of John Wiclif, or since his death."

The Latin Bible, or Vulgate, was first printed on the continent in 1462; the Old Testament in Hebrew 1488, and the New Testament in Greek about 1518. When these sacred oracles were brought into England, with the introduction of printing, the illiterate and terrified monks declaimed from their pulpits, that there was now a new language discovered, called *Greek*, of which people should beware, since it was that which produced all the heresies: that in this language was come forth a book called the *New Testament*, which was now in everybody's hands, and was full of thorns and briars: that there was also another language now started up, which they called *Hebrew*, and that they who learned it were termed *Hebrews*. One of the priests declared, with a most prophetic wisdom, "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

Notwithstanding, however, the clamors of the monks, and the persecutions of the secular clergy, William Tyndale, in the reign of Henry VIII., undertook to translate the Scriptures from the original Hebrew and Greek into English, though he knew it would be done at the hazard of his life. He was born about the year 1477. At an early age he entered the University of Oxford; was there a most diligent student, and thus laid the foundation of that skill in the learned languages so essential to the successful accomplishment of that enterprise which he was so soon to take upon himself.

Soon after leaving the University, he became tutor and chaplain in the family of Sir John Welsh, a knight of Gloucestershire, whose liberal table

was sure to procure him the frequent visits of the neighboring prelates and clergy. On one occasion, being in company with a popish divine, he argued so conclusively in favor of a vernacular translation of the Bible, that the divine, unable to answer him, exclaimed, "We had better be without God's law than the pope's." This fired the spirit of Tyndale, and he indignantly replied, "I defy the pope and all his laws; and if God gives me life, ere many years the ploughboys in England shall know more of the Scriptures than you do;"—a pledge which he most nobly redeemed.

Finding that he could not accomplish his plans at home, Tyndale, in the year 1523, became a voluntary exile from his native land, which he was never more to revisit. He went to Antwerp, and there, with great assiduity prosecuted his design of translating the Scriptures into English. The New Testament was finished in 1526. It sold so rapidly that the following year another edition was published, and the year after another, each consisting of five thousand. Great numbers of these were imported into England and speedily sold, though the importers were prosecuted with great rigor.

His retreat at Antwerp was hidden for some time from those who had marked him for their prey. But at length, in 1534, he was betrayed by the spies employed by Henry VIII. and his council, and imprisoned. Every thing was done by the English merchants at Antwerp to release him, and one by the name of Thomas Pointz, was so ardent in his cause that he went to England in person, to exert what influence he could in his favor. In the mean time the noble martyr was not inactive, but while in prison prepared another edition of the Testament, peculiarly adapted to the agricultural laborers, thus fulfilling his pledge that the "ploughboys" should have it for themselves.

But his invaluable life was now drawing to a close. The formalities of a trial were gone through; he was condemned for heresy; and in September, 1536, he was brought out of prison to suffer the dreadful sentence,—burning at the stake. In that appalling moment he exhibited the firmness and resignation only to be found in the certain confidence of having his portion with those "shining ones" (in Bunyan's phrase) who had come out of great tribulation, and who had

——————————— for Jesus' sake,
Writhed on the rack, or blackened at the stake.

While the horrid preparations of death and of burning were going on in full view around him, his last thoughts were turned upon the welfare of that country which had driven him forth a fugitive; and his dying voice was that of intercession for his royal persecutor. "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes," were his well known words at the stake.

Rome thundered death, but Tyndale's dauntless eye,
Looked in death's face and smiled, death standing by.
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he sealed it with his blood.

It rests on indubitable evidence that Tyndale's voice was hardly hushed in death, before his last prayer was answered in a remarkable manner; for

that capricious tyrant soon issued an injunction, ordering that the Bible should be placed in every church for the free use of the people.

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is admirable both for style and accuracy; and our present version has very closely followed it throughout. To use the words of a profound modern scholar,[1] "It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it." The following is a fair specimen of this translation.[2]

"And [3]marke' A Certayne Lawere stode vp' and tempted hym sayinge: Master what shall I do' to inheret eternall lyfe? He sayd vnto him: What ys written in the lawe? Howe redest thou? And he answered and sayde: Thou shalt love thy lorde god' wyth all thy hert' and wyth all thy soule' and with all thy strengthe' and with all thy mynde: and thy neighbour as thy sylfe. And he sayd vnto hym: Thou hast answered right. This do and thou shalt live. He willynge to iustifie hym silfe' sayde vnto Jesus: Who ys then my neighbour.

"Jesus answered and sayde: A certayne man descended from Jerusalem into Jericho' And fell [4]into the hondes off theves' whych robbed hym off his rayment and wonded hym' and departed levynge him halfe deed. And yt chaunsed that there cam a certayne preste that same waye' and sawe hym' and passed by. And lyke wyse a levite' when he was come neye to the place' went and loked on hym and passed by. Then a certayne Samaritane as he iornyed cam neye vnto hym and behelde hym and had compassion on hym and cam to hym and bounde vppe hys wondes and poured in wyne and oyle and layed him on his beaste and brought hym to a common [5]hostry and [6]drest him. And on the morowe when he departed he toke out two pence and gave them to the host and said vnto him. Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest above this when I come agayne I will recompence the. Which nowe of these thre thynkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell into the theves hondes? And he answered: he that shewed mercy on hym. Then sayd Jesus vnto hym. Goo and do thou lyke wyse."

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[1] Dr. Geddes. [2] See a beautiful edition of Tyndale's Testament, by Rev. J. P. Dabney, with an interesting memoir, published at Andover, Mass. [3] Beholde. [4] Among thieves. [5] Inne. [6] Made provision for him.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, 1503—1542.

Sir Thomas Wyatt,[1] whose poems are generally published with those of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, as they were cotemporaries and warm personal friends, as well as among the first improvers of the English language, was born in Allington Castle in Kent, in 1503, and educated at Cambridge. He was early distinguished as a polite and elegant scholar, and was remarkable alike for his uncommon beauty of person; for his dexterity and address in arms; and for his superior attainments in all the softer arts of peace. To a critical knowledge of the ancient classics, he added the French, Italian, and Spanish, which he spoke with fluency and elegance. But what distinguished him most was, his reputation as a poet, and the charm of his conversation. His wit is said to have been inexhaustible, and his readiness at repartee such as astonished every one who heard him.

Possessed of these advantages, it was no wonder that Wyatt should ingratiate himself with the king, and become a very general favorite at court. He was sent on some important foreign missions, and acquitted himself with great honor. The last, however, proved fatal to him: for having been sent by the king to Falmouth to conduct the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. to court, he rode too fast, took ill of a fever, and died in October, 1542, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He was a man in every respect entitled to more than common admiration; and he obtained the praise of uniting in his character things in themselves seemingly discordant; brilliant wit, and purity of thought; the ease of the courtier and the gravity of the Christian. But what distinguished him more than even his talents or the powers of his wit, was a certain generous contempt of vice, and an exalted love of virtue, which seems to have been the great bond of union between the noble-hearted Surrey and himself. These were not with him qualities merely speculative; they were vital principles, perpetually pressing forward into action. "God and goodness," to use his own expression, "were ever the foundation of his conduct;" so that it was not possible to know him, and converse with him, without feeling the same magnanimous longing after moral excellence by which he himself was animated. Thus he ennobled learning, and rendered poetry and polite attainments honorable, by making them subservient to the cause of Virtue and Religion.

"THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.[2]

"My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste,

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[1] See the admirable edition of the Works of Surrey and Wyatt, by George F. Nott, D. D., two volumes, quarto, London, 1816.

[2] This poem is of singular merit, and as Dr. Todd remarks, "is one of the most elegant amatory odes in our language." The lute corresponded nearly

And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead, to grave in marble stone,[1]
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance may fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain.
Trow not alone under the sun,
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie wither'd, and old,
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told;
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lover's sigh, and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun;
Now is this song both sung and past:
My lute! be still, for I have done.

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to the modern guitar, and every person of good education played upon it. Tully excelled on it.

[1] That is, it would be more easy for lead, which is the softest of metals, to engrave characters on hard marble, than it is for me to make impression on her obdurate heart. To grave—to make an impression upon.

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

Disdain me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
Nor think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That fain would spot my steadfastness.
Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve,
Nor hate me not till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve;
But since ye know what I intend.[1]

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.[2]

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wond'rous well,
Should not be fair,[3] but lovely to behold;
With gladsome chere, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped[4] gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

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[1] Dr. Nott says that *but* in this line means "unless," without at all explaining its whole difficulty. *But*, in old writers, is used in the sense of *without*, and *since* or *seethan* as they spelled it, in the sense of *seeing that*, for which it is a contraction: the full meaning of this line, in connection with the other, I take to be, "Without you destroy me, seeing that or after that you know my honest intentions."

[2] An ellipsis, for *no new lover*.

[3] "*Fair*" here means *regularly beautiful*. The sense is, "The face that is to captivate me must not be regularly beautiful, but one that has a lovely turn of expression."

[4] "Crisped" means short curling ringlets, which were artificially produced by curling irons. Pope does not introduce these in his description of the toilet in the "Rape of the Lock."

"Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux."

We rather smile now at the taste for "golden" colored hair.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

Stand whoso list, upon the slipper top
  Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,
And use me quiet without let or stop,
  Unknown in court, that hath such brackish joys.
In hidden place so let my days forth pass;
  That when my years be done withouten noise,
I may die aged, after the common trace:
  For him death grip'th right hard by the crop,
That is much known of other, and of himself, alas!
Doth die unknown, dased with dreadful face.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Tagus, farewell! that westward with thy streams
  Turns up the grains of gold already tried;[1]
With spur and sail, for I go seek the Thames,
  Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride;
And to the town which Brutus sought by dreams,[2]
  Like bended moon, doth lend her lusty side,
My King, my Country, alone for whom I live,
Of mighty Love the wings for this me give.[3]

HENRY HOWARD, 1516—1547.

EARL OF SURREY.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the eldest son of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Lady Elizabeth Stafford, was born about 1516. We say *about* that year, for we are as ignorant of the precise date of his birth as we are of all that relates to his early education, and the habits of his early life. In 1535 his marriage with the Lady Frances Vere was publicly solemnized, from which time what relates to his personal history is authentic. In 1540 he began to take an active part in public affairs, being sent by the king over to the continent, to see that the English towns and garrisons were in a proper state of defence against the threatened attack of the French. In April, 1542, he was made Knight of the Garter, which was esteemed a great mark of royal favor; and in October of the same year, he bore an active and leading part in the expedition against Scotland. In 1544 he acted

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[1] "Gold already tried," pure gold.

[2] This alludes to the old story, that Brutus, the third in descent from Æneas, on quitting his native land, sailed for parts unknown, landed at Albion, proceeded inland, and founded London on the north side of the Thames, which he called Troynovante, as many early English writers call it.

[3] The meaning of this is, "The love I bear my king and my country, give me wings for my journey."

as field marshal of the English forces on the continent, and in that and the two succeeding years, he greatly distinguished himself by his valor and skill, at the sieges of Landrecy and Boulogne.

But as his popularity increased his interest declined with the king, whose caprices and jealousies grew more violent with his years and infirmities. The brilliancy of Surrey's character, the celebrity he had acquired in military science in his command on the continent, his general abilities, his wit, learning, and affability were viewed with suspicion by the Earl of Hertford, the king's brother, who, as he saw the monarch's end approaching, was anxious to secure to himself the protectorship during Edward the Sixth's minority; and he saw that the only rival he had to fear was the great and good Earl of Surrey. Accordingly he did all he could to poison the mind of the king against him; and in April, 1546, he was recalled from the continent, imprisoned in Windsor Castle,[1] and in December of the same year was sent to the Tower. He was soon brought to trial. The accusations against him were of the most frivolous character, the chief of which was, shameful to relate, brought against him by his own sister, the base, the unnatural Duchess of Richmond. She said that he wore on his arms, instead of a duke's coronet, what "seemed, to her judgment, much like a close crown;" and a cipher, "which she took to be the king's cipher, H. R." On this did she intimate that her brother was guilty of high treason. Surrey defended himself with great spirit and ability, and as to the main point in the indictment, showed conclusively that his ancestors had, of a long continuance, worn the same coat of arms, as well within the kingdom as without; and that it had constantly been borne by himself in Henry's presence. But all was of no avail: the ruling influences, with Hertford at their head, determined that he should be convicted. Accordingly he was pronounced guilty, and was beheaded on the 19th of January, 1547.

Thus fell, at the early age of thirty, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; a man of such elevated virtues, and such rare endowments, that his untimely death must, with every one, be a subject of deep regret; for what might he not have done for English Literature, had his life been spared?[2] The endowments of his mind were various; his acquirements great. There was no polite or manly accomplishment in which he did not excel. He was perfect master of the Latin, the French, the Italian, and the Spanish languages. He had a vigorous intellect, and a quick and ready wit. He was fond of literary fame, and studious of literary excellence: but he beheld it without envy in others. His own genius was of a moral and contemplative cast. His noble mind never stooped to anything that would inflame passion, or solicit improper desire. It is his peculiar praise that not a single thought, not a single expression can be found in all his writings, to wound the nicest sense of modesty, or to degrade the dignity of poetry. To crown all, he had the highest reverence for religion, and the Scriptures were equally his

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[1] Where he wrote the first poem here inserted. [2] Warton says, "For justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, he may ustly be pronounced the first English classical poet."

consolation and delight: by these he strengthened the moral principles which glowed so strong within him; and confirmed in his heart that generous contempt of vice which is experienced by none but men of noble minds. Such was the Earl of Surrey.[1]

PRISONER[2] IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED IN FORMER YEARS.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,
With a King's son, my childish[3] years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,[4]

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[1] I cannot but insert here a portion of Dr. Nott's very discriminating and just comparison between Surrey and Wyatt. "They were men whose minds may be said to have been cast in the same mould, for they differ only in those minuter shades of character, which must always exist in human nature. In their love of virtue, and their instinctive hatred and contempt of vice, in their freedom from personal jealousy, in their thirst after knowledge and intellectual improvement, in nice observation of nature, promptitude to action, intrepidity and fondness for romantic enterprises, in magnificence and liberality, in generous support of others, and high-spirited neglect of themselves, in constancy, in friendship, and tender susceptibility of affections of a still warmer nature, and in everything connected with sentiment and principle, they were one and the same; but when those qualities branch out into particulars, they will be found in some respects to differ.

"Wyatt had a deeper and more accurate penetration into the characters of men than Surrey had; hence arises the difference in their satires. Surrey, in his satire against the citizens of London, deals only in reproach; Wyatt in his, abounds with irony, and those nice touches of ridicule which make us ashamed of our faults, and therefore often silently effect amendment. Surrey's observation of nature was minute; but he directed it towards the works of nature in general, and the movements of the passions, rather than to the foibles and characters of men; hence it is that he excels in the description of moral objects, and is always tender and pathetic. In Wyatt's Complaint we hear a strain of manly grief which commands attention, and we listen to it with respect for the sake of him that suffers. Surrey's distress is painted in such natural terms, that we make it our own, and recognize in his sorrows, emotions which we are conscious of having felt ourselves."

[2] This poem was written about 1546, when Surrey was imprisoned at Windsor, not long after his return from Boulogne. See notice of his life. "It is a poem," says Dr. Nott, "of singular beauty, and may be ranked among the most perfect compositions in our language."

[3] The words "child," "childish," "childhood," had in former times a much larger meaning than they now have. Both Chaucer and Spenser use these words as applied to "early manhood." The phrase, "childish years," therefore, means to describe the time when the Duke of Richmond and himself were just entering on manhood. At the time of his residence in Windsor, 1534, Surrey was about eighteen and the Duke of Richmond about fifteen.

[4] "To hove," to linger about a place in expectation or hope: same as "to hover."

With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's tower,[1]
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,[2]
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The palme-play,[3] where, despoiled[4] for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait[5] her eyes, which kept the leads above.[6]
The gravel'd ground,[7] with sleeves tied on the helm,[8]
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With chere,[9] as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;[10]
With reins availed,[11] and swiftly-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls[12] eke that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk,[13] the divers change of play;

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[1] "Maiden's tower," that part of the castle where the ladies of the court had their apartments.

[2] "Such looks and entreaties as might have moved tigers to pity."

[3] "Palme-play," a game played with a ball and hand, so called because the ball was hit with the "palm:" it was also played with the bat, and similar to "tennis."

[4] "Despoiled," stripped for the game. [5] "To bait," to allure, to attract.

[6] "Which kept the leads above." The word "lead" is used by old writers for a flat roof covered with lead, and the plural "leads" is therefore probably used for the walks or galleries (covered with lead) around the upper stories of the building, where the ladies might sit and see the game played in safety.

[7] "The gravel'd ground," the space enclosed, made level with fine gravel.

[8] It was a general practice among ancient knights to tie to their helmets a sleeve or glove, received from their lady-love, which they wore not only in tilts and tournaments, but even in battle.

[9] "Chere" is used by all the old poets for "the look," "the expression of the countenance."

[10] "The clothed holts with green," the high hills clothed with verdure.

[11] "Reins availed," mean slackened, so as to allow the horse to go at full speed.

[12] "Void walls," the walls of those chambers now desolate, which were wont each night to receive us.

[13] "Wanton talk," playful conversation. The word "wanton" was used by early writers, as descriptive of the sportiveness and innocence of infancy.

The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
  Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
  Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose;
  To other lief;[1] but unto me most dear.

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

Brittle beauty, that Nature made so frail,
  Whereof the gift is small, and shorter is the season;
Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;
  Tickle[2] treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail;
  Costly in keeping, past, not worth two peason;[3]
Slipperer in sliding, than is an eel's tail;
  Hard to obtain, once gotten never geason;[4]
Jewel of jeopardy,[5] that peril doth assail;
  False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
En'my to youth, that most men bewail;
  Ah! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as the fruit that with the frost is taken;
To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE COMPARED WITH ALL OTHERS.[6]

Give place, ye lovers, here before
  That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
  The best of yours, I dare well say'n,[7]
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
  As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,

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[1] "Lief," spelled also *leef* and *leve*, is an adjective, meaning "dear." "The person here alluded to by Surrey was probably his sister, the Lady Mary who was married to the Duke of Richmond."

[2] "Tickle," having no foundation, liable to sudden downfall.

[3] "Peason," the plural of *peas*.

[4] The word "geason," of which the derivation is unknown, is used by the old writers with different shades of meaning. Spenser employs it in the sense of "rare and uncommon." Here it seems to mean "something worth possessing:" for the sense of the passage is "once gotten not worth possessing."

[5] "Jewel of jeopardy;" that is, a jewel which there is much danger of losing.

[6] Warton says that this ode "possesses almost the ease and gallantry of Waller; the versification is correct; the language polished; and the modulation musical."

[7] "Say'n" for *say*, often thus used by the old writers.

As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many mo',
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:[1]
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought
In faith, methink! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.[2]

The soote[3] season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make[4] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,[5]
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete[6] with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;[7]
The busy bee her honey now she mings;[8]
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

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[1] To "paint" in Surrey's age meant to mould, to form or fashion as the sculptor does.

[2] "This sonnet is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of descriptive poetry in our language." Dr. Nott.

[3] "Soote" was continued in use long after its substitute *sweet* was introduced. [4] "Make," synonymous with *mate*.

[5] The uneasiness experienced by this animal before he sheds his horns, leads him to rub his forehead against the paling of the park.

[6] "Flete" is not *fleet*, to "pass rapidly by," but nearer to our "float," except that it means what swims through the water as well as on its surface.

[7] This was not only the old way of spelling *small*, but also of pronouncing it, with the long *a*, as in *hate*. [8] Mingles.

OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND THE MEANS TO ATTAIN IT.

Martial, the things that do attain
  The happy life, be these, I find;
The riches left, not got with pain;
  The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
  No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
  The household of continuance:[1]

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
  True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
  Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
  Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Content thee with thine own estate;
  Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

HUGH LATIMER, 1475—1555.

Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, was born about the year 1475. Being an only son, and of quick parts, his father, a respectable yeoman, resolved to make him a scholar, and after due preparation he entered Cambridge. He was a zealous papist till the age of thirty, when he was converted by Thomas Bilney,[2] and began with great zeal to propagate the opinions of the reformers. During the reign of Edward VI. (1547—1553) he was pre-eminent among his zealous cotemporaries in spreading the doctrines of the Reformation, and in conjunction with Cranmer, was one of the principal instruments in effecting its establishment. But in the persecutions of Mary, he was singled out as one of the most desired victims of popish vengeance. He might have made his escape, and the opportunity which was given him seems to have been designed; but Latimer had the true spirit of a martyr, and determined to remain at his post of duty. As he passed through Smithfield on his way to London after his arrest, he exclaimed, "this place has long groaned for me." After a tedious imprisonment he persisted in refusing to subscribe to certain articles which were submitted to him, and he was led forth to his horrid death, October 16th, 1556.

With a staff in his hand, a pair of spectacles hanging at his breast, and a

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[1] This line probably means, an "household" or family that is not of recent establishment, and promises to be of duration.

[2] At first himself also a Romish priest; but he was afterwards burnt for "heresy."

Bible at his girdle he walked to the place of execution, with his fellow martyr,[1] Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London. On their way Ridley outwent Latimer some way before; but he, looking back, espied Latimer coming after, and said to him, "O be ye there?" "Yea," said Latimer, "have after as fast as I can follow." Ridley first entered the lists, dressed in his clerical habit; and soon after, Latimer, as usual, in his prison garb. Latimer now suffered the keeper to pull off his prison-garb, and then he appeared in a shroud. Being ready, he fervently recommended his soul to God, and then delivered himself to the executioner, saying to Ridley these prophetical words: "Be of good cheer, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust in God shall never be extinguished." Two bags of gunpowder were fastened under his arms, the explosion of which instantaneously deprived him of life. At this moment a quantity of blood seemed to gush from his heart, as if all the blood in his body had been there collected. But poor Ridley was less fortunate. His extremities were consumed to the trunk, before the fire affected his vitals, and he died in lingering anguish.

A YEOMAN OF HENRY SEVENTH'S TIME.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of 3l. or 4l. by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked 30 kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with 5l. or 20 nobles a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it, payeth 16l. by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

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[1] The word "martyr" has undergone quite a change from its original signification, which was "a witness." Now it means one who *dies* for the truth, whereas formerly it meant one who *lived* for the same; "And ye shall be witnesses (μαρτυρες, 'martyrs') unto me both in Jerusalem," &c. Acts i. 8. It need hardly be said how the meaning has degenerated, since it requires much stronger faith, and higher fortitude to be a *living* "witness" than a *dying* "witness" for the truth, against popular errors. A man dies a "martyr" to the cause of righteousness, and it is done; all sense of feeling is over: he lives a "martyr" to the same, and day after day, for years, and it may be for his life, he experiences the neglect, the reproaches, the jeers, the persecutions of the enemies of truth and justice.

In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it: it is a worthy game, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.

HIS EXAMINATION BEFORE THE BISHOPS.

I was once in examination before five or six bishops, where I had much turmoiling; every week thrice I came to examination, and many snares and traps were laid to get something. Now God knoweth, I was ignorant of the law, but that God gave me answer and wisdom what I should speak. It was God indeed, for else I had never escaped them. At the last I was brought forth to be examined, into a chamber hanged with arras, where I was wont to be examined, but now at this time the chamber was somewhat altered. For whereas before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end: so that I stood between the table and the chimney's end. There was among these bishops that examined me, one with whom I have been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man, and he sate next the table's end.

Then among all other questions he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such a one indeed as I could not think so great danger in. And I should make answer: I pray you, master Latimer, saith he, speak out: I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off. I marvelled at this, that I was bidden speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, for they made sure work that I should not start from them: there was no starting from them.

God was my good Lord, and gave me answer; I could never else have escaped it. The question was this: Master Latimer, do you not think on your conscience, that you have been suspected of heresy? A subtle question, a very subtle question. There was no holding of peace would serve. To

hold my peace had been to grant myself faulty. To answer it was every way full of danger. But God, which alway had given me answer, helped me, or else I could never have escaped it, and delivered me from their hands.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Here is now an argument to prove the matter against the preachers. Here was preaching against covetousness all the last year, and the next summer followed rebellion: *Ergo*, preaching against covetousness was the cause of the rebellion—a goodly argument. Here now I remember an argument of master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney; and here by the way I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin Sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh master More, and calleth the country afore him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man, with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter (for being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company). So master More called this old aged man unto him, and said; Father, (said he,) tell me if you can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most to it, or at leastwise, more than any man here assembled. Yea forsooth, good master, (quoth this old man,) for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near unto mine age. Well then, (quoth master More,) how say you in this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven? Forsooth sir, (quoth he,) I am an old man; I think that Tenterton-steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands. For I am an old man, sir, (quoth he,) and I may remember the building of Tenterton-steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton-steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped

the haven; and therefore I think that Tenterton-steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven. And so to my purpose, is preaching of God's word the cause of rebellion, as Tenterton-steeple was cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

SIR JOHN CHEKE, 1514—1557.

In the year 1540, Henry VIII. founded a Greek professorship at Cambridge, of which Cheke was elected the first professor, when only twenty-six years of age; so early was he distinguished for his classical attainments. In 1544 he was appointed tutor to Prince Edward,[1] who, on his accession to the throne, rewarded him with a pension of a hundred marks, with a grant of several lands and manors, and in 1551 conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Sir John was a zealous protestant; in consequence of which he was severely persecuted by the bigoted Mary, twice imprisoned in the Tower, stript of his whole substance, and ultimately reduced to that dilemma which tried the stoutest hearts—"Either turn or burn." His religious zeal was not proof against this fiery ordeal, and he recanted. His property was now restored; but his recantation was followed by such bitterness of remorse, that he survived it but a short time, dying in 1557, at the early age of forty-three.

The period in which Cheke flourished is highly interesting to letters. His influence was very great in promoting a taste for classical and philological learning. He introduced a new method of pronouncing Greek, which, notwithstanding the violent fulminations of the papal clergy, ultimately prevailed and still prevails. We are also very much indebted to him for the improvement of our own language. He recommended and practised a more minute attention to the meaning of words and phrases, and adopted a more skilful arrangement of them in composition. Before him, the sentences were long, and often involved. He used short sentences, and wrote with greater precision, perspicuity, and force of style than his predecessors.

His works were numerous, but they chiefly consisted of Latin translations from the Greek. Almost his only English work extant is his tract, entitled "The Hurt of Sedition." In the summer of 1549 a formidable rebellion broke out in many of the counties in England. The rebels in the western part favored the papal religion, which they were desirous to restore. These Sir John addresses thus:

Ye rise for religion. What religion taught you that? If ye

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[1] To this Milton alludes in one of his sonnets:

"Thy age like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek."

were offered persecution for religion, ye ought to flee. So Christ teacheth you, and yet you intend to fight. If ye would stand in the truth, ye ought to suffer like martyrs; and ye would slay like tyrants. Thus for religion, ye keep no religion, and neither will follow the council of Christ, nor the constancy of martyrs. Why rise ye for religion? Have ye any thing contrary to God's book? Yea, have ye not all things agreeable to God's word? But the new [religion] is different from the old; and therefore ye will have the old. If ye measure the old by truth, ye have the oldest. If ye measure the old by fancy, then it is hard, because men's fancies change, to give that is old. Ye will have the old stile. Will ye have any older than that as Christ left, and his apostles taught, and the first church did use? Ye will have that the *canons* do establish. Why that is a great deal younger than that ye have of later time, and newlier invented; yet that is it that ye desire. And do ye prefer the bishops of Rome afore Christ? Men's inventions afore God's law? The newer sort of worship before the older? Ye seek no religion; ye be deceived; ye seek traditions. They that teach you, blind you; that so instruct you, deceive you. If ye seek what the old doctors say, yet look what Christ, the oldest of all, saith. For he saith, "before Abraham was made I am." If ye seek the truest way, he is the very truth. If ye seek the readiest way, he is the very way. If ye seek everlasting life, he is the very life. What religion would ye have other how than his religion? You would have the Bibles in again. It is no mervail; your blind guides should lead you blind still. * *

But why should ye not like that [religion] which God's word establisheth, the primitive church hath authorized, the greatest learned men of this realm have drawn the whole consent of, the parliament hath confirmed, the king's majesty hath set forth? Is it not truly set out? Can ye devise any truer than Christ's apostles used? Ye think it is not learnedly done. Dare ye, commons, take upon you more learning than the chosen bishops and clerks of this realm have? * *

Learn, learn to know this one point of religion, that God will be worshipped as he hath prescribed, and not as we have devised. And that his will is wholly in the scriptures, which be full of God's spirit, and profitable to teach the truth.

JOHN HEYWOOD,—1565.

THE DRAMA.[1]

The name of John Heywood introduces us at once to that department of Literature, in which the English have excelled all the other nations of the world—the Drama. It is impossible to fix any precise date for the origin of the English Drama. In tracing its history, however, we must make four divisions—the Miracle Plays—the Moral Plays—the Interludes—and the Legitimate Drama.

The Miracle Plays. It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilization, most countries of Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting of the principal supernatural events of the Old and New Testaments, and of the history of the saints; whence they were called *Miracles*, or *Miracle Plays*. Some of their subjects were The Creation—The Fall of Man—The Flood—Abraham's Sacrifice—The Birth of Christ—His Baptism, &c. These plays were acted by the clergy, and were under their immediate management, for they maintained that they were favorable to the cause of religion. On the contrary, the language and the representations of these plays were indecorous and profane in the highest degree: and what must have been the state of society, when ecclesiastics patronized such scenes of blasphemy and pollution! Let us hear no more about "the good old times," for "times" were doubtless far worse then than now.

The next step in the progress of the Drama was the *Moral Play.* The Moral Plays were dramas of which the characters were chiefly allegorical or abstract. They were certainly a great advance upon the Miracles, as they endeavored to convey sound moral lessons, and at the same time gave occasion to some poetical and dramatic ingenuity, in imaging forth the characters, and assigning appropriate speeches to each. The only scriptural character retained in them, was the Devil. He was rendered as grotesque and hideous as possible by the mask and dress he wore. We learn that his exterior was shaggy and hairy, one of the characters mistaking him for a dancing bear. That he had a tail, if it required proof, is evident from the circumstance, that in one play, the other chief character, called Vice, asks

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[1] We now enter upon the age of Queen Elizabeth, the age which has been fixed upon as the period when our language, shaking off with gigantic strength the incumbrances of rude antiquity, first developed its powers, and asserted its pretensions to classical estimation. "From the authors which arose in the time of Elizabeth," (observes Dr. Johnson in the Preface to his Dictionary,) "a speech might be formed, adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural philosophy from *Bacon;* the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from *Raleigh;* the dialectic of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sydney;* and the diction of common life from *Shakspeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words in which they might be expressed."

him for a piece of it to make a fly trap. Thus, what would otherwise have been quite a sober performance, was rendered no little entertaining.

The *Interludes* were something between the moral plays and the modern Drama. The Moral plays were frequent in the reign of Henry VI. (1422—1461). In the reign of Henry VII. (1485—1509) they flourished in all their glory, and continued in force down to the latter half of the sixteenth century. But it was at length found that a real human being, with a human name, was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, and keep alive the attention of an audience, and not less so to impress them with moral truths, than a being who only represented a notion of the mind. The substitution of these for the symbolical characters, gradually took place during the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and before its close the English drama, in the writings of Shakspeare, reached its highest excellence.

One of the most successful writers of *Interludes* was John Heywood, or as he was commonly called, "Merry John Heywood." He was a native of London, but the year of his birth is unknown. He studied for some time at Oxford, but did not take his degree. He was of a social, festive genius, the favorite of Henry VIII., and afterwards of his daughter, Queen Mary, who were delighted with his dramatic representations. It is rather singular that the latter should have been so much pleased, as Heywood exposed, in terms of great severity, the vicious lives of the ecclesiastics. The play which perhaps best illustrates the genius of Heywood, is that called the Four P's, which is a dialogue between a Palmer,[1] a Pardoner, a Poticary,[2] and a Pedler. Four such knaves afforded so humorous a man as Heywood was, abundant materials for satire, and he has improved them to some advantage. The piece opens with the Palmer, who boasts of his peregrinations to the Holy Land, to Rome, to Santiago in Spain, and to a score of other shrines. This boasting was interrupted by the Pardoner, who tells him that he has been foolish to give himself so much trouble, when he might have obtained the object of his journey—the pardon of his sins—at home.

> For at your door myself doth dwell
> Who could have saved your soul as well,
> As all your wide wandering shall do,
> Though ye went thrice to Jericho.

The Palmer will not hear his labors thus disparaged, and he thus exclaims to the impostor, the relic-vender;

> Right seldom is it seen, or never,
> That truth and Pardoners dwell together.

The Pardoner then rails at the folly of pilgrimages, and asserts in strong terms, the virtues of his spiritual nostrums.

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[1] The name Palmer was given to those of the crusaders who returned from Palestine, from the branches of the palm tree, which they carried in commemoration of their journey.

[2] In early times the apothecary and physician were united in the same person.

With small cost, and without any pain,
These pardons bring them to heaven plain.

The Poticary now speaks, and is resolved to have his share of the merit. Of what avail are all the wanderings of the one or the relics of the other, until the soul is separated from the body? And who sends so many into the other world as the apothecary? Except such as may happen to be hanged, (which for any thing he knows, may be the fate of the Palmer and Pardoner,) who dies by any other help than that of the apothecary. As, therefore, it is he, he says, who fills heaven with inmates, who is so much entitled to the gratitude of mankind! The Pardoner is here indignant, and asks what is the benefit of dying, and what, consequently, the use of an apothecary, even should he kill a thousand a day, to men who are not in a state of grace? And what, retorts the other, would be the use of a thousand pardons round the neck, unless people died? The Poticary, who is the most sensible of the three, concludes that all of them are rogues, when the Pedlar makes his appearance.

He, like his companions, commends his wares. How can there be any love without courtship? And how can women be won without such tempting gifts as are in his sack?

Who liveth in love and love would win,
Even at this pack he must begin.

He then displays his wares, and entreats them to buy: but the churchmen of that day were beggars, not buyers; and the Poticary is no less cunning. At length the Pardoner reverts to the subject of conversation, when the Pedlar entered, and in order to draw out the opinion of the last comer, states the argument between himself and his two companions. The Pedlar seems, at first, surprised that the profession of an apothecary is to kill men, and thinks the world may very well do without one; but the other assures him he is under a mistake; that the Poticary is the most useful, and for this notable reason, that when any man feels that his "conscience is ready," all he has to do is to send for the practitioner, who will at once dispatch him.

Weary of their disputes for pre-eminence of merit and usefulness, the Pedlar proposes that the other three shall strive for the mastery by lying, and that the greatest liar shall be recognized as head of the rest. The task he imposes on them cannot, he says, be a heavy one, for all are used to it. They are each to tell a tale. The Poticary commences, and the Pardoner follows. Their lies are deemed very respectable, but the Palmer is to be victorious, as he ends his tale in these words:—

Yet have I seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while;
And not one good city, town, or borough,
In Christendom but I have been thorough:
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women, five hundred thousand;
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,

I never saw nor knew in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.

Nothing can exceed the surprise of the other three at this astounding assertion, except the ingenuity with which they are made to express—unwillingly yet involuntarily—the Palmer's superiority in the "most ancient and noble art of lying."

Poticary. By the mass, there's a great lie!
Pardoner. I never heard a greater—by our Lady!
Pedlar. A greater! nay, knew you any one so great?

And so ends the old interlude of Merry John Heywood, of the "Three P's."

ROGER ASCHAM, 1515—1568.

The name of Roger Ascham deservedly ranks high in English literature. He was born in 1515, and took his degree at the University of Cambridge at the age of nineteen. That he was pre-eminently skilled in the Greek language, is evident from the fact, that a few years after he left the University he was invited by Sir John Cheke to become preceptor of the learned languages to Elizabeth; which office he discharged for two years with great credit and satisfaction to himself, as well as to his illustrious pupil. Soon after this, he went abroad, and remained about three years in Germany. On his return he was selected to fill the office of Latin Secretary to Edward VI., but on the death of the king he retired to the University. On the accession of Elizabeth he was immediately distinguished, and read with the queen, some hours every day, in the Latin and Greek languages. In this office, and in that of Latin Secretary, he continued at court for the remainder of his life. He died in September, 1568, at the age of fifty-three.

The two principal works of Ascham are the "Toxophilus" and "The School Master." The Toxophilus[1] is, as its name imports, a treatise upon Archery; and the main design of Ascham in writing it was to apologize for the zeal with which he studied and practised the art of shooting, and to show the honor and dignity of the art in all nations at all times, and its acknowledged utility not only in matters of war, but as an innocent and engaging pastime in times of peace. The whole work is in the dialogue form, the speakers being Toxophilus, a lover of archery, and Philologus, a student. After a very graceful introduction, Toxophilus proceeds to show that some relaxation and pastime are to be mingled with "sadde matters of

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[1] From *toxon* (τοξον) "a bow," and *philos* (φιλος) "a friend." The original title runs thus:—"Toxophilus, the Schole or Partitions of Shootinge, contayned in II Bookes. Written by Roger Ascham 1544, and now newly perused. Pleasaunt for all Gentlemen and Yeomen of Englande, for theyr pastime to reade, and profitable for theyr use to followe, both in Warre and Peace."

the minde," a position which the studious Philologus endeavors to controvert.[1]

Philologus.—How much is to be given to the authority either of Aristotle or Tully, I cannot tell; this I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing of time, have fatter barns in the harvest than they which will either sleep at noon time of the day, or else make merry with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar that purposes to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed time, which be scholars, as it is very timely and when we be young, so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour.

Toxophilus.—For contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faule.[2] So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation and easing from their book, or else they mar themselves; when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man needs play, when[3] the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place.

The work also goes fully into the practical part of the art, so that the "Schole for Shootinge" is a complete manual of archery, containing not only a learned history of the art, and the highest encomiums on its excellence and utility, but likewise the most minute practical details, even down to the species of goose from the wing of which the best feathers are to be plucked

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[1] For an admirable criticism of the works of Roger Ascham, see Retrospective Review, vol. iv., p. 76. [2] Produce. [3] Whereas.

for the shaft. The following is a specimen of his lively and entertaining manner.

Toxophilus.—Yet well fare the gentle goose, which bringeth to a man so many exceeding commodities! For the goose is man's comfort in war and in peace, sleeping and waking. What praise soever is given to shooting, the goose may challenge the best part of it. *How well doth she make a man fare at his table!* How easily doth she make a man lie in his bed! How fit, even as her feathers be only for shooting, so be her quills for writing.

Philologus.—Indeed, Toxophile, that is the best praise you gave to a goose yet, and surely I would have said you had been to blame if you had overskipt it.

Toxophilus.—The Romans, I trow, Philologe, not so much because a goose with crying saved their capitolium, with their golden Jupiter, did make a golden goose, and set her in the top of the capitolium, and appointed also the censors to allow, out of the common batch, yearly stipends for the finding of certain geese; the Romans did not, I say, give all this honor to a goose for that good deed only, but for other infinite mo,[1] which come daily to a man by geese; and surely if I should declaim in the praise of any manner of beast living, I would choose a goose. But the goose hath made us flee too far from our matter.

But Ascham had another object in writing the Toxophilus: it was, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "to give an example of diction more natural and more truly English than was used by the common writers of that age, whom he censures for mingling exotic terms with their native language, and of whom he complains that they were made authors, not by skill or education, but by arrogance and temerity." Consequently, he was one of the first founders of a style truly English in prose composition. He was among the first to reject the use of foreign words and idioms, a fashion which, in the time of Henry VIII., began to be so prevalent. The following is his apology for writing his work in English.

If any man would blame me either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that when the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write: and though to have written it in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labour well bestowed, if with a little hindrance of my profit and name may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of

[1] More.

the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them, that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, every thing in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English: when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do: as so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him. Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying, Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer? Truly (quoth I) they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put *malvesye*[1] and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink not easy to be known, nor yet wholesome for the body.

The other principal work of Roger Ascham is his "School Master."[2] Of this, Dr. Johnson says, "It is conceived with great vigor, and finished with great accuracy; and perhaps contains the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages." He thus recommends an intermixture of elegant accomplishments and manly exercises.

I would wish, that beside some good time, fitly appointed, and constantly kept, to increase by reading the knowledge of the tongues, and learning, young gentlemen should use, and delight in all courtly exercises, and gentlemanlike pastimes. And good cause why: for the self-same noble city of Athens, justly commended of me before, did wisely, and upon great consideration, appoint the muses, Apollo and Pallas, to be patrons of learning to their youth. For the muses, besides learning, were also ladies of dancing, mirth, and minstrelsy:

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[1] Malmsley.

[2] The title is, "The School Master, or plain and perfect way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue; but specially purposed for the private bringing up of youth in gentlemen and noblemen's houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin tongue, and would by themselves, and without a schoolmaster, in short time and with small pains, recover a sufficient hability to understand, write, and speak Latin."

Apollo was god of shooting, and author of cunning playing upon instruments; Pallas also was lady mistress in wars. Whereby was nothing else meant, but that learning should be always mingled with honest mirth, and comely exercises; and that war also should be governed by learning and moderated by wisdom; as did well appear in those captains of Athens named by me before, and also in Scipio and Cæsar, the two diamonds of Rome. And Pallas was no more feared in wearing *Ægida*,[1] than she was praised for choosing *Olivam;*[2] whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus was governor and mistress, in the noble city of Athens, both of war and peace.

Again, he speaks of the great danger to one's morals that attends foreign travels,—remarks from which we of our day may derive a very instructive lesson. There is now, as then, no ordeal more severe for trying the strength of one's moral principles, than to travel through France and Italy. We hardly know, ourselves, how much our correct conduct is indebted to the restraints of friends and kindred around us, until we are placed where those restraints no longer exist.

I know divers noble personages, and many worthy gentlemen of England, whom all the syren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's word; nor no inchantment of vanity overturn them from the fear of God and love of honesty.

But I know as many, or *mo*, and some, sometime my dear friends, (for whose sake I hate going into that country the more,) who parting out of England fervent in the love of Christ's doctrine, and well furnished with the fear of God, returned out of Italy, worse transformed than ever was any in Circe's court. I know divers, that went out of England men of innocent life, men of excellent learning, who returned out of Italy, not only with worse manners, but also with less learning; neither so willing to live orderly, nor yet so hable to speak learnedly, as they were at home, before they went abroad. * *

But I am afraid that over many of our travellers into Italy, do not eschew the way to Circe's court, but go, and ride, and run, and fly thither; they make great haste to come to her; they make great suit to serve her; yea, I could point out some with my finger, that never had gone out of England, but only to serve Circe in Italy. * * * If you think we judge amiss, and

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[1] The Ægis, the shield of Minerva.

[2] The olive, which she is said to have produced, and thus had the right to give her name (Athéne) to Athens.

write too sore against you, hear what the Italian sayeth of the Englishman; what the master reporteth of the scholar, who uttereth plainly what is taught by him, and what is learned by you, saying, *Englese Italianato, e un Diabolo incarnato:* that is to say, "you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition."

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If some do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him: "He that by living and travelling in Italy, bringeth home into England, out of Italy, the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy." That is to say, for religion, papistry, or worse; for learning, less commonly than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities, and change of filthy lying.

Then they have in more reverence the triumphs of Petrarch, than the Genesis of Moses; they make more account of Tully's Offices, than of St. Paul's Epistles; of a tale in Boccace, than a story of the Bible. Then they count as fables the holy mysteries of Christian religion. They make Christ and his Gospel only serve civil policy. Then neither religion cometh amiss to them. In time they be promoters of both openly; in place, again, mockers of both privily, as I wrote once in a rude rhyme:

> Now new, now old, now both, now neither;
> To serve the world's course, they care not with whether.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, 1554—1586.

"Few characters," says an able writer,[1] "appear so well fitted to excite enthusiastic admiration, as that of Sir Philip Sydney. Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardor and universality of talent could acquire or bestow; delighting nations by the witchery of his powers, and courts by the fascination of his address; leaving the learned astonished at his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace; and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness, he was and well deserved

[1] See Retrospective Review, vol. ii. p. 1, and vol. x. p. 43; also the London Quarterly, vol. i. p. 67.

to be, the idol of the age in which he lived. So rare an union of attraction, so unaccustomed a concentration of excellence, such a compound of military renown with literary distinction, and courtly refinement with noble frankness, gave him a passport to every heart, and secured him, at once, universal sympathy and esteem."

He was born in 1554. At the age of thirteen he entered Oxford, and on leaving the university, though only eighteen, commenced his travels abroad. He was at Paris at the time of the horrible popish massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, and took refuge with many others at the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, at that time ambassador there from England. Leaving Paris soon after, he pursued his route through Germany and Italy, and returned to England in 1575, at the age of twenty-one. He was soon sent by Elizabeth as ambassador to Vienna, where, though so young, he acquitted himself with great credit. In 1583 he married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was knighted. Two years afterwards he was named as a candidate for the throne of Poland; but his sense of the duty which he owed to his country, led him to acquiesce fully in the remonstrance of Elizabeth against the proposal, "who," says the historian, "refused to further the advancement, out of fear that she should lose the jewel of her times."

The United Provinces having previously declared their independence, England resolved to assist them to throw off the yoke of Spain, and in 1586 Sydney was sent into the Netherlands, as general of the horse. On the 22d of September of that year, in a skirmish near Zutphen, Sydney beat a superior force of the enemy, which he casually encountered, but lost his own life. After his horse had been shot under him he mounted another, and continued to fight till he received his death wound. The anecdote recorded of him in his dying moments, though it has been told a thousand times, must ever be repeated when Sidney's character is considered; evincing, as it does, characteristics infinitely more to be honored and loved than all the glory ever acquired in the *bloody*, and soon, I trust, in the progress of Christian sentiment, to be considered the *disgraceful* and *wicked* work of the battle-field. After he had received his death-wound, being overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink. It was brought to him immediately; but the moment he was lifting it to his mouth, a poor soldier was carried by, desperately wounded, who fixed his eyes eagerly upon it. Sidney, seeing this, instantly delivered it to him, with these memorable words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." All England wore mourning for his death, and volumes of laments and elegies were poured forth in all languages.[1]

Sir Philip Sidney's literary reputation rests on his two prose works—the "Arcadia" and the "Defence of Poesy." He wrote a few sonnets, but

[1] Lord Brook says of him, that "his end was not writing, even while he wrote; nor his knowledge moulded for tables or schools; but both his wit and understanding bent upon his heart to make himself and others, not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great."

they are cold, stiff, and affected. His best poetry is his prose;[1] and as a prose writer he may justly be regarded as the best of his time.[2]

"The "Arcadia" is a mixture of what has been called the heroic and the pastoral romance. The scene of it is laid in Arcadia, that province of the Peloponnesus, celebrated in olden time as the abode of shepherds, and the scene of most of the pastoral poetry of Greece.

Musidorus and Pyrocles are the heroes of the romance, and are united together in a firm league of friendship. They go forth in quest of adventures, and after killing the customary quantum of giants and monsters, set sail for Greece. The ship is wrecked, and Musidorus is thrown upon the shores of Laconia. He is seen by two shepherds, who offer to conduct him to Kalander, a wealthy inhabitant of Arcadia, the province north of Laconia. As they enter into Arcadia, its beautiful appearance strikes the eyes of Musidorus.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

After being at the house of Kalander a few days, Pyrocles mysteriously arrives. The Prince of Arcadia had two daughters, with whom, of course, the two young heroes fall in love. The following is a description of their characters:

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[1] Cowper very felicitously calls him a "warbler of poetic prose;" and he himself says, in his "Defence of Poesy," "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy: one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry."

[2] I say this in defiance of the criticisms of Hazlitt, as ungenerous as they are unjust. See his "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," in No. 13 of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." Of this generally excellent series of books, I would particularly recommend the following to such as often ask of me "list of books" for reading. No 5, Diary of Lady Willoughby; No. 13, Hazlitt's Literature of the Age of Elizabeth; Nos. 16 and 19, Hood's Prose and Verse; No. 17, Hazlitt's Characters in Shakspeare's Plays; No. 18, "The Crock of Gold;" No. 21, Professor Wilson's Genius and Character of Burns; Nos. 6, 7, 25, and 59, Hazlitt's Table Talk; No. 26, Basil Montagu's Selections; No. 28, Hazlitt's Comic Writers of England; Nos. 31 and 32, Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy; No. 36, Hazlitt's English Poets; Nos. 39—42, Carlyle's Cromwell; Nos. 81 and 82, Izaak Walton's Lives of Donne, &c.

The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela: methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in short, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

The following is a description of a stag-hunt:

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers' feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourself in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in color and marks so resembling, that it showed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns

about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive; the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisements, sometimes the view of (their faithful counsellors) the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still, as it were, together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

The prayer of Pamela when, in the absence of her lover, she was beset by the designing and the wicked, well deserves extracting.

O All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned: look upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken; O Lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee, (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee,) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness (which is thyself) that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy Majesty so to shine into my mind, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let

calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my virtue: let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction: let my greatness be their prey: let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge: let them (if so seem good unto thee) vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body.

The result is, that after passing through many severe trials of their love, these two princesses are married to Musidorus and Pyrocles, and so ends the "Arcadia."

The other great work of Sir Philip Sidney is his "Defence of Poesy," which may be truly pronounced to be the most beautiful as well as the most truthful essay upon the subject in our language, and one from which hundreds have borrowed, without acknowledging their obligations.[1] "It may be regarded as a logical discourse, from beginning to end, interspersed here and there with a few of the more flowery parts of eloquence, but everywhere keeping in view the main objects, indeed, of all logic and eloquence—proof and persuasion. It is evidently the result of deep conviction in the mind of the writer, and a strong desire to impress that conviction upon others: to impress it, however, in a manner that shall render it not merely a sentiment of the heart, but a settled belief of the reason and judgment."[2] In what a skillful and highly eloquent manner does he contrast "Poesy" with all the other arts and sciences.

There is no art delivered to mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in tunes tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: And follow nature, saith he, therein, and you shall not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which are still compassed within the circle of a question, according to

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[1] "The great praise of Sidney in this treatise is, that he has shown the capacity of the English language for spirit, variety, gracious idiom, and masculine firmness."—Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

[2] Retrospective Review, x. 45.

the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things hurtful or helpful to it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature.

Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demigods, cyclops, chymeras, furies, and such like, so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he showed so much as in poetry—when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings; with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam.—Since our erect wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it.

Again, he contrasteth the Philosopher, the Historian, and the Poet.[1]

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should

[1] One cannot fail to see many of these same ideas in the first lecture of that most instructive book, Bishop Lowth's Lectures on Hebrew Poetry.

be, but to what is—to the particular truth of things, and not the general reason of things—that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done; so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say,—for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth.—So, no doubt, the philosopher with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated and figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy. Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath in us: let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames; or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewailing his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca! Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the school-men its *genus* and *difference?* The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for tender stomachs; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher.

After having gone through many particular comparisons, he thus comes out with a fine burst of enthusiasm in praise of Poetry.

Now therein—(that is to say, the power of at once teaching and enticing to do well)—now therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human and according to human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with

interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner;[1] and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste. For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted; which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness—which seen, they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they had taken a medicine of cherries. By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learning the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings;—Since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it;—Since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it,—the poet, only, bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit;—Since neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil;—Since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and delight the learners of it;—Since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far

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[1] We have here, undoubtedly, the origin of Shakspeare's—

> That elder ears played truant at his tale,
> And younger hearings were quite ravish'd,—
> So sweet and voluble was his discourse, &c.

pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving leaveth him behind;—Since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it;—Since all its kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable:—I think—(*and I think I think rightly,*)—the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1562—1592.

Christopher Marlowe, a cotemporary of Shakspeare, and known in his life as an actor and dramatic writer, is now remembered chiefly for that beautiful little piece, entitled

A PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1562—1595.

Robert Southwell was descended from an ancient and respectable Catholic family in Norfolk, and was born about the year 1562. At an early age he was sent to the English College at Douay,[1] and thence he went to Rome, where he entered the "Order of the Society of Jesus." After finishing his course of study there, the Pope sent him, in 1584, as a missionary to England. He had not been at home but a few years when he was apprehended by some of Elizabeth's agents, for being engaged in a conspiracy against the government. He was sent to prison, where he remained three years. He was repeatedly put upon the rack, and, as he himself affirmed, underwent very severe tortures no less than ten times. Wearied with torture and solitary imprisonment, he begged that he might be brought to trial, to answer for himself. At his trial he owned that he was a priest and a Jesuit, but denied that he ever entertained any designs against the queen or kingdom; alleging that he came to England simply to administer the sacraments according to the Catholic church to such as desired them. The jury found him guilty of treason, and when asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, "Nothing; but from my heart I forgive all who have been any way accessible to my death." Sentence was pronounced, and the next day he was led to execution.[2]

This whole proceeding should cover the authors of it with everlasting infamy. It is a foul stain upon the garments of the maiden queen that she can never wipe off. There was not a particle of evidence at his trial that this pious and accomplished poet meditated any evil designs against the government. He did what he had a perfect right to do; aye, what it was his duty to do, if he conscientiously thought he was right,—endeavor to make converts to his faith, so far as he could without interfering with the rights of others. If there be anything that is to be execrated, it is persecution for opinion's sake. There is an excess of meanness, as well as wickedness, in striving to put down opinions by physical force. Those who do it thereby tacitly acknowledge that they have no other arguments, for truth has no reason ever to fear in any combat with error.[3]

Southwell's poems are all on moral and religious subjects. Though they have not many of the endowments of fancy, they are peculiarly pleasing for the simplicity of their diction, and especially for the fine moral truths and lessons they convey.

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[1] In the northernmost province of France, where was made the celebrated papal version of the Scriptures—the "Douay Bible."

[2] The best accounts of Southwell may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov., 1798.

[3] Truth crushed to earth revives again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.—*J. G. Whittier.*

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
  Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
  The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
  She draws her favors to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
  Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
  Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
  The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
  That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
  Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys hereto no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where wards are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
  Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
  And silent sees that speech could not amend:
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth flie,
  And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish:
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
  These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
  Nor greedy grey-hound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to flie,
  And, fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mordocheus wept,
  Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
  Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
  Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief;
  A kiss—where she doth kill.

A honey-show'r rains from her lips,
  Sweet lights shine in her face,
She hath the blush of virgin-mind,
  The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek—yet fear to find:
  To find—but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
  She yields, to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
  For fools to gather up;
Now sweet—now sour—for every taste
  She tempereth her cup.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
  Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
  And sighs but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
  For May is full of flowers;
But rather April—wet by kind,
  For love is full of showers.

With soothing words enthralled souls
  She chains in servile bands;
Her eye, in silence, hath a speech
  Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours;
  Short hap, immortal harms:
Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
  Her songs, bewitching charms.

Like winter-rose and summer-ice,
  Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
  Fair first—in fine unkindly.

Plough not the seas—sow not the sands—
  Leave off your idle pain;

Seek other mistress for your minds—
  Love's service is in vain.

CONTENT AND RICH.

My conscience is my crown,
  Contented thoughts, my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
  My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;
  That mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
  Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
  All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
  The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold,
  Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
  While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
  The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
  Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
  The storm doth soonest tear:
I bear so low and small a sail
  As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
  While fury's flame doth burn;
It is vain to stop the stream
  Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
  And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
  Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
  A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
  But cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
  My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
  That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap,
  Whom favor doth advance;

I take no pleasure in their pain
  That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
  I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built
  To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
  Can cast my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
  How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
  She proved an angry foe,
Small gain, I found, to let her come—
  Less loss to let her go.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1553—1599.

Edmund Spenser,[1] the illustrious author of the "Faerie Queene," was born in London, 1553. Of his parentage little is known. "The nobility of the Spensers," says Gibbon, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough: but I exhort them to consider the Faerie Queene as the most precious jewel of their coronet." But his parents were undoubtedly poor, as he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, 1569, as a sizer.[2] After taking his master's degree in 1578, he went to reside with some relations in the north of England. He remained there but a short time, for in the latter part of the same year he went to London, and published his "Shepherd's Calendar," a series of twelve eclogues, named after the twelve months of the year. Though this work indicates but little of the genius that Spenser soon after displayed, it gave him some reputation in those times; and in the summer of 1580 he went to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Grey, who had been appointed lord lieutenant. On that nobleman's being recalled in 1582, the poet returned with him to England, and in 1586 received a grant of 3028 acres of land forfeited to the crown, as a reward for his services, provided he would return to Ireland to cultivate them. He accepted the conditions. The Castle of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, was his residence; and the River Mulla, which he frequently mentions in his poems, flowed through his grounds. Here he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he styles "the Shepherd of the Ocean," with whom he had become acquainted during his former residence in Ireland. He persuaded

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[1] The works of Spenser are now made accessible to every one, in that beautiful Boston edition, in five volumes, edited by one of the most accomplished of American scholars, George S. Hillard, Esqr.

[2] That is, a "charity student." They had certain allowance made in their college bills, and received that name from the *size*, as it is called, or portion of bread, meat, &c., allotted to a student.

the poet to accompany him to England, and by him he was presented to Queen Elizabeth, an event which he celebrates in his poem, entitled, "Colin Clouts come Home againe."

"Raleigh's visit," remarks Mr. Campbell,[1] "occasioned the first resolution of Spenser, to prepare the first books of 'The Faerie Queene' for immediate publication. Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds tuning their pipes, beneath the alders of the *Mulla;*—a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be much less satisfied, than by recalling the scene as it really existed. When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author of 'The Faerie Queene,' have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might even be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet, that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

In 1590 Spenser published the three first books of "The Faerie Queene," and in 1591, he received a pension of £50 a year from Queen Elizabeth. The favorable manner in which "The Faerie Queene" was received, induced the publisher to collect and print the author's minor poems, which may be found in the editions of his works. In 1595 the second part of "The Faerie Queene," consisting of three more books, appeared. The poet intended to complete the work in twelve books, and it is said that the last six were lost on his way from Ireland to England. But of this there is no proof, and scarcely any probability. "It is much more likely," says Mr. Hillard, "that the sorrows and misfortunes which clouded the last three years of the poet's life, deprived him of both the will and the power to engage in poetical composition." In September, 1598, the rebellion of O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, drove him and his family from Kilcolman. In the confusion of flight, one of the poet's children was unfortunately left behind, and perished in the house, which was burnt by the rebels. He arrived in England, harassed by these misfortunes, and died in London on the 16th of January, 1599, at the age of forty-five, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus died Spenser, at the early age of forty-five. But how little is there of the great and good that can die! He still lives, to delight, to charm, to instruct mankind. He still lives, and as far as his writings are read, lives to exert the most salutary influence in inspiring a love for the just, the beautiful, the true; in purging the soul from the grovelling propensities and

[1] Specimens of British Poets, vol. ii. p. 173. A second edition of this work has lately been republished in one large octavo.

appetites that continually clog it here, and in filling it with ardent aspirations for those high and holy things that claim kindred with its origin.[1]

Had Spenser never written "The Faerie Queene," many of his minor poems, and especially his "Divine Hymns," would have given him a high, a *very* high rank in English Literature. But "The Faerie Queene," from its unequalled richness and beauty, has thrown the rest of his writing, comparatively into the shade. Two things, however, have prevented its being generally read; one is, its antiquated diction, and the other its allegorical character. The latter "has been," (remarks Mr. Hillard), "a kind of bugbear—a vague image of terror brooding over it, and deterring many from ever attempting its perusal. To borrow a lively expression of Hazlitt's, 'they are afraid of the allegory, as if they thought it would bite them." But though it be an allegorical poem, it is only so to a certain extent and to a limited degree. The interest which the reader feels is a warm, flesh-and-blood interest, not in the delineation of a virtue, but in the adventures of a knight or lady. It is Una—the trembling, tearful woman—for whom our hearts are moved with pity, and not forsaken Truth. We may fairly doff the allegory aside, and let it pass, and the poem will lose little or nothing of its charm. The grand procession of stately and beautiful forms, the chivalrous glow, the stirring adventures, the noble sentiments, the picturesque descriptions, the delicious poetry, would all be left unimpaired."

The poet, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, gives the plan of his work. "The general end of all the Book," he says, "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." He takes the history of King Arthur, "as most fit for the excellency of his person," whom he conceives to have seen in a vision the Faery Queen, "with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out." By this Faery Queen, *Gloriana*, he means *Glory* in general, but in particular, her majesty, Queen Elizabeth; and by Faery Land, her kingdom. So in Prince Arthur he sets forth *Magnificence* or *Magnanimity*, for "that is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore," he says, "in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthur applicable to that virtue which I write of in that book."

Of the twelve books he makes or intended to make twelve knights the patrons, each of twelve several virtues. The first, the knight of the Red Cross, expressing *Holiness:* the second, Sir Guyon, or *Temperance:* the third, Britomartis, a "Lady Knight," in whom he pictures *Chastity:* the fourth, Cambell and Triamond, or *Friendship:* the fifth, Artegal, or *Justice:* the sixth, Sir Calodore, or *Courtesy:* what the other six books would have been we have no means of knowing. The first canto of the first book thus opens:

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[1] I would earnestly recommend to the reader's attention the "Introductory Observations on the Faerie Queene," by Mr. Hillard, prefixed to the edition just spoken of. They are written with that discriminating taste, justness of thought, and felicity of style, which characterize all his writings.

I.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd[1] in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly[2] knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts[3] and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere[4] did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.[5]

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faerie lond,)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne[6]
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow:
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that whimpled[7] was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;

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[1] *Ycladd*, clad. [2] *Iolly*, handsome. [3] *Giusts*, tournaments.
[4] *Cheere*, air, or mien. [5] *Ydrad*, dreaded. [6] *Earne*, yearn.
[7] *Whimpled*, gathered, or plaited.

I. 1.—*A gentle Knight.*] Spenser comes at once to the action of the poem, and describes the Red-cross knight as having already entered upon the adventure assigned him by the Faerie Queene, which was to slay the dragon which laid waste the kingdom of Una's father. The Red-cross knight is St. George, the patron saint of England, and represents holiness or Christian purity, and is clothed in the "whole armor of God," described by St. Paul in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal Feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.[1]

VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

VIII.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

---

[1] *Fain*, glad.

V. 8.—*Forwasted.*] Much wasted.—The prefix *for* is an intensive, from the Saxon and German *ver*.

VIII. 5.—*Can they praise.*] Much they praised.—This form of expression is frequently used by Spenser. Some, however, consider 'can' to be put for 'gan,' or 'began.'

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh,[1] obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

I.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through allegeance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

II.

And now it is empassioned[2] so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To think how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,

---

[1] *Eugh*, yew. [2] *Empassioned*, moved.

I. 1.—*Nought*, &c.] In this canto the adventures of Una are resumed, from the ninth stanza of the preceding canto.

II. 5.—*True as touch*,] i. e. true as the touchstone by which other substances are tried.

Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd[1] to that vyle Witches shayre.

III.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace,[2] as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her Knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond: She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,[3]
And layd her stole aside: Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And make a sunshine in the shady place;
Did ever mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As[4] he her wronged innocence did weet.[5]
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,

---

[1] *Deryv'd*, transferred. [2] *Preace*, press or throng. [3] *Undight*, took off. [4] *As*, as if. [5] *Weet*, understand.

V. 2.—*A ramping lyon.*] Upton conjectures the lion to be the English monarch, the defender of the faith. He seems rather to represent a manly and courageous people like the English, and the homage he pays to Una betokens the respect which would be felt by such a people to beauty and innocence.

Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

VIII.

Redounding[4] teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood,
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he took commandëment,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyre, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,

---

[4] *Redounding*, flowing.

XXIX. 2.—*A goodly Knight.*] This is Prince Arthur, in whose faultless excellence Spenser is supposed to have represented his illustrious friend, Sir Philip Sydney, whose beautiful character and splendid accomplishments kindled a warmth of admiration among his cotemporaries, of which we find it difficult to conceive in our colder and more prosaic age.

Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare:

XXX.

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone.
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,[1]
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

---

[1] *Slights*, devices.

XXXII. 6.—*Greene Selinis.*] *Selinis* is evidently the name of some hill or mountain, which I do not find in any book of reference within reach. Upton, strangely enough, supposes it to be Selinus, a city in Cilicia, to which he applies an epithet, "Palmosa," applied by Virgil to another city of the same name in Sicily. After this double blunder, he remarks, with amusing simplicity, "The simile of the almond-tree is exceeding elegant, and much after the cast of that admired image in Homer," &c. Todd copies the whole without comment.

DESCRIPTION OF BELPHŒBE.

XXI.

———————. Eftsoone[1] there stepped foorth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance[2] borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant,[3] and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight;
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins[4] softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes[5] and amorous retrate;[6]
And everie one her with a grace endowes,

---

[1] *Eftsoone*, immediately. [2] *Portance*, demeanor. [3] *Persant*, piercing.
[4] *Rubins*, rubies. [5] *Belgardes*, sweet looks. [6] *Retrate*, picture.

XXI. 7.—*A goodly Ladie*, &c.] In the beautiful and elaborate portrait of Belphœbe, Spenser has drawn a flattered likeness of Queen Elizabeth.

And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken camus[1] lilly whight,
Purfled[2] upon with many a folded plight,[3]
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets,[4] that glistred bright
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes,[5] crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,[6]
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,[7]
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

THE CARE OF ANGELS OVER MEN.

Book ii. Canto 8.

I.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting[8] skyes like flying pursuivant,

[1] *Camus*, thin dress. [2] *Purfled*, embroidered. [3] *Plight*, plait. [4] *Aygulets*, tagged points. [5] The yellow locks of Queen Elizabeth enter largely into the descriptions of her beauty by the poets of her reign. [6] *Inspyre*, breathe. [7] *Lap*, entwine themselves. [8] Yielding.

Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should Hevenly God to men have such regard!

THE SEASONS.

Book vii. Canto 7.

XXVIII.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring all dight[1] in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures[2])
A guilt[3] engraven morion[4] he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colored greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed[5] been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard[6] or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.[7]

XXXI.

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill[3]
As from a limbeck[9] did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;

---

[1] Adorned. [2] Encounters. [3] Gilded. [4] Helmet. [5] Chafed, heated. [6] Leopard. [7] Yielded. [8] Nose. [9] Retort.

For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;[1]
That scarce his loosed limbes he able was to weld.[2]

The following are the four last verses of his hymn on

HEAVENLY LOVE.

With all thy heart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy self unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme dirt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze,
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th' idee of His pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement[3] of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

"I have just finished 'The Faerie Queen.' I never parted from a long poem with so much regret. He is a poet of a most musical ear—of a tender heart—of a peculiarly soft, rich, fertile, and flowery fancy. His verse always flows with ease and nature, most abundantly and sweetly; his diffusion is not only pardonable, but agreeable. Grandeur and energy are not his characteristic qualities. He seems to me a most genuine poet, and to be justly placed after Shakspeare and Milton, and above all other English poets."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

"Spenser excels in the two qualities in which Chaucer is most deficient—invention and fancy. The invention shown in his allegorical personages is endless, as the fancy shown in his description of them is gorgeous and delightful. He is the poet of romance. He describes things as in a splendid and voluptuous dream."—*Hazlitt.*

[1] Old age. [2] Wield, move. [3] *Enragement*, fervent admiration.

"No poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it ever has been since. It must certainly be owned that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry."—*Campbell's Specimens*, i. 125.[1]

RICHARD HOOKER. 1553—1600.

One of the most learned and distinguished prose writers in the age of Elizabeth, was Richard Hooker. He was born near Exeter in 1553. His parents, being poor, destined him for a trade; but he displayed at school so much aptitude for learning, and gentleness of disposition, that through the efforts of the Bishop of Salisbury he was sent to Oxford. Here he pursued his studies with great ardor and success, and became much respected for his modesty, learning and piety. In 1577 he was elected fellow of his college, and in 1581 took orders in the Episcopal Church. Soon after this he went to preach in London, at Paul's Cross, and took lodgings in a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. The hostess, an artful and designing woman, perceiving Hooker's great simplicity of character, soon inveigled him into a marriage with her daughter, which proved a source of disquietude and vexation to him throughout his life. He was soon advanced in ecclesiastical preferment, and made master of the Temple, where he commenced his labors as forenoon preacher. But this situation accorded neither with his temper nor his literary pursuits, and he petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury to remove him to "some quiet parsonage." He obtained his desire, and was presented by Elizabeth to the rectory of Bishop's Bourne, in Kent, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1600, of pulmonic disease, brought on by an accidental cold, when only forty-seven years of age.

Hooker's great work is his "Ecclesiastical Polity," a defence of the Church of England against the Puritans. It doubtless owes its origin to the fact that the office of afternoon lecturer at the Temple was filled by Walter Travers, of highly Calvinistic views; while the views of Hooker,

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[1] The best, or *variorum* edition of Spenser, (so called because it has all the notes of the *various* commentators,) is that of Todd, 8 vols., 8vo. London, 1805. Read—an article on Spenser's Minor Poems in Retrospective Review, xii. 142: also, Edinburgh Review, vol. xxiv., June, 1815: also, a brilliant series of papers on the Faerie Queene, in Blackwood's Magazine, 1834 and 1835.

both on church government and doctrines, were different. Indeed, so avowedly did they preach in opposition to each other that the remark was frequently made that "the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon, Geneva." Such was the beginning of this great work, which is a monument of the learning, sagacity, and industry of the author, and contains the most profound, and the ablest defence of ecclesiastical establishments which has ever appeared. The style of the work, too, possesses some of the highest characteristics, perspicuity, purity, and strength, though generally, from the author's great familiarity with the classics, savoring a little too much of the idiom and construction of the Latin. The work, however, is not to be regarded simply as a theological treatise; for it is still referred to as a great authority upon the whole range of moral and political principles. The praise that Hallam has given him, seems well deserved. "The finest, as well as the most philosophical writer of the Elizabethan period is Hooker. The first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity is at this day one of the masterpieces of English eloquence. His periods, indeed, are generally much too long and too intricate, but portions of them are often beautifully rhythmical; his language is rich in English idiom without vulgarity, and in words of a Latin sense without pedantry. He is more uniformly solemn than the usage of later times permits, or even than writers of that time, such as Bacon, conversant with mankind as well as books, would have reckoned necessary; but the example of ancient orators and philosophers upon themes so grave as those which he discusses, may justify the serious dignity from which he does not depart. Hooker is, perhaps, the first in England who adorned his prose with the images of poetry; but this he has done more judiciously, and with more moderation than others of great name; and we must be bigots in Attic severity before we can object to some of his figures of speech."

The following is the letter which he wrote to the Archbishop when he desired to retire to the country.

My Lord—

When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr. Travers, have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the Holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with by us, as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising, and praying to Him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this ex-

amination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy: a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account, which all flesh must give at the last day, to the God of all spirits.

THE NECESSITY AND MAJESTY OF LAW.

The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye: but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministreth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws, all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are.

Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon the world, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labor hath been to do his will. *He made a law for the rain;* he gave his *decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.* Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine

away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

SUDDEN DEATH NOT DESIRABLE.

Death is that which all men suffer, but not all men with one mind, neither all men in one manner. For being of necessity a thing common, it is through the manifold persuasions, dispositions, and occasions of men, with equal desert both of praise and dispraise, shunned by some, by others desired. So that absolutely we cannot discommend, we cannot absolutely approve, either willingness to live, or forwardness to die. And concerning the ways of death, albeit the choice thereof be only in his hands, who alone hath power over all flesh, and unto whose appointment we ought with patience meekly to submit ourselves (for to be agents voluntarily in our own destruction, is against both God and nature); yet there is no doubt, but in so great variety, our desires will and may lawfully prefer one kind before another. Is there any man of worth and virtue, although not instructed in the school of Christ, or ever taught what the soundness of religion meaneth, that had not rather end the days of this transitory life, as *Cyrus* in Xenophon, or in Plato, Socrates, is described, than to sink down with them, of whom *Elihu* hath said, *Momento moriuntur*,[1] there is scarce an instant between their flourishing and not being! But let us which know what it is to die, as Absalom, or Ananias and Sapphira died; let us beg of God, that when the hour of our rest is come, the patterns of our dissolution may be Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David; who, leisureably ending their lives in peace, prayed for the mercies of God to come upon their posterity: replenished the hearts of the nearest unto them with

[1] Job, xxxiv., 20. "In a moment shall they die."

words of memorable consolation; strengthened men in the fear of God, gave them wholesome instructions of life, and confirmed them in true religion; in sum, taught the world no less virtuously how to die, than they had done before how to live.[1]

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE PSALMS.

The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the Psalms do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written. The ancients, when they speak of the Book of Psalms, use to fall into large discourses, showing how this part above the rest doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all the considerations and operations which belong to God; it magnifieth the holy meditations and actions of divine men; it is of things heavenly an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof, an habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels, both for receipt and for delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of Grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident unto the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found. Hereof it is, that we covet to make the Psalms especially familiar unto all. This is the very cause why we iterate the Psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we inure the people together with their minister, and not the minister alone, to read them as other parts of Scripture he doth.

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[1] The reader here is reminded of the lines of Tickell on the death of Addison—

> "He taught us how to live, and O! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

The Soul's Errand, printed anonymously in an early collection of English poetry, is characterized by great strength, condensation, and simplicity. Mr. Campbell reckons it among the best pieces of the Elizabethan age. It has been ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, but without any evidence, and even without probability.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
  The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
  And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
  What's good and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
  Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd, unless they give,
  Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
  That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
  Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
  Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
  Tell honor how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
  Tell Favor how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles,
  In treble points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
  Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
  Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
  Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
  Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
  Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell Faith its fled the city,
  Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
  Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSY.[1]

The Minstrels were a class of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music; who went about from place to place, and offered their poetical and musical wares wherever they could find a market. They appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action, and in short to have practised such various means of diverting, as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable wherever they went. No great scene of festivity was considered complete that was not set off with the exercise of their talents, and so long as the spirit of chivalry existed, with which their songs were so much in keeping, they were protected and caressed.

Of the origin of the Minstrels, it is difficult to find any thing satisfactory. The term seems to be derived from the Latin *minister* or *ministellus*, "an attendant," "an assistant," as the Minstrels were attendant upon persons of rank, and assistants at their entertainments. But whatever may be said of their origin, the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men till centuries after the Norman conquest, and there is but little doubt that most of the fine old ballads in English Literature, were not only sung, but written by the professed minstrel.

There are many incidents in early English history which show how numerous was this body of men, and in what high estimation they were held. The one most familiar, is that of King Alfred's entering the Danish camp, in the disguise of a harper. Though known by his dialect to be a Saxon, the character he assumed procured him a hospitable reception, even in the tents and at the tables of the Danish princes. So also the story of Blondell's going unharmed over Europe, in search of Richard I., goes to prove the same facts.

In the reign of Edward II. (1307—1327) such extensive privileges were claimed by Minstrels, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that they became a public grievance, and their liberties were restricted by express statute. Finally, in the thirty-ninth year of the reign of Elizabeth, (1597,) this class of persons had so sunk in public estimation, that a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad, were included among rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. Truly, in the words of Burke, "the age of chivalry *had* gone."

One of the most celebrated of the English Ballads, is the fine old ballad of Chevy Chase. Like one of the old paintings of the old masters, the more it is read the more it is admired. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesy" says, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet;" and the classic

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[1] Read, Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry—Motherwell's Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy—Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—The Book of the British Ballads—Herd's Collection of Songs and Ballads.

Addison so much admired it as to devote two numbers of the Spectator, (70 and 74) to it, in its criticism and praise. Its subject is this. It was a regulation between those who lived near the borders of England and Scotland, that neither party should hunt in the other's domains without leave. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families, Percy of Northumberland and Douglas of Scotland, and the former had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without asking leave of Earl Douglas, who was lord of the soil. Douglas did not fail to resent the insult, and endeavor to repel the intruders by force, which brought on a sharp conflict, which the ballad so graphically describes. It took place in the region of the Cheviott Hills, whence its name.

God prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
  In Chevy-Chase befall;

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland,
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
  To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
  In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
  He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
  Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
  To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
  To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
  Ere day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
  An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
  To rouse the deer again.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
  Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
  That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
  The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
  An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
  This day to meet me here:

But if I thought he would not come,
  No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave young gentleman
  Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
  His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
  All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
  Fast by the river Tweed:
O cease your sports, Earl Percy said,
  And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
  Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
  In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
  But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
  With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
  Whose armor shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men you be
  That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
  And kill my fallow-deer.

The first man that did answer make,
  Was noble Percy he;
Who said, we list not to declare,
  Nor show whose men we be:

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
  Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
  And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
  One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
  Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
  And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
  For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
  And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Earl Percy said,
  By whom this is denied.

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
  Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
  To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,
  And I stood looking on;
You be two earls, said Witherington,
  And I a squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
  While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
  I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
  Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
  Full fourscore Scots they slew.

* * * * * * *

They closed full fast on every side,
  No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground.

O dear! it was a grief to see,
  And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
  And scattered here and there.

* * * * * * *

This fight did last from break of day,
  Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
  The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy, there was slain
  Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
  Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
  Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
  Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;[1]
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

* * * * * * *

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

* * * * * * *

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Two more ballads must suffice. The first, though not of very ancient date, has been said to be "perhaps the most poetical and picturesque of any ballad existing." It is entitled

THE TWO CORBIES.

There were two corbies sat on a tree
Large and black as black might be,
And one the other gan say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie, one, two, and three,
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

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[1] i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. read 'woful dumps.' The corresponding verse in the old ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne," from which many incidents in this are taken, is as follows:

"For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne."

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half-drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,[1]
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;
The gowden[2] down on his young chin
Will do to sewe my young ones in.

O, cauld and bare will his bed be,
When winter storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry.

THE DEMON LOVER.

This fine old ballad first appeared in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and is reprinted by Mr. Motherwell in his valuable volume, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."

"O where have you been, my long, long love,
This seven long years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e:
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might have had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

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[1] The neck bone—a phrase for the neck. [2] Golden.

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
  Yersell ye had to blame:
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
  For ye kend that I was nane."

"O false are the vows of womankind,
  But fair is their false bodie;
I never would hae trodden on Irish ground,
  Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
  And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
  If with you I should go!"

"I have seven ships upon the sea,
  The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
  And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
  Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
"O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
  For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
  No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
  And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
  And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
  Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
  Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot
  And she wept right bitterly.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
  "Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
  On the banks of Italy."

"O what are yon, yon pleasant hills,
  The sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven!" he said,
  "Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"[1]
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye, when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until the tops of the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e:
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

No literary undertaking in any age of English Literature has proved to be so important in its results, as the Translation of the Bible under the direction of King James I. Of the labors of Wiclif in translating the Bible from the Latin Vulgate, and of the successful exertions of Tyndale, in face of every danger and even of death, in giving to his countrymen a version of the New Testament in their vernacular tongue, short accounts are given under the lives of those scholars, together with specimens of their respective translations. Subsequently, very many versions appeared, each differing in some respects from its predecessors, until, at the accession of James I. complaints of these discrepancies became general, and a new translation was desired. At the great conference held in 1604, at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, all parties agreeing in their disapprobation of the version of the scriptures then most generally used, the king commissioned fifty-four men, the most learned in the universities and other places, to commence a new translation. At the same time he required the bishops to inform themselves of all the learned men within their several dioceses, who had acquired especial skill in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and who had taken great pains in their private studies to investigate obscure passages and to correct mistakes in former English translations,

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[1] Milton makes part of the torments of the damned to
"feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire."
Paradise Lost, ii. 598.

and to charge them to communicate their observations to the persons thus employed to translate the whole scriptures.

Before the work was begun, seven of the persons nominated for it were either dead or declined to engage in the task: the remaining forty-seven were classed under six divisions, a certain portion of scripture being assigned to each. They proceeded to their task at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, each individual translating the portion assigned to his division, and when all in any one division had finished, they met together, compared their several translations, and decided all differences, and settled upon what they deemed the best translation. When the several divisions had finished they all met together, and one and another by turns read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version. If any one objected to the translation of any passage, the reader stopped to allow time for discussion, comparison, and final decision.

The labor appears to have commenced in the spring of 1604, and the result was published in 1611, under the following title. "*The Holy Bible, conteyning the Old Testament and the New, newly translated out of the Originall Tongues, and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by his Majesties speciall Commandement.*" As a translation this is generally most faithful and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Dr. Adam Clarke remarks, "The translators have seized the very spirit and soul of the original, and expressed this, almost everywhere, with pathos and energy: they have not only made a *standard translation*, but have made this translation the standard of our language." This is eminently true, for in all human probability this translation will never be changed.

Still, strict truth and justice require us to say that there are some defects and errors, in our present version, which a more advanced state of biblical science enables us to detect. The translators had not access to the various sources of biblical criticism and elucidation which we enjoy at the present day; such as the collation of ancient manuscripts and versions; the multiplication of grammars and lexicons; the enlarged comparison of kindred dialects; and the researches of travellers into the geography, manners, customs, and natural history of the East.[1] But after all, instead of dwelling upon errors and discrepancies, which are really unimportant, we must ever wonder that there are so few, and admire the fidelity, the learning, and the wisdom of the great and good men that executed the work.[2]

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[1] For some very able remarks on our present version, see Professor Bush's Introduction to his Notes on Genesis.

[2] One of the greatest defects in our translation is a want of *uniformity* in rendering, both in regard to single words and to phrases. To give a few instances of what I mean. The Greek adverb ευθυς (*euthus*), which means "directly," "immediately," is translated in Matt. iii. 16, by "straightway," xiii. 20, by "anon:" xiii. 21, by "by and by:" Mark i. 12, by "immediately:" John xix. 34, by "forthwith." In all these places "immediately" would have better expressed the original: "by and by" is peculiarly infelicitous. So the verb μεριμνᾶτε (*merimnáte*) in Matt. vi. 25, is rendered "take no thought;" in Phil. iv. 6, "be careful." The latter comes nearer the true

THOMAS SACKVILLE, 1536—1608.

Thomas Sackville, ultimately Earl of Dorset and Lord High Treasurer of England, deserves consideration, if for no other reason, as the author of the first regular English tragedy, entitled Ferrex and Porrex. Every act of this play is closed by something like the chorus of the Greek Tragedy, namely, an ode in long-lined stanzas, drawing back the attention of the audience to the substance of what has just passed, and illustrating it by moral reflections. The following ode closes the third act, the moral beauties as well as the spirit of which must strike every reader. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesy," says that this whole tragedy is "full of notable morality."

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath:
But with contempt of gods' and man's despight,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre, and accursed reign:
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Nor dreads his hand in brothers' blood to stain!
O wretched prince! nor dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefather, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgain his life with cousin's hand!
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand imbrued with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still before the heavens' face,
With endless mischief on the cursed brood.
The wicked child thus brings to woful sire
The mournful plaints, to waste his weary life:
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife:
And hence doth spring the well, from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning, plaint, and woe.

But the poem by which Sackville is best known, is entitled "The Mirror for Magistrates." In it, most of the illustrious but unfortunute characters

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meaning, which is, "be not distracted about," "be not over anxious about." In justice, however, to the translators, I should say that in King James' day, the phrase "take no thought" had a much stronger meaning than it now has, being nearly equivalent to "let not your thoughts be unduly exercised." In many other cases also the present translation fails to express the sense, owing to changes which our language has undergone. One more instance will suffice. David says (Psalm cxix. 147), "I prevented the dawning of the morning," where "prevent" is used in its original Latin sense of "going before," "anticipating," and in King James' day it was so understood. Now, we know, it is used in the sense of to "hinder." This is a most interesting subject of inquiry, but this is not the appropriate place to pursue it.

of English history, from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, are made to pass in review before the poet, who, conducted by Sorrow, descends, like Dante, into the infernal regions. Each character recites his own misfortunes in a separate soliloquy. But Sackville finished only the preface called the "Induction," and one legend, the Life of the Duke of Buckingham. He left the completion of the whole to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers. These called in others to aid them, and the whole collection or set of poems was published in 1559, with this title, "A Mirror for Magistrates, wherein may be seen by example of others, with how grievous plagues vices are punished, and how frail and how unstable worldly prosperity is found, even of those whom fortune seemeth most highly to favor."

The whole poem is one of a very remarkable kind for the age, and the part executed by Sackville exhibits a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters, scarcely inferior to Spenser, and had he completed the whole, and with the same power as that exhibited in the commencement, he would have ranked among the first poets of England.

ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS IN HELL.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, profer'd here and there;
Benumb'd with speech; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap born up with staring of his hair;
'Stoin'd and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how she may vengeance take;
Never in rest, 'till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell REVENGE, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
'Till in our eyes another sight we met;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas, upon the woeful plight
Of MISERY, that next appear'd in sight:

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For, on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast:

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was MISERY ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy CARE, still brushing up the briers;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin:

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy SLEEP, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Riever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Crœsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old-Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life:

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed:
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see:
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawen every where,
All full of holes; that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay:
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns and threw down towers and all:

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd;
His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.[1]

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forlorn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lain:
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away:
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay:
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens ryved with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering of his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, 1564—1616.

William Shakspeare,[2] the great dramatic poet, not of England only, but of the world, was born at Stratford, on the Avon, in the county of

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[1] This is Henry, Duke of Buckingham, the principal instrument of King Richard III. What an admirable impersonation of extreme wretchedness.

[2] Read Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times"—Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare—Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays"—Campbell's Essay on English Poetry—Richardson's Analysis of Shakspeare—Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art—Pope's Preface to Shakspeare—Dodd's Beauties—Price's "Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare." The best family edition is Bowdler's "Family Shakspeare," 8 vols. 8vo., recently printed in one large octavo. The best critical edition is the *variorum* of Isaac Reed, London, 1813, 23 vols., with the Prolegomena and Addenda. "The proof sheets of this edition were corrected by Mr. Harris, Librarian of the Royal Institution."—Lowndes.

Warwick, April 23, 1564. Of his early life, of his education, of his personal appearance, manners, and habits, we know scarcely anything. "No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a cotemporary, can be produced."[1] That he was a very earnest, though, it may be, an irregular student, no one can doubt: the numerous felicitous allusions, throughout his dramas, to the history and mythology of the ancients, prove that, if not a critical scholar, he was deeply imbued with the true spirit of classical literature, and possessed a most discriminating taste to seize upon their beauties, and make them his own. In 1582, when but eighteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter, who was seven years older than himself, and who resided about a mile from Stratford. About the year 1587 he removed to London, where he soon rose to distinction in the theatre, of several of which he became in a few years proprietor, so that his income is estimated as equivalent to about five thousand dollars of our money now. The cause of his unexampled success was doubtless his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age—"that so did take Eliza and our James," as Ben Jonson has recorded, and as is confirmed by various authorities. Though he lived in familiar intercourse with the nobles, the wits, and the poets of his day, he looked forward to the time when he should retire to his native town, and with this view he purchased New Place, the principal house in Stratford, with more than a hundred acres of ground attached. "The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. Four years were spent by Shakspeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, having just completed his fifty second year. His widow survived him seven years. He had three children, one son and two daughters. The former died in 1596. Both the latter were married, and one had three sons, but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet."

The numerous authors who have written upon Shakspeare and his dramas, some of whom are referred to in the note, render it unnecessary for us to go into a new critical examination of his character. Indeed it would be hardly possible to say any thing new. The subject seems to be exhausted. And to write in eulogy would be somewhat presumptuous, when he has so exquisitely pronounced his own:—

> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

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[1] Hallam.

One of his cotemporaries, Ben Johnson, thus characterizes him. "I loved the man, and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was even more in him to be praised than pardoned." But Dryden has portrayed his genius in the following nervous and masterly lines, which have been served up to us in a diluted state by many a modern critic.

"To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."[1]

The consideration of this, made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, "that there was no subject of which any poet ever wrote, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare."

The difficulty of making selections from Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as those in human life; if of styles he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humor, satire or pathos, where shall our choice fall where all are so abundant?[2] But we must begin: the greater difficulty, however, will be to know where to stop.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Portia, a beautiful and accomplished heiress, is sought in marriage by a large number of suitors, whose fate is to be determined by the choice they make of one of three caskets, "gold, silver, and base lead." The following are the comments of three of the suitors:

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco.

Por. Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—

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[1] As the cypresses are wont to do among the slender shrubs.
[2] Chambers' Cyclopedia.

"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—"
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment: Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give———For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady;
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
'Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Enter Prince of Arragon.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial-rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addrest[1] me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force[2] and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too: For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:

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[1] i. e. *Prepared* me. [2] The power.

I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be, that shadows kiss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis[1].
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.[2]

Enter Bassanio.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What dangerous error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's countenance
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped[3] snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known

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[1] That is, I know. [2] i. e. My misfortune. [3] i. e. Curled.

To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled[1] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Opening the leaden casket.

———What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[2]
———Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,

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[1] i. e. The *treacherous* shore.
[2] *Counterfeit* here means a *likeness*, a *resemblance*.

Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

THE SEVEN AGES.

The banished Duke, with Jaques and other lords, are in the forest of Arden, sitting at their plain repast. Orlando, who had been wandering in the forest in quest of food for an old servant, Adam, who could "go no further," suddenly comes upon the party, and with his sword drawn, exclaims,

Orlando. Forbear. I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. An you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied:
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[1] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.
Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

[1] i. e. at your own command.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.
Orla. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort!—*Exit.*
Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern[2] instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side:
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Othello, the Moor, being accused of having gained the affections of the fair Desdemona "by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks," thus addresses the senate in his own defence.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;

[2] i. e. *trite, common* instances.

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history.
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd. *Othello.*

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

The Duke of Clarence, having been imprisoned in the Tower, for the purpose of being murdered, by his brother Richard III., thus relates to Sir Robert Brakenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, his dream of the preceding night.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to day?
Clarence. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a christian faithful man,[1]
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glos'ter stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death, within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued[2] jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

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[1] That is, not an infidel. [2] Invaluable.

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
Clarence is come—false, fleeting,[1] *perjured Clarence—*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
O, God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

Richard Third.

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his fall from the favor of Henry VIII., thus soliloquises, and confers with his servant Cromwell.

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

[1] "Fleeting," the same as *changing sides.*

Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em![1]
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

[1] The Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.

Whom the king hath in secresy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not, make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,——Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.[1]
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Henry VIII.

QUEEN MAB.

O then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice!
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

Romeo and Juliet.

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[1] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey.

LIFE AND DEATH WEIGHED.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Hamlet.*

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Merchant of Venice.*

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery;" these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!
Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style! *As You Like It.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1552—1618.

Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most remarkable men England has produced, was born in the parish of Budley in Devonshire, in 1552. About the year 1568 he entered Oxford, where he continued but a short time, for in the following year he was in France, where Hooker says "he spent good part of his youth in wars and martial exercises." He escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew (August, 1572), by taking refuge with Sir Philip Sidney in the house of the English ambassador. In 1579 he accompanied his half brother, Sir Henry Gilbert in a voyage to Newfoundland: the expedition proved unfortunate, but it doubtless had an influence in leading him to engage in subsequent expeditions which have made his name famous. He soon ingratiated himself with the queen, who in 1584 granted him a patent to discover "such remote heathen and barbarous lands, not actually possessed by any Christian prince, as to him might seem good." Two ships were soon after fitted out by Raleigh, which arrived on the coast of Carolina in July. They were commanded by Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, who took possession of the country in the name of the Virgin Queen, and called it Virginia.

In 1585 he projected a second voyage, and seven vessels were sent out, which arrived at Roanoke, an island in Albemarle Sound. But the colonists failed in their object, and in July 27, 1586, returned to England, carrying with them, for the first time, that nauseous weed, tobacco, instead of diamonds and gold. In 1594 he matured the plan of his first voyage to Guiana—a voyage memorable in his history, as it was eventually the cause of his destruction. This expedition he attended in person, and returned to England in the summer of 1595, when he published a work, entitled "Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana."

But his fortune fell with the death of the Queen. James I. was early prejudiced against him, for he was scarcely seated upon the throne when Raleigh was accused of treason, of conspiring to dethrone the king, of exciting sedition, and of endeavoring to establish popery by the aid of foreign powers. After a trial, perhaps the most disgraceful in the annals of English jurisprudence, he was condemned to lose his head. He was reprieved, however, by the king, but his estates were taken from him, and he was sent to the tower for twelve years—a period the best employed of any in his life, as he there composed the great work on which his literary fame chiefly rests—"The History of the World." In the year 1615 he was liberated by the king, who wanted him to plan and conduct an expedition to Guiana, and in 1617 he sailed with twelve vessels. But the expedition failed, and Sir Walter's death was determined on. Finding no present grounds against him, his enemies proceeded on the old sentence, and he was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, dying with the same dauntless resolution he had displayed through his life.

Sir Walter Raleigh is no less distinguished as a literary character, than as an experienced navigator, and a valorous knight. For extent of knowledge and variety of talent, he was undoubtedly the first man of his age. The work on which his fame chiefly rests is his History of the World, which begins with the Creation, and ends with the downfall of the Macedonian Empire, 168 B. C.[1] Of this work Hume remarks, "it is the best model of that ancient style, which some writers would affect to revive at present;" and Professor Tytler, the Scotch historian, commends it as "rigorous, purely English, and possessing an antique richness of ornament, similar to what pleases us when we see some ancient priory or stately manor-house, and compare it with our more modern mansions. It is laborious without being heavy, learned without being dry. Its narrative is clear and spirited, and the matter collected from the most authentic sources." The following extracts from this work, will give a good idea of the style in which it is written:

XERXES PASSING THE HELLESPONT.

He gave order, that a bridge upon boats should be made over the *Hellespont* between *Abidos* and *Sestos*, the sea there

[1] Battle of Pydna.

having a mile of breadth, wanting an eighth part; which, after the finishing, was by a tempest torn asunder and dissevered: whereupon *Xerxes*, being more enraged than discouraged, commanded those to be slain that were masters of the work, and caused six hundred threescore and fourteen gallies, to be coupled together, thereon to frame a new bridge; which, by the art and industry of the Phœnicians, was so well anchored to resist both winds blowing into and from the *Euxine* sea, as the same being well boarded and railed, the whole army of seventeen hundred thousand foot, and fourscore thousand horse, with all the mules and carriages, passed over it into *Europe* in seven days and seven nights, without intermission. This transportation of armies did *Cæsar* afterwards use; and Caligula, that mad emperor, in imitation of Xerxes' bridge, did build the like.

The bridge finished, and the army brought near to the seaside, Xerxes took a view of all his troops, assembled in the plains of *Abidos*, being carried up, and seated on a place overtopping the land round about it, and the sea adjoining: and after he had gloried in his own happiness, to behold and command so many nations, and so powerful an army and fleet, he suddenly (notwithstanding) burst out into tears, moved with this contemplation, that in one hundred years there should not any one survive of that marvellous multitude.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

After such time as Xerxes had transported the army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace (leaving the description of his passage alongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece), I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegetæ and Mantinœans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 100 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces (such as they were) of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks

appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men whom not long before he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage, not only resist that world of men which charge them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes, having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus—'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

THE POWER OF DEATH.

Men neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope of it; but they follow the counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into men all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him, and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit:" but who believes it till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening

the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*

Besides his great work, Sir Walter wrote a large number of tracts and treatises upon various subjects: such as "Maxims of State, a Compendium of Government:" "The Cabinet Council, containing the chief arts of empire, &c.;" on the "Invention of Ships, Anchors, Compass, &c.;" "Journal of a Second Voyage to Guiana;" a "Treatise on Mines and Minerals;" and between thirty and forty others on diverse subjects. Such were the literary labors of this extraordinary man; and most truthfully does Headley remark, that as "an historian, a navigator, a soldier, and a politician, he ranks with the first characters of his age and country; and his life furnishes the most unequivocal proof that, amid the distractions of an active and adventurous life, leisure may always be found for the cultivation of letters."

But Sir Walter Raleigh did not confine himself to prose; he courted the Muses, and he is a votary of whom the Muses cannot but be proud. The poetry he has left is but little, but it is sufficient to discover that, had he made it a serious pursuit, he would have equally excelled in that, as he has done in other departments of learning. Spenser, who had a high opinion of his poetical abilities, styles him "the summer's nightingale." The following are two of his pieces:

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.[1]

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

[1] See the invitation of the Shepherd by Marlow, p. 80.

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams.
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come;
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
  Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
  May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
  My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
  And sues for no compassion.

The following most affectionate and touching letter, written by Raleigh to his wife, after his condemnation, cannot be omitted:

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with an heart like yourself.

First I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travels seek to help the miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand, that my lands were conveyed *bona fide* to my child; the writings were drawn at midsummer was twelve months, as divers can witness; and I trust my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you and yours with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I, that, being thus surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate; God hath prevented all my determinations,—that great God which worketh all in all; and if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but a vanity: love God, and begin betimes—in him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless comfort; when you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him;

then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him—an husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Baylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Aryan six hundred; in Jernesey also I have much owing me. Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich: have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but God knows it was for you and yours that I desired it: for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who in his own respect despiseth death and his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherbourne, or Exeter church by my father and mother. I can say no more; time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Yours that was, but now not mine own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

SAMUEL DANIEL, 1562—1619.

WE know but little of the personal history of Samuel Daniel. He was the son of a music master, and was born in Somersetshire in 1562. In 1579 he entered Oxford, and left it at the end of three years without taking his degree. Towards the close of his life he retired to a farm in his native county, and died in 1619.

His most elaborate work is "The History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster," which is very dull and uninteresting, awakening little feeling of pathos or sympathy. But some of his minor

poems certainly have a good deal of merit, and will rescue him from the harsh judgment of Ben Jonson. Headley, a very discriminating and candid critic, says, "We find both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the eighteenth than the sixteenth century, and of which we may safely assert, that it will never become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day."[1]

EQUANIMITY.

From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon those lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, pow'r, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mighti'st monarchs' wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon

[1] See an article on Daniel, Retrospective Review, viii. 227.

As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.
  Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can bear.

RICHARD THE SECOND,

The morning before his murder in Pomfret Castle; from the Thira Book of the Civil Wars.

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.

Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

GILES FLETCHER, 1588—1623.

This truly pleasing Christian poet, the brother of Phineas Fletcher, who, in the words of old Antony Wood, "was equally beloved of the Muses and Graces," was born 1588. But very little is known of his life. He has, however, immortalized his name by that sweet poem entitled, "Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death:" a poem which displays great sweetness, united to harmony of numbers. Headley styles it "rich and picturesque," and Campbell[1] says, that, "inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, he might be figured in his happiest moments, as a link of connexion in our poetry between those congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter, in a poem on the same subject with Paradise Regained."

REDEMPTION.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find Him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry;
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell;
These banks so narrow are, these streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin;
Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this;
Suffers to death—here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise—and here his Godhead is;
For man, that could not by himself have ris',
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise;
And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

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[1] Specimens, vol. ii. p. 306.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk and this fair body suit;
Ah! fatal tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
That death to Him, this life to us doth give;
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A Man is now the author of our rise;
A garden was the place we finished,
A garden is the place He pays our price:
And the old serpent with a new device,
Hath found a way himself for to beguile;
So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one Man caught, beguiled with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice; only the Lord that made
All for Himself, Himself dissolved found,
Sweet without heat, and bled without a wound;
Of heaven and earth, and God and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of one, not to deny had swore.

FRANCIS BACON, 1561—1626.

Francis Bacon, Viscount of St. Albans,[1] and Lord High Chancellor of England, was born in London, January 22, 1561. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the great seal. He entered Cambridge at the early age of thirteen, and after spending four years there, where he was distinguished for his zealous application to study, and for the extraordinary maturity of his understanding, he went abroad and travelled in France. But his father dying suddenly in 1579, and leaving but very little property, he

[1] This is a town in Hertfordshire, famous for the two battles fought in 1455 and 1461 between the two rival houses of York and Lancaster. It was anciently called Verulam, whence Bacon's subsequent title of honor, Baron Verulam.

hastily returned to England, and prosecuted the study of the law. He did not, however, neglect philosophy, for not far from this period he planned his great work, "The Instauration of the Sciences." In 1590 he obtained the post of Counsel Extraordinary to the Queen, and three years after he had a seat in Parliament from Middlesex. On the accession of James I. new honors awaited him. He was knighted in 1603. In 1607 he married Alice, daughter of Benedict Barnham, Esq., alderman of London, by whom he had a considerable fortune, but no children. In subsequent years he obtained successively the offices of king's counsel, solicitor general, and attorney general. In 1617 the king presented the great seal to him; in 1618 he obtained the title of Lord High Chancellor of England, and about six months after the title of Baron of Verulam, which title gave place in the following year to that of Viscount of St. Albans. But a "nipping frost" was soon to kill these buds of honor: his fall and disgrace were at hand. In 1621 a parliamentary inquiry was instituted into his conduct as judge, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace, for having received numerous presents or bribes from parties whose cases were brought before him for decision. He fully confessed to the twenty-three articles of fraud, deceit, mal-practice and corruption which were laid to his charge; and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered, "It is my hand, my act, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." He was fined £40,000; sent prisoner to the Tower; and declared incapable of any office or employment in the state. After a short confinement he was released, and in 1625 obtained a full pardon. He died on the 9th of April, 1626.

The following are the most important works of this wonderful man: First, his "Essays or Councils, Civil and Moral." No book contains a greater fund of useful knowledge, or displays a more intimate acquaintance with human life and manners. "It may be read," says the great Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart, "from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before."

2. "The Proficience and Advancement of Learning." This forms the first part of his great work afterwards published under the title of *Instauratio Scientiarum*, "The Reform in the Study of the Sciences." It is divided into two books: the first chiefly considers the objections to learning, and points out the many impediments to its progress: the second, the distribution of knowledge, which he divides into three parts. "The parts of human learning," says he, "have reference to the three parts of man's understanding, which is the seat of learning: History to his Memory, Poesy to his Imagination, and Philosophy to his Reason." He gives also a full genealogical table of knowledge, agreeably to this distribution. This is a work of vast learning.

3. His celebrated treatise "Of the Wisdom and Learning of the Ancients." The object of this is to show that all the allegories and fables of antiquity have some concealed meaning, which had never been sufficiently

explained. In the interpretation of these ancient mysteries he has displayed his remarkable sagacity and penetration, besides interspersing throughout various important observations on collateral subjects.

4. The *Novum Organum*, or "New Instrument," or "Method of Studying the Sciences." This is the great work which has immortalized his name, and placed him at the head of the philosophic world, as THE FATHER OF THE INDUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY. The great Greek philosopher, Aristotle, called his philosophical work the "Organum." The "Method" which he adopted in scientific inquiries was rather to frame systems and lay down principles, and then to seek or make things conform thereto. But Lord Bacon, in his "New Method," insists upon the duty of carefully ascertaining facts in the first place, and then reasoning upon them towards conclusions. "Man," he says, "who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature." And again, "Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed: but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might ultimately have arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world." Thus Bacon established the method of Induction[1] as the only true key to the temple of knowledge. "The power and compass," says Professor Playfair, "of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages."[2]

Such is a brief and meagre view of the wonderful intellectual powers of this extraordinary man. He was not insensible of the value of his labors, for his last will contains this remarkable passage, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations and to my own country after some time is passed over." But alas! from his lamentable deficiency in high moral principle, and self-respect, the line of Pope, as terse as it is true, will ever be attached to his name, whenever and wherever mentioned,

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

DIVERSE OBJECTS OF MEN TO GAIN KNOWLEDGE.

[*From the Advancement of Learning.*]

Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight;

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[1] This is called the *Inductive* system, from the Latin *inductio*, "a leading up," from particular facts to general conclusions.

[2] The best edition of Bacon is that by Basil Montagu, 17 vols. 8vo. See also a very able article in the Edinburgh Review, by Macaulay, July, 1837. Also, two in the Retrospective, iii. 141, and iv. 280.

sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction: and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of man. As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.

PRESERVATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may, by union, comfort and sustain itself; and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity: so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools for the receipt and comforting the same.

PLEASURE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature; for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner? and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth;[1] which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasure, and that it was the novelty which pleased and not the quality; and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy; but of knowledge[2] there is no satiety, but satisfaction

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[1] "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words will not pass away."

[2] A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. COMUS.

and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good, in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

THE USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Learning taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds: though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness: for all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart, "*I know nothing.*" Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him, that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went of." So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "*Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken, to-day I have seen a mortal thing die.*" And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes, and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which

learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill humours, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like; and therefore I will conclude with the chief reason of all, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath, he will learn to shew to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them: the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them: like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

THE END OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion: for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on farther, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of *Jupiter's* chair. To conclude, therefore, let no man upon a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation think or maintain, that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the *Book of God's word*, or in the *Book of God's works;* divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavour an endless progress, or proficiency in both: only let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to swelling; to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle, or confound these learnings together.

BEN JONSON, 1574—1637.

Benjamin Jonson, or Ben Jonson, as he signed his own name, was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, and born in 1574, about a month after his father's death. He was educated at Westminster, but his mother, having taken a bricklayer for her second husband, removed him from school, where he had made extraordinary progress, to work under his step-father. Disgusted with this occupation, he escaped, enlisted in the army, and went to the Netherlands. On his return to England, he entered Cambridge; but

the failure of pecuniary resources obliging him to quit the university, he applied to the theatre for employment. Though at first his station was a low one, he soon, by his own industry and talent, rose to distinction, and gained great celebrity as a dramatic writer. His works altogether consist of about fifty-four dramatic pieces,[1] but by far the greater part of them are masques and interludes, for which his genius seemed better fitted, being too destitute of passion and sentiment for the regular drama. "His tragedies," says a critic, "seem to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's, that sculpture does to actual life."[2] There are, however, interspersed throughout his works, many lyrical pieces that will bear a comparison with any in our language. Of these, the following may be taken as a specimen.

CUPID.

[*From "Masques at Court."*]

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called love! a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall receive to night a kiss,
How or where herself would wish,
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kiss, and another.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame intire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater beat;
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

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[1] The four best comedies of Jonson are, "Every Man in his Humour," "The Silent Woman," "Volpone" or "The Fox," and the "Alchemist." Two of his best tragedies are entitled, "Cataline," and "The Fall of Sejanus."

[2] "Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will fly from lip to lip;
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part.
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet:
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign:
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' run-away.

The only prose composition of Ben Jonson, is a small tract entitled "Discoveries, or Observations on Poetry and Eloquence." It displays his judgment and classical learning to great advantage, and the style is unusually close, precise, and pure. "The following admirable directions for writing well," says Dr. Drake, "should be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every student."

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING WELL.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries;—to read the best authors; observe the best speakers; and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider

what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think, and excogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which, beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings. They imposed upon themselves care and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing.

THOMAS CAREW, 1589—1639.

Of the personal history of Thomas Carew (born 1589, died 1639) we have not many particulars. He was educated at Oxford, and after travelling abroad, was received with great favor at the court of Charles I. for his elegant manners and personal accomplishments. All his poems are short and occasional, and were exceedingly popular at the time. "Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous," says Headley, "every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding. He has the ease, without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit:" and Campbell remarks that "his poems have touches of elegance and refinement, which their trifling subjects

could not have yielded without a delicate and deliberate exercise of the fancy; and he unites the point and polish of later times, with many of the genial and warm tints of the elder muse." It is deeply to be regretted that he should have employed such talents upon subjects generally so trivial, when he might have shone in the higher walks of poetry, and built for himself a wide-spread fame.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.

The Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone: With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth:
If any of them (reader) were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs, thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.[1]

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail,
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun:
Most fleeting when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when their summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.

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[1] "I have always considered this Epitaph as Carew's masterpiece."—*Headley.*

PLEASURE.

Bewitching syren! golden rottenness!
Thou hast with cunning artifice displayed
Th' enamelled outside, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round;
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
Greedy, intense desire; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets.
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy magic made effeminate;
Empires, that know no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods;
Canst thou, then, dream those powers that from heaven
Banished the effect, will there enthrone the cause?
To thy voluptuous den, fly, witch from hence;
There dwell, for ever drowned in brutish sense.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1587—1643.

This eminent sacred poet, the son of Archbishop Sandys, was born in 1587, and in his eleventh year he entered St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He spent many years in travelling, after which he returned to England, and died 1643.

"The principal work of Sandys is a translation of the Psalms of David, incomparably the most poetical in the English language, but yet, at the present day, scarcely known."

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,
  Sunk to the dead;
How are the valiant fallen! the slain
  Thy mountains stain.
Oh! let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon.

Lest that sad story should excite
  Their dire delight!
Lest in the torrent of our woe,
  Their pleasure flow:
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their Pæans sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
  You offerings pay;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
  Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
  Great battles won;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
  With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! O how pleasant! when
  They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
  Than lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
  Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
  And crowned with peace;
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
  Of war devoured!
O Jonathan! the better part
  Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
  To man, man bore!
No woman when most passionate,
  Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fallen in fight!
They and their glory, set in night!

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH, 1602—1644.

One of the most distinguished divines of the Church of England, and one of the ablest opposers of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, is William Chillingworth. He was born in Oxford in 1602, and studied there. Soon after taking his degree, a Jesuit, by the name of Fisher, argued him into a belief of the doctrines of Popery, and he consequently went to the Jesuits' college at Douay, and there studied for some time. But his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference between the Papists and Protestants, he was convinced of his error, and in his great work, soon after published, entitled "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation," showed himself to be one of the most able defenders of the Protestant church that England ever produced. In it, he maintains that the Scriptures are the only rule of faith and practice, and the only rule to which appeals ought to be made in theological controversies. These points he proves conclusively, and the work has ever been considered as a model of perspicuous reasoning.

Locke, in one of his works, after setting forth the great importance of perspicuity in the art of speaking, says, "There must also be right reasoning, without which perspicuity serves but to expose the speaker. And for attaining this end, I should propose the constant reading of Chillingworth, who, by his example, will both teach perspicuity and the way of right reasoning, better than any work I know." And Gibbon, the historian, alluding to our author, on his recantation from popery, says, "His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter, and he most ably maintains this position in the 'Religion of a Protestant,' a book which is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation."

THE NECESSITY OF AN UNADULTERATED SCRIPTURE.

He that would usurp an absolute lordship and tyranny over any people, need not put himself to the trouble and difficulty of abrogating and disannulling the laws, made to maintain the common liberty; for he may frustrate their intent, and compass his own designs as well, if he can get the power and authority to interpret them as he pleases, and add to them what he pleases, and to have his interpretations and additions stand for laws: if he can rule his people by his laws, and his laws by his lawyers. So the church of Rome, to establish her tyranny over men's consciences, needed not either to abolish or corrupt the Holy Scriptures, the pillars and supporters of christian liberty: but the more expedite way, and therefore more likely to be successful, was, to gain the opinion and esteem of the public and authorized interpreter of them, and the authority of adding to

them what doctrine she pleased, under the title of traditions or definitions. The matter being once thus ordered, and the Holy Scriptures being made in effect not your directors and judges (no farther than you please), but your servants and instruments, always pressed and in readiness to advance your designs, and disabled wholly with minds so qualified to prejudice or impeach them; it is safe for you to put a crown on their head, and a reed in their hands, and to bow before them, and cry, "Hail, King of the Jews!" to pretend a great deal of esteem, and respect, and reverence to them, as here you do. But to little purpose is verbal reverence without entire submission, and sincere obedience; and, as our Saviour said of some, so the scripture, could it speak, I believe would say to you, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not that which I command you?" Cast away the vain and arrogant pretence of infallibility, which makes your errors incurable. Leave picturing God, and worshipping him by pictures. "Teach not for doctrine the commandments of men." Debar not the laity of the testament of Christ's blood. Let your public prayers and psalms, and hymns, be in such language as is for the edification of the assistants. Take not from the clergy that liberty of marriage which Christ hath left them. Do not impose upon men that humility of worshipping angels which St. Paul condemns. Teach no more proper sacrifices of Christ but one. Acknowledge them that die in Christ to be blessed, and "to rest from their labours." Acknowledge the sacrament after consecration, to be bread and wine, as well as Christ's body and blood. Let not the weapons of your warfare be carnal, such as are massacres, treasons, persecutions, and, in a word, all means either violent or fraudulent: these and other things, which the scripture commands you, do, and then we shall willingly give you such testimony as you deserve; but till you do so, to talk of estimation, respect and reverence to the scripture, is nothing else but talk.

SCRIPTURE ALONE THE RULE OF FAITH.

This presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God, the special senses of men upon the general words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and damnation; this vain conceit that we can speak of the things of God, better than in the words of God: this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others: this restraining of the

word of God from that latitude and generality, and the understandings of men from that liberty, wherein Christ and the apostles left them, is, and hath been, the only fountain of all the schisms of the church, and that which makes them immortal; the common incendiary of Christendom, and that which (as I said before) tears into pieces, not the coat, but the bowels and members of Christ. Take away these walls of separation, and all will quickly be one. Take away this persecuting, burning, cursing, damning of men for not subscribing to the words of men, as the words of God; require of christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but him only; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it, and let them that in their words disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their actions. In a word, take away tyranny, which is the devil's instrument to support errors, and superstitions, and impieties, in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of truth; I say take away tyranny, and restore christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to scripture only, and as rivers, when they have a free passage, run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus moderated, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity.

THE SIN OF DUELLING.[1]

From the Sermon on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

We are so far from seeking that honour which is of God, from endeavouring to attain unto, or so much as countenancing

[1] This wicked as well as absurd practice has been held up to animadversion in every variety of manner; from the most serious and solemn argument to the most laughter-provoking ridicule. As a specimen of the one, read Shakspeare's "As You Like It," Act v. Scene iv.; and as a specimen of the other, read the admirable discourse of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D. "Will you intrust *life* to MURDERERS, and *liberty* to DESPOTS? Will you constitute those legislators, who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of Justice? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor; had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage; had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door pale in death and weltering in blood, would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your VOTE, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbours, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbour of *somebody*."

Read also, "An Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations," by Charles Sumner, Esq., a production of the highest order of eloquence, scholarship, and christian truth.

such virtues, which God hath often professed that he will exalt and glorify, such as humility, and patiently bearing of injuries, that we place our honour and reputation in the contrary; that is counted noble and generous in the world's opinion, which is odious and abominable in the sight of God. If thy brother offend or injure thee, forgive him, saith Christ; if he proceed, forgive him: what, until seven times? Ay, until seventy times seven times. But how is this doctrine received now in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred christians advise thee? Why thus; If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or affront, forgive him! by no means; of all things in the world take heed of that: thou art utterly undone in thy reputation then, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done then? Why, let not thy heart rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. What! a man's blood for an injurious passionate speech, for a disdainful look! Nay, this is not all: that thou mayst gain amongst men the reputation of a discreet well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation, but proceed with as much temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion: after some several days' meditation, invite him, mildly and affably, into some retired place; and there let it be put to the trial, whether thy life or his must answer the injury.

Oh most horrible Christianity! That it should be a most sure settled way for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ's, which is as necessary to be observed by him, if he have any hope of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the sustaining of his life! That ever it should enter into the heart of a christian, to walk so exactly and curiously contrary to the ways of God; that whereas he every day and hour sees himself contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might (without any possible imputation of unrighteousness) pour down the phials of his fierce wrath and indignation! yet He, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and earnestly desiring and soliciting thee by his ministers to be reconciled unto him! Yet, that thou, for all this, for a blow in anger, it may be, for a word, or less, shouldest take upon thee to send his soul, or thine, or, it may be, both,

clogged and pressed with all your sins unrepented of (for thou canst not be so wild as to think thou canst repent of thy sins, and yet resolve upon such a business), to expect your sentence before the judgment-seat of God; wilfully and irrecoverably to deprive yourselves of all those blessed means, which God had contrived for your salvation, the power of his word, the efficacy and virtue of his sacraments, all which you shall utterly exclude yourselves from, and leave yourselves in such a state, that it shall not be in God's power to do you any good!

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1592—1644.

Francis Quarles was born at Stewards, near Romford, Essex, in 1592. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, whence he went to Lincoln's Inn, where "he studied," says his widow, "the laws of England, not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbors, and to compose suits and differences between them." Subsequently he went over to Ireland, and became secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion there, in 1641, he fled to England for safety, and died three years after.

"There is not," says Montgomery, "in English literature a name more wronged than that of Quarles; wronged, too, by those who ought best to have discerned, and most generously acknowledged his merits in contradistinction to his defects." True, his writings are occasionally defaced by vulgarisms and deformed by quaint conceits, but his beauties abundantly atone for his defects; the latter being comparatively few, while his works generally are characterized by great learning, lively fancy, and profound piety. "He too often, no doubt," says Headley, "mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy: to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup was reserved for the hand of Milton; and for him and him only, to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. Yet, as the effusions of a real poetical mind, however thwarted by untowardness of subject, will seldom be rendered totally abortive, we find in Quarles original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations; with a compression of style that merits the observation of writers of verse."

His chief poetical works are his "Emblems," "Divine Poems," and "Job Militant, with Meditations divine and moral." His "Emblems" consist of a set of quaint pictorial designs, referring to moral and religious ideas, and each elucidated by appropriate verses.

O THAT THOU WOULDST HIDE ME IN THE GRAVE, THAT THOU WOULDST KEEP ME IN SECRET UNTIL THY WRATH BE PAST.—*Psalms.*

Ah! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert; if she spring away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd Fury[1] means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee; 'till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye, the further off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

THE WORLD.

She is empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murmuring wind:
It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunned with air.
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

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[1] . . . . . flame-ey'd *Fury.*] An epithet highly original and fine. Shakspeare uses *fire-ey'd* Fury in his Romeo and Juliet.

She is empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing in't;
The spark-engendering flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce[1] shall first
Dissolve and quench the thirst,
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-faced alms of rest.
Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouthed night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She is empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis void and vast;
What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like mist.
Poor honour earth can give! What generous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She is empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal;
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble.
It is a world whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
A quest-house of complaint.
It is a saint, a fiend; worse fiend when most a saint.

She is empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
What's here to be enjoyed,
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
Revived with living death?
Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow ground; she is empty: hark she sounds.

MERCY TEMPERING JUSTICE.

Had not the milder hand of Mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained awhile, runs with a swifter force.

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[1] A dry crust.

Oh! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after, bathe me in those silver streams;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal:
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to heal?

HOPE IN GOD.

In thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respires,
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved breast
Expects no other aid, no other rest;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
Reclaimed by scourges from the pride of sin,
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

Though in his day Quarles was most known as a poet, he was also the author of a few prose works, the principal of which is the "Enchiridion,[1] containing Institutions divine, contemplative, practical, moral, ethical, economical, political." Of this Headley remarks, "had this little piece been written at Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country." The following are some specimens of it:

If thou be ambitious of honour, and yet fearful of the canker of honour, envy, so behave thyself, that opinion may be satisfied in this, that thou seekest merit, and not fame; and that thou attributest thy preferment rather to Providence, than thy own virtue. Honour is a due debt to the deserver; and who ever envied the payment of a debt? A just advancement is a providential act; and who ever envied the act of Providence?

If evil men speak good, or good men evil, of thy conversation, examine all thy actions, and suspect thyself. But if evil men speak evil of thee, hold it as thy honour; and, by way of thankfulness, love them; but upon condition, that they continue to hate thee.

To tremble at the sight of thy sin, makes thy faith the less apt to tremble: the devils believe and tremble, because they tremble at what they believe; their belief brings trembling: thy trembling brings belief.

If thou desire to be truly valiant, fear to do any injury: He that fears not to do evil, is always afraid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: and he that fears always,

[1] See Retrospective Review, vol. ix. p. 358.

is a coward. He is the true valiant man, that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.

If thou stand guilty of oppression, or wrongfully possest of another's right, see thou make restitution before thou givest an alms: if otherwise, what art thou but a thief, and makest God thy receiver?

When thou prayest for spiritual graces, let thy prayer be absolute; when for temporal blessings, add a clause of God's pleasure: in both, with faith and humiliation: So shalt thou, undoubtedly, receive what thou desirest, or more, or better. Never prayer rightly made, was made unheard, or heard, ungranted.

Not to give to the poor, is to take from him. Not to feed the hungry, if thou hast it, is to the utmost of thy power to kill him. That, therefore, thou mayst avoid both sacrilege and murder, be charitable.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished: he is below himself that is not above an injury.

Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee: nor too near, lest it burn thee; if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee: if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory: it is the wise man's bon-fire, and the fool's furnace.

Use law and physic only for necessity; they that use them otherwise, abuse themselves into weak bodies, and light purses: they are good remedies, bad businesses, and worse recreations.

If what thou hast received from God thou sharest to the poor, thou hast gained a blessing by the hand; if what thou hast taken from the poor, thou givest to God, thou hast purchased a curse into the bargain. He that puts to pious uses what he hath got by impious usury, robs the spittle to make an hospital; and the cry of the one, will out-plead the prayers of the other.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Wisdom without innocency is knavery; innocency without wisdom is foolery: be, therefore, as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects

the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, 1585—1649.

William Drummond, of Hawthornden, the first Scottish poet that wrote well in English, was born in 1585. "To the scholar and the wit he added every elegant attainment. After forming his taste at the University of Edinburgh, he enlarged his views by travelling and by a cultivation of the modern languages. At first he appears to have studied the law, but soon left it for more congenial pursuits. The character of his poetry is various, consisting of Sonnets, Epigrams, Epitaphs, religious and other poems. His Sonnets are the most beautiful, and some of them of the highest excellence. His great excellence is, unaffected feeling, and unaffected language."[1] His feelings were so intense on the side of the royalists, that the execution of Charles is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of the same year, December, 1649. The following are specimens of his sonnets:

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
  The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
  Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

ON SLEEP.

  Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.

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[1] See Retrospective Review, vol. ix. p. 358.

Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

The lady to whom he was engaged to be married was suddenly snatched away by death, and the sonnets which dwell on his own afflictions, are as full of true feeling as poetic merit.

ON SPRING.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before.
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
Neglected virtues, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

The following lines are worthy of note, as having evidently been imitated by Pope:

Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with Winter's glass,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's clifts where sun doth never shine,
When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,

Till mounting some tall mountain he do find
More heights before him than he left behind.[1]

RICHARD CRASHAW, ——1650.[2]

Richard Crashaw, a religious poet, an accomplished scholar, and a powerful and popular preacher, was born in London, but the date of his birth is unknown. His father was an author, and a preacher of the Temple church, London. He took his degree at Cambridge, where he published his sacred poems of "Steps to the Temple." In the year 1644 he was ejected from his living on refusing to subscribe to the Covenant, and soon afterwards he professed his faith in the Roman Church. Through the influence of his friend Cowley, the poet, he was introduced to the exiled Queen Henrietta, who obtained for him a small office at Rome, where he died about the year 1650.

The poems of Crashaw are not much known, but they "display delicate fancy, great tenderness and singular beauty of diction." "He has," says Headley, "originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest praise.[3] To his attainments which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witness." The lines on a prayer book, Coleridge considered one of the best poems in our language.

LINES ON A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite,)
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is in one rich handful heaven and all—
Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd thus small;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie

---

[1] So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labor of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wondering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
Essay on Criticism, 228.

[2] Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven. *Cowley.*

[3] Pope, in his Eloisa to Abelard, has borrowed largely from this poet.

Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armoury of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Set prayer alone to play his part.
But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies;[1]
To take her pleasure and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday;
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling
But beguiling
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies;
Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some other where;
And pour abroad
His precious sweets,
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

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[1] Beelzebub.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O! happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses!
Happy soul! who never misses
To improve that precious hour;
And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.
Oh! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful: she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises:
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and rosal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have a God become her lover.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, 1584—1650.

Phineas Fletcher was the brother of Giles Fletcher, and born about the year 1584. He took his degree at Cambridge, and after completing his studies for the ministry, was presented with the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, in 1621, which he held for twenty-nine years; and it is supposed that he died there in 1650.

His chief poem is entitled "The Purple Island," which title, on being first heard, would suggest ideas totally different from what is the real subject of the poem. But the truth is, that it is a sort of anatomical poem, the "Purple Island" being nothing less than the human body, the veins and arteries of which are filled with the purple fluid, coursing up and down; so that the first part of the poem which is anatomically descriptive, is not a little dry and uninteresting. But after describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. "Here," says Headley, "fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured; there is a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that

rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration." This is rather extravagant, and yet a few passages can be selected from Phineas Fletcher, that, for beauty, are scarcely exceeded by any poetry in the language.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.[1]

Thrice, oh thrice happy, shepherd's life and state,
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my Lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses,
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And, but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full bless'd he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him.

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[1] These beautiful lines seem to have suggested the plan of a most exquisite little piece called *The Hamlet*, by Thomas Warton, which contains such a selection of beautiful rural images, as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with. The latter part of it more closely reminds us of Fletcher. A shepherd's life is to be found in Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. VI. Cant. ix. stan. 20.

ENVY.[1]

Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
  Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
  Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
    On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
    Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
  Which both his sight and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
  And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
    When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
    Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising, most dispraises.

DECAY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss 'gainst heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds:
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.[2]

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

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[1] "In his description of Envy, Fletcher is superior to Spenser." *Retrospective Review*, vol. ii. p. 346.

[2] Places.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture,[1] which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

JOSEPH HALL, 1574—1656.

Few names in our language have united to a greater degree the character of an instructive prose writer and a vigorous poet, than Joseph Hall. He was born at Briston Park, in Leicestershire, in 1574, and after taking his degree at Cambridge, he rose through various church preferments to be Bishop of Exeter, and subsequently, in 1641, to be Bishop of Norwich. In the same year he joined with the twelve prelates in the protestation of all laws made during their forced absence from Parliament. In consequence of this, he, with the rest, was sent to the Tower, and was released only on giving £5000 bail. Two years after, he was among the number marked out for sequestration. After suffering extreme hardships, he was allowed to retire on a small pittance, to Higham, near Norwich, where he continued in comparative obscurity, but with indefatigable zeal and intrepidity, to exercise the duties of a pastor, till he closed his days in the year 1656, at the venerable age of eighty-two.

As a poet, Bishop Hall is known by his "Bookes of byting Satyres." These were published at the early age of twenty-three. They are marked, says Warton,[2] with a classical precision to which English poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of style and sentiment. The characters are delineated in strong and lively colouring, and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of genuine humor. His chief fault is obscurity, arising from a remote phraseology, constrained combinations, unfamiliar allusions, and abruptness of expression. But it must be borne in mind that he was the first English satirist. Pope, on presenting

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[1] The Turk.

[2] A masterly analysis of these satires may be found in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iv., sections 62, 63, and 64.

Mr. West with a copy of his poetical works, observed that he esteemed them the best poetry and the truest satire in the language.

THE ANXIOUS CLIENT AND RAPACIOUS LAWYER.

The crouching client, with low-bended knee,
And many worships, and fair flattery,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list;
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist:
If that seemed lined with a larger fee,
"Doubt not the suit, the law is plain for thee."
Tho[1] must he buy his vainer hopes with price,
Disclout his crowns,[2] and thank him for advice.

THE DOMESTIC TUTOR.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chapelain;[3]
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.[4]
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.[5]
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.[6]
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat;
But he must ask his mother to define
How many jerks[7] she would his back should line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery.

THE RUSTIC WISHING TO TURN SOLDIER.

The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All scarfed with pied colors to the knee,

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[1] Yet even. [2] Pull them out of his purse.

[3] Or, a table-chaplain. In the same sense we have "trencher-knight" in "Love's Labor Lost." We still too often see, as did Hall, the depressed state of modest, but true genius; we still see "the learned pate duck to the golden fool;" we still see "pastors and teachers" court and flatter men, who have little else than their money to recommend them. A pitiable sight indeed!

[4] Pronounced as in four syllables con-di-ti-ons.

[5] This indulgence allowed to the pupil is the reverse of a more ancient rule at Oxford, by which the scholars are ordered "to sleep respectively under the beds of the Fellows, in a truckle bed, (*Trookyll beddys*, vulgariter nuncupati,) or small bed shifted about upon wheels."

[6] Towards the head of the table was placed the salt, on a large and lofty piece of plate. [7] Lashes.

Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And now he 'gins to loathe his former state:
Now doth he inly scorn his Kendal-green,
And his patch'd cockers[4] now despised been;
Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and settleth to the war,
Oh war! to them that never tried thee, sweet:
When[1] his dead mate falls grovelling at his feet;
And angry bullets whistle at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but dread and drear.

THE FASHIONABLE BUT FAMISHED BEAU.

Seest thou how gayly my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.[2]
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness;
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt bulk not too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side[3] it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a straw scare-crow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield.

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[1] That is, to them who have never seen the time when, &c.

[2] A proverbial phrase for going without a dinner, arising from the circumstance of St. Paul's, where Duke Humphrey's tomb was supposed to stand, being the common resort of loungers who had not dined.

[3] Long or low. [4] "Cockers" were a kind of rustic high shoes or half boots.

Or if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

As a prose writer, Hall was known in his day as a most able champion in controversial theology, in which he was one of the antagonists of Milton, writing with great learning, as well as with a most excellent spirit, in favor of the established church. But his numerous tracts on this subject are now but little read. Not so, however, with his "Contemplations on the principal Passages of the Holy Story," and his "Occasional Meditations." These are replete with fine thoughts, excellent morality and sterling piety. He has been styled the Christian Seneca, from his sententious manner of writing, and from the peculiar resemblance of his "Meditations," to "Seneca's Morals."

UPON OCCASION OF A RED-BREAST COMING INTO HIS CHAMBER.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal; and at night must shrowd thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dullness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful; how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself. Surely thou comest not hither without a Providence. God sent thee not so much to delight, as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from an holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

UPON HEARING OF MUSIC BY NIGHT.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day time it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposi-

tion to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me; it dismays me to think, that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books; this sight verifies it; there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should; God hath given to man a busy soul; the agitation whereof cannot but, through time and experience, work out many hidden truths: to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind; whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What an happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts! that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

THE HAPPY MAN,

That hath learned to read himself more than all books; and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it; that knows the world, and cares not for it; that after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it, that he makes it not a wanton: that in earthly things wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and so can frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least, he cannot want, because he is as free from desire, as superfluity; that he hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure.

Upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof: and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life, and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet is he sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows contentment is not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them.[1] The powers of his resolution can either multiply, or subtract at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor, or a palace when he lists; and his homeclose a large dominion; his stained cloth, arras; his earth, plate; and can see state in the attendance of one servant: as one that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is in himself; and in this he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and straight cottage; and in all his costly furniture he can see not richness but use. He can see dross in the best metal, and earth through the best cloths: and in all his troop he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home,[2] out of the noise of the world, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend, and hath as full scope to his thoughts as to his eyes. He walks ever even in the midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. His strife is ever to redeem and not to spend time. It is his trade to do good, and to think of it as his recreation. He hath hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth

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[1] Its no in titles nor in rank;
Its no in wealth, like Lon'on bank;
To purchase peace and rest;
Its no in making muckle *mair:*
Its no in books: its no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. BURNS.

[2] I knew a man that had health and riches and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend, "Why he removed so often from one house to another?" replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." "Content," said his friend, "ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul."—*Walton's Angler.*

for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide, or more smooth. Those very temptations whereby he is foiled, strengthen him; he comes forth crowned, and triumphing out of the spiritual battles, and those scars that he hath, make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God in whom he is, and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for his own sake. His eyes stick so fast in heaven, that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time; and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have; and takes possession beforehand of his room amongst the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up, that now he looks down displeasedly upon the earth, as the regions of his sorrow and banishment; yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evil, he holds it no great matter to live, and greatest business to die: and is so well acquainted with his last guest, that he fears no unkindness from him; neither makes he any other of dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God himself takes pleasure to converse with him; and hath sainted him before his death, and in his death crowned him.

THE PLEASURE OF STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION.

I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all others, a scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts: other artizans do but practise, we still learn; others run still in the same gyre to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite; other labors require recreations; our very labor recreates our sports; we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are the volumes which men have written of arts, of tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world! wherein every creature is a letter; every day a new page. Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light, and holy devotion;

as so many rich metals in their proper mines; whom would it not ravish with delight? After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson, in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? what event doth not challenge his observation? How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night! What ingenious mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless and sweetest companions? Let the world contemn us; while we have these delights we cannot envy them; we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to all other contentments is troublesome; the only recompense is in the end. But very search of knowledge is delightsome. Study itself is our life; from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter then is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge? In comparison whereof the soul that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts.[1]

THOMAS FULLER, 1608—1661.

A CONSPICUOUS place in the prose literature of our language is due to the historian and divine, Thomas Fuller. He was the son of a clergyman of the same name, and was born in 1608 at Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire, the native place of Dryden. At the early age of twelve, he was sent to Queen's college, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself for his attainments, and on entering life as a preacher in that city, he acquired the greatest popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired (1641) the lectureship of the Savoy Church in London. To show his fidelity to the royal cause, he procured in 1643, a nomination as chaplain to the royal army. When the heat of the war was passed he returned to London, and became lecturer at St. Bride's church. Subsequently he occupied other situations in the church of England, and at the Restoration (1660) he was chosen chaplain extraordinary to the king. The next year he was prematurely cut off by fever at the age of fifty-three.

The works of Fuller are very numerous: the chief of which are the following: 1. "History of the Worthies of England," one of the earliest biographical works in the language; a strange mixture of topography, biography,

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[1] How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Milton's Comus.*

and popular antiquities. 2. "The Holy and Profane State," the former proposing examples for imitation, the latter their opposites, for our abhorrence. Each contains characters in every department of life, as, "the father," "husband," "soldier," "divine," &c.; lives of eminent persons, as illustrative of these characters, and general essays. 3. "The History of the Holy War," and "The Church History of Britain." There are specimens of historical painting in these works that have perhaps never been excelled. 4. "Good Thoughts in Bad Times." 5. "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof; with the History of the Old and New Testament acted thereon." Besides these he published a large number of tracts and sermons on various subjects.

Fuller was indeed an extraordinary man. "If ever there was an amusing writer in this world, Thomas Fuller was one. There was in him a combination of those qualities which minister to our entertainment, such as few have ever possessed in an equal degree. He was, first of all, a man of multifarious reading; of great and digested knowledge, which an extraordinary retentiveness of memory preserved ever ready for use, and considerable accuracy of judgment enabled him successfully to apply. So well does he vary his treasures of memory and observation, so judiciously does he interweave his anecdotes, quotations, and remarks, that it is impossible to conceive a more delightful chequer work of acute thought and apposite illustration, of original and extracted sentiment, than is presented in his works."[1]

MISCELLANEOUS APHORISMS.

Know, next religion, there is nothing accomplisheth a man more than learning. Learning in a lord is as a diamond in gold.

He must rise early, yea, not at all go to bed, who will have every one's good word.

He needs strong arms who is to swim against the stream.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it may be a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.

It is hard for one of base parentage to personate a king without overacting his part.

Charity's eyes should be open as well as her hands. Surely King Edward the Sixth was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues, as in giving St. Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor.

The Pope knows he can catch no fish if the waters are clear.

The Cardinals' eyes in the court of Rome were old and dim; and therefore the glass, wherein they see anything, must be well silvered.

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[1] See a very interesting article on Fuller in the Retrospective Review, vol. iii. p. 50.

Many wish that the tree may be felled, who hope to gather chips by the fall.

The Holy Ghost came down, not in the shape of a vulture, but in the form of a dove.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

It is the worst clandestine marriage when God is not invited to it.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Neither choose all, nor not at all for beauty. They tell us of a floating island in Scotland; but sure no wise pilot will cast anchor there.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.[1]

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these:—First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new

[1] The remarks of Fuller on this subject are most admirable. How little discrimination parents often evince in placing their children at school; and how many are there who "set up school," as the phrase is, without any suitable preparation or qualifications for the responsible duty. It is humiliating to reflect how often it is assumed merely as the last resort; and how many parents will place a son, and still oftener a daughter under the direction of a person who, for mental endowments, would not bear a comparison with the majority of freshmen in our best colleges. What an influence, for all time, *must* a master exert, and what an influence for eternity *may* he exert upon those committed to his instruction.

one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes*[1] than *paidagogos*,[2] rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity.[3]

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[1] Boy-beater. [2] Boy-teacher.

[3] How beautifully the historian Gibbon expresses the obligations due from a scholar, to a faithful and competent teacher: "The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure: a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents, *and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind.*" *Memoirs*, Chap. iii.

THE GOOD WIFE.

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge: especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.[1]

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.

THE GOOD SEA CAPTAIN.

Conceive him now in a man of war, with his letters of marque, victualled, and appointed.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it. Indeed a sea captain is a king in the island of a ship, supreme judge, above all appeal, in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account on land, for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing the Lord's day. He hath a watch in his heart, though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers.

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past, as de-

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[1] In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy there are twelve reasons in favor of marriage, of which the six first are as follows:—

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is doubled.
4. Art in Adversity? She'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable.
5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy.
6. Art abroad? She looks after thee, going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.

vout when 'tis present; not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks. Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them.

In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes; though some of them may chance to be negroes or savages. 'Tis the custom of some to cast them overboard, and there's an end of them: for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murderer is not so soon drowned as the man. What, is a brother of false blood no kin? a savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the church to his mother, and God will revenge his innocent blood. But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image cut in ebony as if done in ivory.[1]

In dividing the gains, he wrongs no one who took pains to get them: not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing.

In time of peace he quietly returns home.

His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honor and knowledge.[2]

He daily sees, and duly considers God's wonders in the deep.

OF TRAVELLING.

Travel not early before thy judgment be risen; lest thou observest rather shows than substance.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin, than in London he ever heard of in nine years.[3]

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[1] "Is not this one of the earliest intercessions on behalf of the poor slaves?"—*Basil Montagu.* No; the good Las Casas, more than a century before, thus addressed the Emperor Charles the Fifth: "It well becomes your majesty to banish so monstrous an oppression (slavery) from your kingdoms in the beginning of your reign, that the Almighty may make it long and glorious:" and a Higher than all human authority proclaimed, fifteen hundred years before, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" which, if obeyed, would break every bond of oppression throughout the world.

[2] This is common to all professions: "I hold," says Lord Bacon, "that every man is a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto."

[3] I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humors. One asked a barber who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "O," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed!"

Labor to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. Many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian Atheism; as for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them; others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England.

OF MEMORY.

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the Muses. Aristotle sets it in one degree further, making experience the mother of arts, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss. This again is twofold; one, the simple retention of things; the other, a regaining them when forgotten.

Artificial memory is rather a trick than an art, and more for the gain of the teacher than profit of the learners. Like the tossing of a pike, which is no part of the postures and motions thereof, and is rather for ostentation than use, to show the strength and nimbleness of the arm, and is often used by wandering soldiers, as an introduction to beg. Understand it of the artificial rules which at this day are delivered by memory mountebanks; for sure an art thereof may be made (wherein as yet the world is defective) and that no more destructive to natural memory than spectacles are to eyes, which girls in

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nine days; and yet I saw in that little time in one city, more liberty to sin, than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years. I saw, it was there as free to sin, not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London, to choose without all blame, whether a man list to wear shoe or pantofle. And good cause why: for being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For their care and charge is, not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the Pope has any jurisdiction.—ROGER ASCHAM.

Holland wear from twelve years of age. But till this be found out, let us observe these plain rules.

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head, which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail over night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburthen not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy notebooks. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a common-place against common-place-books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A common-place-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

ROBERT HERRICK, 1591—1662.

One of the most exquisite of the early English lyric poets, was Robert Herrick. But little is known of his life. His father was a goldsmith of London, and he was born in that city in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and took orders in the established church, and obtained a place to preach in, in Devonshire, which he lost at the commencement of the civil wars. At

the Restoration he was re-appointed to his vicarage, but died soon afterwards, in 1662.

Abating some of the impurities of Herrick, we can fully join with an able critic in the Retrospective Review[1] in pronouncing him one of the very best of English lyric poets. "He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards; singing like the grass-hopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the Spring, as blithe as the Summer, and as ripe as the Autumn. . . . His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament, sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon all the fair and sweet things of nature: it is redolent of roses and jessamine; it is as light and airy as the thistle down, or the bubbles which laughing boys blow into the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty."

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that show'r
That mars a flow'r;
Nor felt th' unkind

[1] Vol. v. page 156. Read also, in Drake's Literary Hours, some excellent remarks on our author.

Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flow'rs, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings; and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep.
Is it for want of sleep;
Or childish lullaby?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HOW THE HEART'S-EASE FIRST CAME.

Frolic virgins once these were,
Over-loving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss of blooming years,

For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart's ease turn'd to flow'rs.

THE CAPTIVED BEE, OR THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like show'r,
To tipple freely in a flow'r;
For some rich flow'r he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip:
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir;
So Julia took the pilferer:
And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse:
Sweet lady-flow'r! I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of your's
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flow'rs,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste:
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flow'r that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd; and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilf'ring so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.—TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And, when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee!

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.
Ask me why this flow'r does show
So yellow green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her!

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

Virgins promis'd, when I died,
That they would, each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and ev'ning come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON A MAID.

Here she lies, in beds of spice,
Fair as Eve in paradise;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.

Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

JEREMY TAYLOR, 1602—1667.

Jeremy Taylor, who for learning, eloquence, imagination, and piety, stands among the very first of English divines, was the son of a barber in Cambridge. He was born about the year 1602, and at the age of thirteen entered the University of his native place. A short time after taking his degree, he was elected, by the interest of Archbishop Laud, fellow of All-Souls College, Oxford. He became chaplain to Laud, who procured for him the rectory of Uppington in Rutlandshire, where he settled in 1640. In 1642 he was created D. D. at Oxford. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, he was taken prisoner by the parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. Being soon released, he resolved to continue in Wales, and, having established a school in the county of Caermarthen, he there waited calmly the issue of events. He thus gives, in his own felicitous style, the following picturesque account of his retirement. "In the great storm which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor: and, but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study: but I know not whether I have been preserved more by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy."[1]

After continuing some years in this solitude, he lost his three sons in the short space of two or three months. This most afflicting calamity caused him to go to London, where he administered, though in circumstances of great danger, to a private congregation of loyalists. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, and subsequently was elected vice-chancellor of the University of Dublin, which office he retained to his death, 1667.

The writings of Bishop Taylor, which are numerous, are all of a theological character. His greatest work, perhaps, is his "Liberty of Prophesying." By prophesying, he means preaching or expounding. The object of this is to show the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting for difference of opinion. It has been justly described as, "perhaps of all Taylor's writings, that which shows him farthest in advance

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[1] A most noble and just tribute to the Republican cause.

of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared; as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom." The most popular, however, of his works is his "Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying," which contains numerous passages of singular beauty and truth. A writer in the Edinburgh Review remarks, that in one of Taylor's "prose folios, there is more fine fancy and original imagery—more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures and new application of old figures,—more, in short, of the body, and soul of poetry, than in all the odes and epics that have since been produced in Europe."

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb over the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man.

ON TOLERATION.

Any zeal is proper for religion but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger: this is *the bitterness of zeal*, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to *try the spirits*, to

try all things, to make inquiry; and yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is *inordination* of *zeal;* for Christ, by reproving *St. Peter* drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God, or for God himself.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?

ON CONTENT.

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune: and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens—either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.

It may be thou art entered into the cloud which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows.

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me: what now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too: and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.[1]

ON COVETOUSNESS.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God; making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor oil to make his own countenance cheerful; but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable, and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable. It teaches men to be cruel and crafty, industrious and evil, full of care and malice; and, after all this, it is for no good to itself, for it dares not spend those heaps of treasure which it snatched.

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[1] Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all. BURNS.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace,
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave. THOMSON.

ADVERSITY.[1]

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm, let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyes loosened with sickness, let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

ON THE MISERIES OF A MAN'S LIFE.

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers and sad remembrances! If we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there

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[1] . . . . . In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak-untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

See Bacon's beautiful Essay on Adversity, where he says—
"But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols."

are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity: let us remove from hence, at least, in affections and preparation of mind.

WHAT IS LIFE.

Some are called *at age* at fourteen, some at one and twenty, some never; but all men late enough, for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to mattens, and, by and by, gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three-days burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour.

THE STORY OF THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

The Ephesian woman, that the soldier told of in Petronius, was the talk of all the town, and the rarest example of a dear affection to her husband. She descended with the corpse into the vault, and there being attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death, or die with famine or a distempered sorrow: from which resolution, nor his, nor her friends, nor the reverence of the principal citizens, who used the entreaties of their charity and their power, could dissuade her. But a soldier that watched seven dead bodies hanging upon the trees just over against this monument, crept in, and a while stared upon the silent and comely disorders of the sorrow: and having let the wonder awhile breathe out at each other's eyes, at last he fetched his supper and a bottle of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and still to feed himself with that sad prettiness. His pity and first draught of wine made him bold and curious to try if the maid would drink: who, having many hours since felt her resolution faint as her wearied body, took his kindness; and the light returned into her eyes, and danced like boys in a festival: and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress' sorrows should cause her evil to revert, or her shame to approach, assayed whether she would endure to hear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness and dissolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order at the arrest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which like leeches they had sucked their fill till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk. And he was so pleased with the change, that he, who first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the music of her returning voice, especially which himself had strung and put in tune. And the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart was soon possessed with a little wine, and grew gay, and talked and fell in love; and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pomps of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest. For so the wild foragers of Lybia, being spent with heat, and dissolved by the too fond kisses of the sun, do melt with their common fires, and die with faintness, and descend with motions slow and unable to the little brooks that descend from heaven in the wilderness; and when they drink, they return into the vigour of a new life, and contract strange mar-

riages. And so also was it in the cave at Ephesus: for by this time the soldier began to think it was fit he should return to his watch, and observe the dead bodies he had in charge; but when he ascended from his mourning bridal chamber, he found that one of the bodies was stolen by the friends of the dead, and he was fallen into an evil condition, because by the laws of Ephesus, his body was to be fixed in the place of it. The poor man returns to his woman, cries out bitterly, and in her presence resolves to die to prevent his death, and in secret to prevent his shame. But now the woman's love was raging like her former sadness, and grew witty, and she comforted her soldier, and persuaded him to live, lest by losing him, who had brought her from death and a more grievous sorrow, she should return to her old solemnities of dying, and lose her honour for a dream, or the reputation of her constancy without the change and satisfaction of an enjoyed love. The man would fain have lived, if it had been possible, and she found out this way for him; that he should take the body of her first husband, whose funeral she had so strangely mourned, and put it upon the gallows in place of the stolen thief. He did so, and escaped the present danger, to possess a love which might change as violently as her grief had done. But so have I seen a crowd of disordered people rush violently and in heaps till their utmost border was restrained by a wall, or had spent the fury of the first fluctuation and watery progress, and by and by it returned to the contrary with the same earnestness, only because it was violent and ungoverned. A raging passion is this crowd, which, when it is not under discipline and the conduct of reason, and the proportions of temperate humanity, runs passionately the way it happens, and by and by as greedily to another side, being swayed by its own weight, and driven any whither by chance, in all its pursuits, having no rule but to do all it can, and spend itself in haste, and expire with some shame and much indecency.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1618—1667.

Abraham Cowley is the first, in order of time, of the list of English poets, whose works were edited, and lives written by Doctor Johnson. He was born in London in 1618. His father, who was a grocer by trade, died before his birth; but his mother succeeded in procuring his admission into Westminster School as a king's scholar, where he became distinguished

for correct classical scholarship. He very early imbibed a taste for poetry; it is said from Spenser's Faerie Queene being thrown in his way; and in his sixteenth year he published a collection of verses under the appropriate title of *Poetical Blossoms*. In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he continued to reside till 1643, when he removed to Oxford. From this time he took a very active part in the royal cause, and was employed on some missions of trust; and when, in the progress of the civil war, the queen was compelled to quit the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France, and was of material assistance to her, in managing the secret correspondence between herself and her royal consort.

In 1656 he returned to England, and soon after his arrival published an edition of his poems, containing most of those which now appear in his works. When the Restoration came, he naturally looked for some reward for his long services in the royal cause. But alas! "how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors." Cowley was destined to much bitter disappointment. At length he obtained the lease of a farm at Chertsey, by which his income was raised to about £300 a year. But he did not live long to enjoy his retirement; for taking a severe cold and fever by exposure, he died on July 28, 1667.

At the time of his death, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England, though the Comus of Milton and some of his exquisite minor poems had been published nearly thirty years before. But what could be expected of an age that was stamped with the licentiousness of such a court as that of Charles II.? Still, though Cowley has nothing of the reputation he once had, he has sufficient merit to give him a considerable rank among British poets. Dr. Johnson says, "It may be affirmed that he brought to his poetic labors a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gayety of the less; and that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies, and for lofty flights." His poetical works are divided into four parts—"Miscellanies," "Love Verses," "Pindaric Odes," and the "Davidies, a heroical poem of the Troubles of David." Of all these his Anacreontics are the most natural and pleasing.

GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move!
Gold monopolises love!
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!

A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse all curses else above
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold, in families, debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it;
Gold, alas! does love beget.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley's prose essays are much better than his poetry. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of them, says, "His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due com-

mendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-labored; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness:" and Dr. Drake, one of the most judicious of modern critics, remarks that "to Cowley we may justly ascribe the formation of a basis on which has since been constructed the present correct and admirable fabric of our language. His words are pure and well chosen, the collocation simple and perspicuous, and the members of his sentences distinct and harmonious."

ON MYSELF.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself), may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French

courts;) yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

> Well, then, I now do plainly see
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

The first wish of Virgil was, to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman; and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon;* because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers and best husbandmen; and to adorn both those faculties, the best poet: he made him besides all this a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. To be a husbandman is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's. But since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to

a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there (alluding to courts and cities) among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty, there guilty and expenseful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creations of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good.

ON GREATNESS.

Since we cannot attain to greatness, says the Sieur de Montagn, let us have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation:

> If ever I more riches did desire
> Than cleanliness and quiet do require,
> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
> With any wish so mean as to be great,
> Continue, heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I'm content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so. I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestical beauty.

JOHN MILTON, 1608—1674.

Far above all the poets of his own age, and in learning and sublimity without an equal in the whole range of English poetry, stands John Milton. He was born in London, December 9, 1608. His father, who was a scrivener, and who had suffered much for conscience sake, doubtless infused into his son those principles of religious freedom, which made him, in subsequent years, the bulwark of that holy cause in England. He was also early instructed in music, to which may doubtless be attributed that richness and harmony of his versification, which distinguish him as much as his learning and imagination. His early education was conducted with great care. At sixteen he entered the University of Cambridge. After leaving the university, where he was distinguished for his scholarship, he retired to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and had purchased a small property at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, devoting his time most assiduously to classical literature, making the well-known remark that he "*cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit.*" While in the university he had written his grand "Hymn on the Nativity, any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry:" and there, at his father's, he wrote his "Comus," and "Lycidas," his "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," and his "Arcades."

In 1638 he went to Italy, the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classical shores. Here his society was courted by "the choicest Italian wits," and he visited Galileo,[1] then a prisoner in the Inquisition. On his return home, he opened a school in London, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the business of instruction. In the meantime, he entered into the religious disputes of the day, engaging in the controversy single-handed against all the royalists and prelates; and though numbering among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher, proving himself equal to them all. In 1643 he married the daughter of Richard Powell, a high royalist; but the connection did not prove a happy one, his wife being utterly incapable of appreciating the loftiness and purity

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[1] "The Tuscan artist." P. Lost, book i. line 288.

of the poet's character. In 1649 he was appointed Foreign Secretary under Cromwell, which office he held till the death of Cromwell, 1658.

For ten years, Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his *Defensio Populi*, (Defence of the People of England,) and by the close of the year 1652, he was totally blind: "Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon." At the Restoration he was obliged to conceal himself, till the publication of the act of oblivion released him from danger. He then devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the composition of Paradise Lost. The idea of this unequalled poem was probably conceived as early as 1642. It was published in 1667. For the first and second editions the blind poet received but the sum of five pounds each! In 1671 he produced his "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." A long sufferer from an hereditary disease, his life was now drawing to a close. His mind was calm and bright to the last, and he died without a struggle, on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674.

It is needless here to make any criticisms upon the works of this "greatest of great men," as essays almost numberless may be found upon his life and writings.[1] His chief poetical works are—1. His *Paradise Lost*, in twelve books, which is an account of the temptation and fall of our first parents. 2. *Paradise Regained*, in four books, depicting the temptation and triumph of "the second Adam, the Lord from Heaven." 3. *Samson Agonistes*,[2] a dramatic poem, relating the incidents of the life of the great champion of the Israelites, from the period of his blindness, to the catastrophe that ended in his death. 4. Lycidas, a monody on the death of a beloved friend, (Mr. Edward King,) who was shipwrecked in the Irish Sea. 5. L'Allegro, an ode to mirth. 6. Il Penseroso, an ode to melancholy. 7. Comus, a Mask, the purest and most exquisite creation of the imagination and fancy in English literature. 8. Arcades,[3] a part of a mask. 9. Hymn on the Nativity. 10. Sonnets.

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[1] The best edition of Milton is that of Todd, London, 1809, 7 vols. This contains the invaluable verbal index. Another excellent edition has been edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, in 6 vols., the first volume of which is taken up with his life, which is admirably written. An edition of his prose works has been published in this city, by H. Hooker, edited by that accomplished scholar, Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. An eloquent Essay on Milton may be found in Macaulay's Miscellanies; another in the Retrospective Review, xiv. 282; and another in the London Quarterly, xxxvi. 29. In the following numbers of the Spectator, Addison has written a series of criticisms of the Paradise Lost: 262, 267, 273, 279, and so on for fifteen more numbers, at intervals of six; and in No. 76 of the Observer, by Cumberland, there are some remarks upon the "Samson Agonistes." Consult, also, Hallam's Literature of Europe; and read an admirable article on Milton, in Dr. Channing's works.

[2] That is, "the champion," "the combatant," from the Greek αγωνιστης (*agonistes*), "a combatant at the public games."

[3] Arcades, that is, the Arcadian shepherds: of course it is of a pastoral character.

SCENE FROM COMUS.[1]

A wild wood. The lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now: methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers;[2] yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
* * * * * *
I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.[3]

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have

---

[1] The fable of Comus is this. A beautiful lady, attended by her two brothers, is journeying through a dreary wood. The brothers become separated from their sister, who is met by Comus, the god of low pleasures, who, with his followers, holds his orgies in the night. She resists all his arts, and Comus and his crew are put to flight by the brothers, who come in time to rescue their sister. The object of the poem is to show the full power of true virtue and chastity, to triumph over all the assaults of wickedness; or, in the language of Shakspeare—

———That virtue never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven.

[2] In some parts of England it is still customary for companies in the evening of the Christmas holidays, to go about carousing from house to house, who are called the "wassailers." In Macbeth, "wine and wassail" mean in general terms, feasting and drunkenness.

[3] "The songs of this poem are of a singular felicity: they are unbroken streams of exquisite imagery, either imaginative or descriptive, with a dance of numbers which sounds like aërial music: for instance, the Lady's song to Echo."—*Brydges.*

Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd[1] hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.
Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

FROM L'ALLEGRO.[2]

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,

---

[1] "Swink'd," i. e., tired, fatigued.
[2] *L'Allegro* is the cheerful, merry man; and in this poem he describes the

In Stygian cave forlorn,
  'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
  Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings:
  There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
  In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
  But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
  Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:

---

course of mirth in the country and in the city, from morning to noon, and from noon till night.

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

FROM IL PENSEROSO.[1]

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauteous praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades

[1] *Il Penseroso* is the thoughtful, melancholy man; and this poem, both in its model and principal circumstances, is taken from a song in praise of melancholy in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, called *The Nice Valour, or Passionate Madman.*

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
  Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel[1] will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,

---

[1] What a favourite the nightingale has been with the best poets, ancient and modern. Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace have sung its praises; Milton has shown his regard for it in numerous passages, and in a sonnet dedicated to it; Thomson, the poet of nature, has celebrated it; and Gray has remembered it in his ode to Spring. But which of these has anything superior to honest old Izaak Walton, in his *Complete Angler?* "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of *her little instrumental* throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted up above earth, and say, '*Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.*'"

Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

SONNET ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent[1] which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.[2]

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope;[3] but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence,[4] my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

---

[1] He speaks here with allusion to the parable of the talents, Matt. xxv., and with great modesty of himself, as if he had not five, or two, but only one talent.

[2] Cyriack Skinner was the son of William Skinner, Esq., a merchant of London. He was an ingenious young gentleman, and a scholar to John Milton.

[3] *Of heart or hope*, &c. "One of Milton's characteristics was a singular fortitude of mind, arising from a consciousness of superior abilities, and a conviction that his cause was just."—*Warton.*

[4] When Milton had entered upon the labour of writing his "Defence of the People of England," one of his eyes was almost gone, and the physicians predicted the loss of both if he proceeded. But he says, "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes." And yet (*proh pudor!*) this masterly work was, at the Restoration, ordered to be burnt by the common hangman!

SAMSON'S LAMENTATION FOR HIS BLINDNESS.

From Samson Agonistes.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was this sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave:
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs:
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

MILTON'S INVOCATION TO LIGHT.[1]

Paradise Lost, iii. 1.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed?[2] since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,[3]
Whose fountain who shall tell?[4] Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,[5]
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,[6]

---

[1] "This celebrated complaint, with which Milton opens the third book, deserves all the praises which have been given it."—*Addison.*

[2] That is, may I, without blame, call thee the co-eternal beam of the Eternal God.

[3] Or rather dost thou hear this address, dost thou rather to be called, *pure ethereal stream?*

[4] As in Job, xxxviii. 19, "Where is the way where light dwelleth?"

[5] Kedron and Siloa. "He still was pleased to study the beauties of the ancient poets, but his highest delight was in the Songs of Sion, in the holy Scriptures, and in these he meditated day and night. This is the sense of the passage stripped of its poetical ornaments."—*Newton.*

[6] Mæonides is Homer. Thamyris was a Thracian, and invented the Doric mood or measure. Tiresias and Phineus, the former a Theban, the latter a

And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION.

Paradise Lost, iv. 449.

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;

---

king of Arcadia, were famous blind bards of antiquity. Milton uses the word "prophet" in the sense of the Latin *vates*, which unites the character of prophet and poet. Indeed throughout Milton's poetry there are words and phrases perpetually occurring that are used in their pure Latin sense, the beauties of which none but a classical scholar can fully appreciate. This, of itself, is a sufficient answer to the senseless question so often asked, "What is the use of a girl's studying Latin?"

With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a plantane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou, following, cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

SATAN'S SPEECH WHEN THRUST DOWN TO HELL.

Paradise Lost, i. 242.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven!"

DESCRIPTION OF SATAN.

Paradise Lost, i. 283.

He[1] scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood and call'd
His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses,
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts

[1] Beelzebub.

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Paradise Lost, iv. 598.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways:
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty 'dorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers: and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew: nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild: nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird: nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? For whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing the great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man! In shadier bower
More sacred, and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora; whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts; and, O! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him,

Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
  The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
  Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
  As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasures loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
  The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lares, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

The prose works of Milton are scarcely less remarkable than his poetry. They are mostly of a controversial character in Religion and Politics, and as such, have lost some of the interest with which they were invested in the stormy and eventful times in which his lot was cast; but they "breathe throughout," says Burnet, "that sublime, ethereal spirit, peculiar only to him. We are continually astonished and delighted at his never-failing abundance of sentiments and imagery—at that majestic stream and swell of thoughts, with which his mind always flows. He was a man essentially great; and whoever wishes to form his language to a lofty and noble style—his character to a fervid sincerity of soul, will read the works of Milton."

"The summit of fame is occupied by the poet, but the base of the vast elevation may justly be said to rest on his prose works; and we invite his admirers to descend from the former, and survey the region that lies round about the latter;—a less explored, but not less magnificent domain."—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

Milton early commenced his ecclesiastical controversies, and in 1642 published "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy." The following is a part of the preface of the second book, and is particularly remarkable as giving a prophetic assurance of the proudest monument of his fame—PARADISE LOST.

Surely to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; much better would it like him doubtless to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own happiness.

But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal. If he shall think to be silent as Jeremiah did, because of the reproach and derision he met with daily, "and all his familiar friends watched for his halting," to be revenged on him for speaking the truth, he would be forced to confess as he confessed; "his word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay."

Which might teach these times not suddenly to condemn all things that are sharply spoken or vehemently written as proceeding out of stomach virulence and ill-nature; but to consider rather, that if the prelates have leave to say the worst that can be said, or do the worst that can be done, while they strive to keep to themselves, to their great pleasure and commodity, those things which they ought to render up, no man can be justly offended with him that shall endeavour to impart and bestow, without any gain to himself, those sharp and saving words, which would be a terror and a torment in him to keep back.

For me, I have endeavoured to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it me, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth, where I shall think it available in so dear a concernment as the church's good. For, if I be, whether by disposition, or what other cause, too inquisitive, or suspicious of myself and mine own doings, who can help it?

Concerning therefore this wayward subject against prelates, the touching wherefore is so distasteful and disquietous to a number of men; as by what hath been said I may deserve of charitable readers to be credited, that neither envy nor gall hath entered me upon this controversy, but the enforcement of conscience only, and a preventive fear lest this duty should be against me, when I would store up to myself the good provision of peaceful hours; so, lest it should be still imputed to me, as I have found it hath been, that some self-pleasing humours of vain-glory hath incited me to contest with men of high estimation, now while green years are upon my head;

from this needless surmisal I shall hope to dissuade the intelligent and equal auditor, if I can but say successfully that which in this exigent behoves me; although I would be heard only, if it might be, by the elegant and learned reader, to whom principally for a while I shall beg leave I may address myself.

To him it will be no new thing, though I tell him that if I hunted after praise, by the estimation of wit and learning, I should not write thus out of mine own season when I have neither yet completed to my mind the full circle of my private studies, although I complain not of any insufficiency to the matter in hand; or were I ready to my wishes, it were a folly to commit any thing elaborately composed to the careless and interrupted listening of these tumultuous times. * *

I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers at home and at the school, it was found, that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live.

But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to pack up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that with labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.

These thoughts at once possessed me; and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had, than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country.

For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the

persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end (that were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things, among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect: that, what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that; but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself,[1] though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model;—or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that show art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art: or, lastly, what king, or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero.

And, as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and there be nothing adverse in our climate or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories; or whether those dramatic compositions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation.

The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the "Song of Solomon," consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges: and the "Apocalypse" of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with

[1] Here is evidence of his first conceptions of his immortal Epic.

a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; and this, my opinion, the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm.

Or, if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are, in most things, worthy; some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty.

But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine arguments alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable.

These abilities,[1] wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some, though most abused, in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship.

Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime; in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe: tracking over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed.

And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane, which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce

[1] To me, this has ever seemed the loftiest paragraph in English prose literature.

ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one; do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. * *

Neither do I think it shame to covenant with my knowing reader, that for some few years yet, I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted; as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained from the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit,[1] who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.

To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at my own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.

ARGUMENT FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical

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[1] "And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me."—*Paradise Lost*, i. 17.

yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet it was beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.

ENGLAND AND LONDON.

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the laboured studies of the French. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages and of worthies? we reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks had we but eyes to lift up; the fields are white already.

REFORM.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing himself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her

mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full midday beam: purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

Error supports custom, custom countenances error: and these two between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to repress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom; who, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning under the terms of humour and innovation; as if the womb of teeming Truth were to be closed up, if she presumed to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions.

THE ALL-CONQUERING POWER OF TRUTH.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new life which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow

bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.[1]

THE POET'S MORNING.

My morning haunts are, where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast,[2] but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, 1609—1676.

Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most upright judges that ever sat upon the English bench, was born at Alderly, in the county of Gloucester, in 1609. His parents dying when he was quite young, he was educated by a Puritan clergyman, and entered Oxford at the age of seventeen. After leaving the university he applied himself to the study of the law with great assiduity, and was called to the bar a few years previous to the commencement of the civil war. In the subsequent contests that shook the nation,

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[1] "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain."—*Longfellow.*

[2] Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, says, "Abstinence in diet was one of Milton's favourite virtues; which he practised invariably through life, and availed himself of every opportunity to recommend in his writings."

O madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samson Agonistes.

Hale preserved a perfect neutrality, which was certainly favourable to his interests as an advocate. But whether it is manly and right, in times of great political agitation, for a citizen to study his own individual quiet and interests, instead of throwing the whole weight of his influence upon that cause which he deems the most just, is another question.

Hale received a commission from Charles I., and after the execution of that monarch, he was made, under Cromwell, one of the judges of the Common Bench, the duties of which office he discharged with consummate skill and the strictest impartiality. After the death of Cromwell, he was a member of the Parliament which recalled Charles II., and in the year of the Restoration he was knighted. In 1671 he was raised to the chief-justice-ship of the King's Bench, where he presided with great honor to himself and advantage to the public, till 1675, when the state of his health obliged him to resign. He died from dropsy on Christmas day of the following year, 1676.

It is not necessary to speak more fully of his character here, as in a subsequent page will be found Baxter's admirable sketch of it.[1] The only spot upon his judicial reputation, is his having condemned two old women for witchcraft. This he did with the most sincere belief that he was doing right. And how many other men, eminent for their piety, were also carried away by that delusion, in the middle of the seventeenth century, not only in England, but in this country.[2]

Sir Matthew Hale wrote a number of works of a legal character, but that by which he is best known is his "Contemplations, moral and divine, and Letters to his Children." An edition of this, with his life, was published by Bishop Burnet, in three volumes. As a specimen of his style, we give the following admirable letter of advice to his children:

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[1] Lord Erskine, in an eloquent speech in the Court of the King's Bench, upon the trial of Williams, for publishing Paine's Age of Reason, 1797, thus addresses the Jury:—"Gentlemen, in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided; whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration."

Cowper, too, in the third book of the Task, thus beautifully speaks of him, as one

> . . . . . "In whom
> Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
> Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
> And sound integrity not more, than famed
> For sanctity of manners undefiled."

[2] The fact of witchcraft was admitted by Lord Bacon and Mr. Addison. Dr. Johnson more than inclined to the same side of the question; and Sir William Blackstone quite frowns on opposers of this doctrine. The severe charges, therefore, which have been brought against the people of Salem, Mass., lie equally against the most learned, pious, and eminent of mankind.

UPON REGULATING THEIR CONVERSATION.

Dear Children—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking

on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad

words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain."

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practise them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add, at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, be-

holds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

ISAAC BARROW, 1630—1677.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, an eminent divine and mathematician, was the son of a linen-draper of London, and was born in that city in 1630. He studied at Cambridge for the ministry; but being a royalist, and seeing but little chance of preferment for men of his sentiments in church or state, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. In 1665, having been disappointed in his expectations of obtaining a Greek professorship, he determined to travel, and spent some years in visiting France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany and Holland. He returned in 1659, and was elected, in the following year, to the professorship in Cambridge, for which he had formerly been a candidate, and in 1662 to that of geometry in Gresham College, London. In 1663 he resigned both of these, on being elected professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. After filling this professorship with distinguished ability for six years, he made a voluntary resignation of it to his illustrious friend, Sir Isaac Newton, resolving to devote himself exclusively to theological studies. In 1670 he was made doctor of divinity, and two years after he was appointed master of Trinity College, by the King, who remarked on the occasion, that he had given the place to the best scholar in England. He died on the 4th of May, 1677.

Dr. Barrow was a man of vast and comprehensive mind. During his life, he was more known as a mathematician, being inferior only to Newton, and the treatises he published on his favorite science were numerous and profound. They were, however, mostly written in Latin, and designed for the learned: they are therefore now but little known. Not so with his theological works. "His sermons," says Hallam, "display a strength of mind, a comprehensiveness, and fertility which have rarely been equalled." Charles II. was accustomed facetiously to style him *a most unfair preacher*, because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing to be said by others. His sermons were of unusual length, being seldom less than an hour and a half, and on one occasion, in preaching a charity sermon, he was three

hours and a half in the delivery. Being asked, on descending from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied, "yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long:" so great was his intellectual fertility, that mental fatigue seemed to be out of the question. Dr. Dibdin remarks of him, that he "had the clearest head with which mathematics ever endowed an individual, and one of the purest and most unsophisticated hearts that ever beat in the human breast." He once uttered a most memorable observation, which characterizes both the intellectual and moral constitution of his mind,—would that it could be engraven on the mind of every youth, as his guide through life,—"A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST IN MORALS AS WELL AS IN GEOMETRY."

THE DUTY AND REWARD OF BOUNTY TO THE POOR.

He whose need craves our bounty, whose misery demands our mercy, what is he? He is not truly so mean and sorry a thing, as the disguise of misfortune, under which he appears, doth represent him. He who looks so deformedly and dismally, who to outward sight is so ill bestead, and so pitifully accoutred, hath latent in him much of admirable beauty and glory. He within himself containeth a nature very excellent; an immortal soul, and an intelligent mind, by which he nearly resembleth God himself, and is comparable to angels: he invisibly is owner of endowments rendering him capable of the greatest and best things. What are money and lands? what are silk and fine linen? what are horses and hounds in comparison to reason, to wisdom, to virtue, to religion, which he hath, or (in despight of all misfortune) he may have if he please? He whom you behold so dejectedly sneaking, in so despicable a garb, so destitute of all convenience and comfort, lying in the dust, naked or clad with rags, meager with hunger or pain, he comes of a most high and heavenly extraction: he was born a prince, the son of the greatest King eternal; he can truly call the Sovereign Lord of all the world his father, having derived his soul from the mouth, having had his body formed by the hands of God himself. In this, *the rich and poor*, as the wise man saith, *do meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.* That same forlorn wretch, whom we are so apt to despise and trample upon, was framed and constituted Lord of the visible world; had all the goodly brightnesses of heaven, and all the costly furnitures of earth created to serve him. *Thou madest him* (saith the Psalmist of man) *to have dominion over the works of thine hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.* Yea, he was made an inhabitant of Paradise, and possessor of felicities superlative; had immortal life and

endless joy in his hand, did enjoy the entire favour and friendship of the Most High. Such in worth of nature and nobleness of birth he is, as a man: and highly more considerable he is, as a Christian. For, as vile and contemptible as he looks, God hath so regarded and prized him, as for his sake to descend from heaven, to cloath himself with flesh, to assume the form of a servant; for his good to undertake and undergo the greatest inconveniences, infirmities, wants, and disgraces, the most grievous troubles and most sharp pains incident to mortal nature. God hath adopted him to be his child; the Son of God hath deigned to call him brother: he is a member of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, a free denizen of the heavenly city, an heir of salvation, and candidate of eternal glory. The greatest and richest personage is not capable of better privileges than God hath granted him, or of higher preferments than God hath designed him to. He, equally with the mightiest prince, is the object of God's especial providence and grace, of his continual regard and care, of his fatherly love and affection; who, as good *Elihu* saith, *accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor: for they are all the work of his hands.* In fine, this poor creature whom thou seest is a man, and a Christian, thine equal, whoever thou art, in nature, and thy peer in condition: I say not, in the uncertain and unstable gifts of fortune, not in this worldly state, which is very inconsiderable; but in gifts vastly more precious, in title to an estate infinitely more rich and excellent. Yea, if thou art vain and proud, be sober and humble; he is thy better, in true dignity much to be preferred before thee, far in real wealth surpassing thee: for, better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY A PROOF OF DIVINE WISDOM.

Can any man, endued with common sense, imagine that such a body as any of us doth bear about him, so neatly composed, fitted to so many purposes of action; furnished with so many goodly and proper organs; that eye by which we reach the stars, and in a moment have, as it were, all the world present to us; that ear by which we so subtly distinguish the differences of sound, are sensible of so various harmony, have conveyed unto our minds the words and thoughts of each other; that tongue by which we so readily imitate those vast diversi-

ties of voice and tune, by which we communicate our minds with such ease and advantage; that hand by which we perform so many admirable works, and which serves instead of a thousand instruments and weapons unto us; to omit those inward springs of motion, life, sense, imagination, memory, passion; with so stupendous curiosity contrived: can any reasonable man, I say, conceive that so rare a piece, consisting of such parts, unexpressibly various, unconceivably curious, the want of any of which would discompose or destroy us; subservient to such excellent operations, incomparably surpassing all the works of the most exquisite art, that we could ever observe or conceive, be the product of blind chance; arise from fortuitous jumblings of matter; be effected without exceeding great wisdom, without most deep counsel and design? Might not the most excellent pieces of human artifice, the fairest structures, the finest pictures, the most useful engines, such as we are wont so much to admire and praise, much more easily happen to be without any skill or contrivance? If we cannot allow these rude and gross imitations of nature to come of themselves, but will presently, so soon as we see them, acknowledge them the products of art, though we know not the artist, nor did see him work; how much more reasonable is it that we believe the works of nature, so much more fine and accurate, to proceed from the like cause, though invisible to us, and performing its workmanship by a secret hand?

WHAT IS WIT?

To the question what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a Man, 'Tis that which we all see and know: any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of a fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it

lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd imitation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto.

KNOWLEDGE A SOURCE OF DELIGHT.

Wisdom of itself is delectable and satisfactory, as it implies a revelation of truth and a detection of error to us. 'Tis like light, pleasant to behold, casting a sprightly lustre, and diffusing a benign influence all about; presenting a goodly prospect of things to the eyes of our minds; displaying objects in their due shapes, postures, magnitudes, and colors; quickening our spirits with a comfortable warmth, and disposing our minds to a cheerful activity; dispelling the darkness of ignorance, scattering the mists of doubt; driving away the spectres of delusive fancy; mitigating the cold of sullen melancholy; discovering obstacles, securing progress, and making the passages of life clear, open, and pleasant. We are all naturally endowed with a strong appetite to know, to see, to pursue truth; and with a bashful abhorrency from being deceived and entangled in mistake. And as success in inquiry after truth affords matter of joy and triumph; so being conscious of error and miscarriage therein, is attended with shame and sorrow. These desires wisdom in the most perfect manner satisfies, not by entertaining us with dry, empty, fruitless theories upon mean and vulgar subjects; but by enriching our minds with excellent and useful

knowledge, directed to the noblest objects, and serviceable to the highest ends.[1]

ANDREW MARVELL, 1620—1678.

If the intellectual powers of Andrew Marvell be not of the very highest order, he is ever to be remembered with admiration for his high moral qualities. Indeed, for a character in all respects, private, literary and patriotic, so uncommonly excellent and noble, is rarely to be met with in the annals of history. He was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, in 1620, and at the age of fifteen entered Cambridge. After leaving the university he travelled many years in Europe, and on his return he became assistant Latin secretary to Milton, to whom he ever proved a most faithful friend, defending his reputation and shielding him from danger after the Restoration.

In 1660 he was elected to Parliament by the city of Hull, and was re-elected as long as he lived. In his parliamentary duties he exhibited a zeal and faithfulness that were never surpassed; constantly corresponding with his constituents, and earnestly contending for their public rights and local interests. He always voted on the popular side, and so great was his influence, that the court determined, if possible, to bribe him to their interests. Accordingly they sent his old school-fellow, the lord treasurer Danby, to him, with an order for £1000 on the treasury. He found him in a garret, writing to his constituents. After some conversation, as he was going out, he slipped the order into Marvell's hand, who, without looking at it, accompanied him to his coach. As he was about driving off, Marvell called him back, and they returned to the garret. "My lord," said Marvell, pointing to a small shoulder-bone of mutton, "Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided for; there is your piece of paper; I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intend, but I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one." How re-

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[1] Bacon, in enumerating the advantages of knowledge, says, 1. It relieves man's afflictions. 2. It promotes public virtue and order. 3. It promotes private virtues, by humanizing, humbling, nullifying vain admiration, improving. 4. It is power. 5. The pleasure of knowledge far exceedeth all other pleasures; for, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality: and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

freshing it is to the eye to look upon a character of such unsullied purity, especially if it be in the midst of political life, that perilous arena from which so few return without some spots to disfigure their moral vestments.[1]

Marvell, from the stern integrity of his character, rendered himself more and more obnoxious to a corrupt court. His personal satire against the king himself, his tracts against popery and the ministry, and his desperate literary battles with Bishop Parker, "that venal apostate to bigotry," (as Campbell calls him,) repeatedly endangered his life. Among other anonymous letters sent to him, was the following: "If thou darest to print or publish any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God I will cut thy throat." But all this was to no purpose. He pursued the path of duty, unfaltering, and stood like a rock amid the foaming ocean. He, at last, died *suddenly*, on the 29th of July, 1678, while attending a public meeting at Hull: many supposed that he was poisoned.

In his prose writings Marvell defended the principles of freedom with great vigor of eloquence and liveliness of humor. He mingled a playful exuberance of fancy and figure not unlike that of Burke, with a keenness of sarcastic wit not surpassed even by Swift.

The following spirited irony, on the "doleful evils" of the press, is taken from one of his answers to Parker.[2]

For the press hath owed him a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt. The press, (that *villainous* engine,) invented about the same time with the Reformation, that hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church, than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas a happy time when all learning was in manuscripts, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the Liturgy; and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered! Could the press but once be conjured to obey only an *Imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, *perhaps*, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles. But no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than *an hundred systematical divines*, with their sweaty preaching. And which is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would

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[1] Burke and Wilberforce in England, and John Quincy Adams in our own country, are eminent exceptions to the general rule.

[2] Two well written articles on Marvell may be found in the 10th and 11th vols. of the Retrospective Review.

think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are now become the instruments to make things legible. Their ugly printing-letters, that look but like so many rotten teeth! How oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawers? And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O *Printing!* how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal, as when founded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of *Cadmus;* and the serpent's teeth, which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith of old they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatic. But a *bulky* Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contrived those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets. One would have thought, in reason, that a Dutchman at least might have contented himself only with the wine-press.

The following is a cutting parody on the speeches of Charles II.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I told you, at our last meeting, the Winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord treasurer assured me the Spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you; I am under bad circumstances. Here is my lord treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next Summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know, by experience, I can

live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the bye: I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it; pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you, too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you stick not to me, you must not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty, that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it.

If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my natural sons from popery, and I may say without vanity, it was my own work, so much the more peculiarly mine than the begetting them. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings!

I must now acquaint you, that, by my lord treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff.

The friendship between Milton and Marvell is one of the most interesting subjects in the biography of two of the most noble characters of England. After the Restoration he contrived various ways to shield him from the rage of the reigning powers. As a member of Parliament he made a considerable party for him; and it is probable that his humour contrived the premature and mock funeral of Milton, which is reported, for a time, to have duped his enemies into the belief of his real death: and to this manly friendship is the world probably indebted for Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained, subsequently completed and published. One of Marvell's sarcastic replies to Parker was attributed to Milton; to which Marvell replies by telling his antagonist that "he had not seen John Milton for two years before he composed his book;" and then he thus characterizes Milton.

John Milton was, and is, a man of as great learning, and

sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he wrote, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. At his Majesty's happy return, John Milton did partake, even as you did yourself, for all your buffing, of his regal clemency, and has ever since expiated himself in a retired silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you, and accidentally. What discourse you there used, he is too generous to remember. But he, never having in the least provoked you, for you to insult thus over his old age, to traduce him who was born and hath lived much more ingenuously and liberally than yourself; to have done all this, and lay, at last, my simple book to his charge, without ever taking care to inform yourself better, which you had so easy opportunity to do; it is inhumanly and inhospitably done, and will, I hope, be a warning to all others, as it is to me, to avoid (I will not say such a Judas, but) a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them.

Marvell's poetical productions are few, but they display a fancy lively, tender, and elegant; "there is much in them that comes from the heart, warm, pure, and affectionate."

THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosom unespy'd,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd their song.

"What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!

"Where he the huge sea-monsters racks
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

"Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault;
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"

Thus sung they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will;
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.
* * * * *
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they:
It had so sweet a breath. And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,

And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid;
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print these roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

SAMUEL BUTLER, 1612—1680.

As Andrew Marvell was the leading prose wit of the reign of Charles Second, so Samuel Butler was the author of the best burlesque poem in the language. He was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612. It cannot be ascertained whether he enjoyed a university education or not; but his writings show that his scholarship, however acquired, was both varied and profound. In early life he was employed as a clerk to the county magistrate of Worcestershire, where he enjoyed ample leisure for reading and meditation; and afterwards in the household of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of an ample library, which he did not fail to improve. Hence, he went into the employment of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, where he saw much of the unfavourable side of the Puritans; and here, it is supposed, he first conceived the idea of his satirical epic upon them. The first part of the poem was published three years after the Restoration; and though it was the delight of the court, and quoted everywhere and in all circles, the poet reaped nothing but empty praise. In 1664, the second part was published, but still no pecuniary reward was received from the court, for whom he chiefly wrote, and to whose gratification he chiefly contributed. It was not till 1678 that the third part appeared, and in 1680 he died, and so poor was he, that he was buried at the sole expense of a friend, in a churchyard, after a place in Westminster Abbey had been refused. But what gratitude, or any noble feeling could be expected from Charles the Second, or any of his licentious court?

The poem of Hudibras is unique in European Literature. It was evidently suggested by the adventures of Don Quixote; for as Cervantes sent forth his hero upon a chivalrous crusade to right wrongs, and redress griev-

ances, in order to bring the institution of chivalry, of which he claims to be the personification, into contempt; so Sir Hudibras, claiming to be a representative of the true Presbyterian character, goes forth "a colonelling," against all those popular sports, of which the Puritans of the day had such a holy horror, to make this sect appear in the most ridiculous light. But the Puritan of Butler is an aggravated caricature, rather than a faithful portrait,[1] and though the poem possesses "an excess of wit, rhymes the most original and ingenious, and the most apt and burlesque metaphors, couched in an easy, gossiping, colloquial metre; yet it would be as impossible to

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[1] The following, on the character of the Puritans, is taken from an article on Milton in the 42d vol. of the Edinburgh Review: an article to which, for its discriminating truth and impassioned eloquence, I know nothing superior in English literature.

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

"The Puritan indeed was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.

"Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body."

read Hudibras to an end at once, as to dine on cayenne or pickles. It administers no food to the higher and more permanent feelings of the human mind. The moral comes to be felt to be without dignity, the wit without gaiety or relief, the story lagging and flat. Even the rhymes, amusing as they are, become after a time, like the repetitions of a mimic, tiresome and stale."

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick:[1]
Then did Sir Knight[2] abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee[3]
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade.
But here some authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;

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[1] The speaking of *a stick* as one word, with the stress upon *a*, heightens the *burlesque*, and consequently is rather an excellency than a fault.

[2] Butler's hero, Sir Samuel Luke, was not only a colonel in the Parliament army, but also Scoutmaster-General in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c.

[3] That is, he kneeled to the king when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

That Latin was no more difficile[1]
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

HIS LOGIC.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

---

[1] Sancho Panza says of Don Quixote, "that he is a main scolard, *Latins* it hugely, and talks his own mother tongue as well as one of your *Varsity Doctors*."

HIS MATHEMATICS.

In Mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe[1] or Erra Pater;[2]
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;[3]
Resolved by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.

HIS METAPHYSICS.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He knew what's what,[4] and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound,
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.

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[1] "Tycho Brahe" was an eminent Danish mathematician.

[2] By "Erra Pater," it is thought that Butler alluded to one William Lilly, a famous astrologer of those times.

[3] As a justice of the peace he had a right to inspect weights and measures.

[4] A ridicule on the senseless questions in the common systems of logic, as, *quid est quid?* whence came the common proverbial expression of *he knows what's what*, to denote a shrewd man.

HIS RELIGION.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care kept holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

HIS APPAREL.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;[1]
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;

[1] Boulogne was besieged by King Henry VIII., July 14, 1544, and surrendered in September.

And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood.

HIS SWORD, DAGGER, AND PISTOLS.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And served for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care;
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get;
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,

To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Such are a few specimens of Butler's wit as displayed in his poetry. The same vein runs through his prose works, which were not published till a considerable time after his death. We can give but one specimen.

A SMALL POET

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes he likes the hardest, and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense

that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best sort off with contraries. He has found out a new set of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses; trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhymes that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and "thorough reformations" that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1605—1682.

One of the most original as well as learned men of the reign of Charles II., was Sir Thomas Browne. He was born in London in 1605, and in 1623 he entered Oxford, intending to devote himself to the study of medicine. Having taken his degree, he practised physic for some time in Oxfordshire. He then went abroad, and travelled in France, Italy and Holland; and at Leyden he took the degree of doctor of physic. Returning to England in 1634, he settled at Norwich, and on account of his great reputation as a physician he was, a few years after, made honorary fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London. He was knighted in 1671 by Charles the Second, in his progress through Norwich, with singular marks of consideration; and died in 1682.

The following are the principal productions of Sir Thomas Browne. 1.

The *Religio Medici*, or the Religion of a Physician. It is divided into two parts; the first containing his confession of faith, that is, all his curious religious opinions and feelings; the second, a confession of charity; that is, all his human feelings.[1] 2. His *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, more generally known by the title of "Browne's Vulgar Errors." This is the most popular of all his works. He treats his subject very methodically, dividing the whole into seven books, considering the various errors as they arise from minerals and vegetables, animals, man, pictures, geography, philosophy and history. Notwithstanding the singularity and quaintness which pervade this work, it is one that displays great learning and penetration, and is very interesting. 3. Another production was entitled, "*Hydriotaphia*, Urn-Burial; or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk." "In this work," says an able critic,[2] "Sir Thomas Browne hath dared to take the grave itself for his theme. He deals not with death as a shadow, but as a substantial reality. He dwells not on it as a mere cessation of life—he treats it not as a terrible negation—but enters on its discussion as a state with its own solemnities and pomps."

Dr. Johnson has described Browne's style with much critical acumen. "It is," says he, "vigorous but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure: his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth. He fell into an age in which our language began to lose the stability which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth; and was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastic skill, by moulding it according to his own fancy. His style is, indeed, a tissue of many languages; a mixture of heterogeneous words, brought together from distant regions, with terms originally appropriate to one art, and drawn by violence into the service of another."[3]

THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

[*From his "Hydriotaphia."*]

In a field of Old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, not far from one another: not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs,

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[1] Of this, Dr. Johnson, in his life of Browne, thus remarks: "The Religio Medici was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the public by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language."

[2] For an interesting notice of this singular work, see Retrospective Review, vol. i. p. 84.

[3] But Dr. Johnson himself did not scruple to transfer to his own pages many of Browne's ponderous words; for, as Cumberland truly says of him,

"He forced Latinisms into his lines,
Like raw, undrilled recruits."

jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion. Besides, the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

That these were the urns of Romans, from the common custom and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture; not far from a Roman garrison, and but five miles from Brancaster, set down by ancient record under the name of Brannodunum. And where the adjoining town, containing seven parishes, in no very different sound, but Saxon termination, still retains the name of Burnham, which being an early station, it is not improbable the neighbor parts were filled with habitations, either of Romans themselves, or Britons Romanized, which observed the Roman customs.

What song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism. Not to be resolved by man, not easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration—vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana; *he* is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The first man had

been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, it is all one to lie in St. Innocent's[1] churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.[2]

THE STUDENT.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; 'tis the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beast; without this the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.[3]

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[1] In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

[2] A stately mausoleum, or sepulchral pile, built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the castle of St. Angelo.

[3] "The things for which I hold life valuable, are the satisfaction that accrues from the improvement of knowledge and the exercise of piety."—*Sir Robert Boyle.*

PRIDE.

I thank God amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not only of man, but of the devil,—pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it; those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers into mine; I have seen a grammarian tour and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and patois of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself, than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner that could only name the pointers and the North star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside; for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything.[1]

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[1] SOLILOQUIES OF THE OLD PHILOSOPHER AND THE YOUNG LADY.

"Alas!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human knowledge! how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit all is but confusion or conjecture: so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the

As a specimen of his worst Latinized English we give the following from his "Vulgar Errors." He notices the custom of foretelling events by spots upon the nails in this curious manner:

> That temperamental dignotions, and conjecture of prevalent humors, may be collected from spots in our nails, we are not averse to concede. But yet not ready to admit sundry divinations, vulgarly raised upon them.

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planets; I can calculate their periodical movements; and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions: but with regard to their construction, to the beings which inhabit them, of their condition and circumstances, whether natural or moral, what do I know more than the clown?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common centre? I observed the effect, I gave a name to the cause, but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the tract of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms: and to divide them into their distinct tribes and families:—but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality?—Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field?—have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches but a humiliating conviction of my weakness and ignorance? of how little has man, at his best estate, to boast? what folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions?"

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"Well!" exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished: indeed it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily that is all over now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see!—as to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well: as well at least, and better, than any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company. I must still continue to practise a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste, and it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers; which are beautiful, certainly; besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments.

"And then my dancing and waltzing! in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further!—just the figure for it certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to common things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

"Well, to be sure how much have I fagged through; the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

And again:

Of lower consideration is the common foretelling of strangers from the fungous parcel, about the weeks of candles: which only signifieth a moist and pluvious ayr about them, hindering the avolation of the light and favillous particles.

IZAAK WALTON, 1593—1683.

Izaak Walton, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford in 1593. Of his early education little is known; but having acquired a moderate competency in business in London, as a linen-draper, he retired from business in 1643, at the age of fifty, and lived forty years after, in uninterrupted leisure, dying in 1683, in the ninetieth year of his age, exhibiting a striking proof how much calm pursuits, with a mind pure and at ease, contribute to prolong the period of human existence.

Walton is celebrated as a biographer, and particularly as an angler. His first work was the life of Dr. John Donne, published in 1640. On the death of Sir Henry Wotton, he published a collection of his works, with a life prefixed. His next Life was that of Dr. Richard Hooker, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and soon after he wrote the life of George Herbert. All these were collected in 1670 and published in one volume. It was one of Dr. Johnson's most favorite books.

But the work by which he is most known is, "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," a work, which, to use the words of Sir Harris Nicolas, "whether considered as a treatise on the art of angling, or a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite descriptions of rural scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, and in unaffected love of the Creator and his works, has long been ranked among the most popular compositions in our language." In writing it, he says he made a "recreation of a recreation," and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. It is in the form of a dialogue: a Hunter and a Falconer are introduced as parties in it, but the whole interest of the piece centres in the venerable and complacent Piscator. The three meet accidentally near London, on a "fine fresh May" morning, and they agree each to "commend his recreation" or favorite pursuit. Piscator allows the Falconer to take the lead, who thus commends the sport of his choice:

And first for the element I used to trade in, which is the air; an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water: for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine. I and my hawks use that, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon. In it she ascends

to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations. In the air, my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods. Therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary; and that very falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it. But her mettle makes her careless of danger; for then she heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation. * *

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many, and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. * * As first the lark, when she means to rejoice; to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but from necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the leverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music, out of her little instrumental throat, that it may make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear as I have, very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth! * *

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is, both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labor, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May-morning.

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and then in the fourth Dialogue or Chapter, the Angler thus speaks:

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining groves seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it:

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow,[1] now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh,[2] in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be

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[1] See page 80. [2] See page 138.

a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman, I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak-hall, to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-woman. Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? You shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you; but I pray do us a courtesy, that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-woman. What song was it, I pray? Was it *Come shepherds, deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcina rested?* or, *Phillida flouts me?* or, *Chevy-chace?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy-town?*

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-woman. Oh, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter, and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can; for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentleman with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done.

Here follows the milk-maid's song, "Come live with me and be my love," after which the hunter speaks:

Venator. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause, that our good queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and,

being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."

Then comes the milk-maid's mother's answer, "If all the world and love were young," which done, the mother adds:

Well, I have done my song; but stay, honest anglers, for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maudlin. I will, mother.

"Married a wife of late," &c.

Piscator. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they are very hungry.

The following most beautiful exhortation to contentment, which comes from the mouth of Piscator, is a perfect gem. Who would not be wiser and better for reading it every day? Walton's own life seems to have illustrated, in an eminent degree, the character he here describes—"The meek, who shall inherit the earth."

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel, for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven, but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being

humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

EDMUND WALLER, 1605—1681.

Edmund Waller, in my estimation, hardly deserves a place among the best names in English Literature, either as a poet or as a man, and in giving him a small space here, I yield my own judgment to that of Dryden and Pope. He was born in 1605, studied at Cambridge, and was admitted into Parliament as early as his eighteenth year. In political life he was a mere time-server, veering from the king to the Parliament, and from the Parliament to the king, as each might happen for the time to possess the ascendancy. As a member of Parliament he at first took the popular side, but soon after he joined in a plot to let the king's forces into the city, for which he was tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £10,000, and it is said that he spent three times that sum in bribes. He acquired the means to do this from having married in 1630 a rich heiress of London, who died the same year. After his release from prison he went to France, where it is said he lived on the proceeds of his wife's jewels which he took with him. At the Restoration he returned, and wrote a congratulatory address to Charles II., as he had before done to Cromwell; and when the monarch frankly told him how inferior the verses in his own praise were to those addressed to his predecessor, the hollow-hearted, selfish sycophant replied, "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

Of his conduct when in Parliament, Bishop Burnet says, "He never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty man." On the accession of James II., though eighty years of age, he was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall; but he did not live to witness the "glorious revolution," having died the year before, October 21, 1687.

As a poet, Waller is certainly "smooth" and graceful, and comparatively destitute of that affectation which characterizes most of his cotemporaries. Mr. Hallam says of him, "If he rarely sinks he never rises very high, and we find much good sense and selection, much skill in the mechanism of language and metre, without ardor and without imagination. In his amorous poetry he has little passion or sensibility; but he is never free and petulant, never tedious, and never absurd. His praise consists much in negations."[1]

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[1] "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. ii. p. 372, Harper's ed.

I give here what I deem his best piece, his Eulogy on Cromwell. "Of these lines," says Dr. Johnson, "some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical."

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race:
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

* * * * * *

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

* * * * * *

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

* * * * * *

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

* * * * * *

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your Princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

* * * * * *

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of his shorter pieces, the following has been pronounced "one of the most graceful poems of an age from which a taste for the highest poetry was fast vanishing."

Go, lovely rose!
  Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
  When I resemble her to thee,
  How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
  And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
  In deserts, where no men abide,
  Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
  Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
  Suffer herself to be desired,
  And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
  The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
  How small a part of time they share
  That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628—1688.

With what pleasure do we turn from the character of Waller, to that never-to-be-forgotten, and ever-to-be-revered name—John Bunyan, the poor "tinker of Bedford."

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slightest word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet even in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God." Cowper.

But if there was danger in Cowper's time of "moving a sneer" at the mention of his name, there is none now, for it is doubtful whether, within the last fifty years, more editions have been published of any one book in the English language, the Bible excepted, than of Pilgrim's Progress.

John Bunyan was born in the village of Elston, near Bedford, in the year 1628. His father was a brazier or tinker, and he was brought up to the same trade. Though his parents were extremely poor, they put their son

to the best school they could afford, and thus he learned to read and write. He says of himself that he was early thrown among vile companions, and initiated into profaneness, lying, and all sorts of boyish vice and ungodliness. Thus plainly he speaks of himself in view of his early sins, but it is just to say that to drinking and to licentiousness in its grossest forms, he was never addicted. He married very early, at the age of nineteen. "My mercy was," he says, "to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly." Who can tell the happy influence that this connection exerted over him? And how vastly would the sum of human happiness be increased, if, in choosing a companion for life, moral and religious character were regarded more, and worldly circumstances less. Soon after this, Bunyan left off his profanity, and began to think more seriously. "My neighbors were amazed," he says, "at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life: they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me." Flattered by these commendations, and proud of his imagined godliness, he concluded that the Almighty "could not choose but be now pleased with him. Yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I."

He was awakened from this self-righteous delusion by accidentally overhearing the discourse of three or four poor women, who were sitting at a door in the sun, in one of the streets of Bedford, "talking about the things of God." What especially struck him was, that they conversed about matters of religion "as if joy did make them speak," and "as if they had found a new world." He was most deeply impressed by this, and carried the words of these poor women with him wherever he went. His spiritual conflict was long, and attended with many and sore temptations; but God heard his prayer;[1] his views of truth became clear, and in 1653, when twenty-five years of age, he joined the Baptist church at Bedford. He occasionally addressed small meetings of the church, and at their urgent request, so full of power and unction did they deem his preaching, when their pastor died in 1655, he was desired by them to fill, for a time, his place. He did so, and also preached in other places, and attracted great attention. But "bonds and imprisonments awaited him." He had, for five or six years, without any interruption, freely preached the gospel; but, in November 1660, he was taken up by a warrant from a justice, who resolved, as he said, "to break the neck of such meetings." Such was one of the first fruits of the Restoration. The bill of indictment against him ran to this effect: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church[2] to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles," &c.

The result was, of course, that he was convicted; and accordingly he was sent to Bedford jail, where he was confined for twelve long years, lest, like

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[1] "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error; Lord, leave me not to my own blindness. Lord, I lay my soul only at thy feet, let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee."

[2] Meaning, of course, the "established" church.

the great apostle of the Gentiles, he should persuade and "turn away much people." But how impotent is the rage of man! "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." In the inscrutable purposes of Providence, this was the very way designed for this humble individual to do the greatest amount of good. It was there, in the damps of his prison house, that he, ignorant of classic lore, but deeply read in the Word of God, composed a work full of the purest spirit of poetry; caught indeed from no earthly muse, but from the sacred volume of inspiration:—a work which is read with delight by all,—by the man of the world, who has no sympathy with its religious spirit, and by the Christian, who has the key to it in his own heart; a work which has been the delight of youth, and the solace of age; a work which has given comfort to many a wounded spirit, which has raised many a heart to the throne of God. What an illustrious instance of the superiority of goodness over learning. Who now reads the learned wits of the reign of Charles the Second? Who, comparatively, reads even Dryden, or Tillotson, or Barrow, or Boyle, or Sir William Temple? Who has not read, who will not read the immortal epic of John Bunyan? Who does not, who will not ever, with Cowper,

> "Revere the man whose pilgrim marks the road,
> And guides the progress of the soul to God?"

What an affecting account he gives of his feelings during his imprisonment! "I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities: the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have after brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likely to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might undergo, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child! thought I, what sorrow thou art like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you." What a heavenly spirit! what true sublimity of character does such language display!

The only books that Bunyan had with him in prison, were The Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. What use he made of the former the wide world knoweth, in that immortal fruit of his imprisonment—the Pilgrim's Progress. Well is it that wicked men, persecutors and oppressors cannot chain the mind:

> "——————— the oppressor holds
> His body bound; but knows not what a range
> His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
> And, that to bind him is a vain attempt,
> Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells." COWPER.

He was not released from prison till 1672. But no sooner was he out than, like the early apostles after their imprisonment, he entered at once on his Great Master's work, preaching his word not only to his former congregation, but wherever he went. Every year he paid a visit to his friends in London, where his reputation was so great that thousands flocked to hear him, and if but a day's notice were given, the meeting-house would not hold half the people that attended. It is said that Dr. Owen was among his occasional auditors; and an anecdote is on record, that, being asked by Charles II. how a learned man such as he was, could "sit and hear an illiterate tinker prate," he replied: "May it please your majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." He continued his labours until 1688, when, having taken a violent cold in a rain-storm, while on a journey to preach, he died August 12th, in the 61st year of his age.

Bunyan was a voluminous writer, having written, it is said, as many books as he was years old. Of these, the Holy War would have immortalized him, had he written nothing else. The title of this is "The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul." Here the fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Some of his other works are, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," being an account of his own life: "The Doctrine of the Law and Grace unfolded:" "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," in the form of a dialogue, giving an account of the different stages of a wicked man's life, and of his miserable death: "The Barren Fig Tree, or the Doom and Downfall of the fruitless Professor:" "One Thing is Needful:" "A Discourse touching Prayer," &c.

But his great work, and that by which he will ever best be known, is "The Pilgrim's Progress," an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph. This work is so universally known as to render all comment unnecessary. No book has received such general commendation. As to the number of editions through which it has passed it is impossible to form a conjecture. Mr. Southey thinks it probable that "no other book in the English language[1] has obtained so constant and so wide a sale," and that "there is no European language into which it has not been translated." Dr. Johnson, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Montgomery, have united to extol this truly original work: indeed, pages might be occupied with the encomiums with which poets and critics have delighted to honor this once obscure and despised religious writer.[2]

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[1] The Bible, of course, excepted, and probably Watts' Psalms and Hymns.

[2] The poet Southey has written his life; but he was not qualified for it, having little sympathy with Bunyan as a Reformer. Read an excellent article in the 79th number of the North American Review: also another in Macaulay's Miscellanies, i. 428. From the latter I cannot but extract the following:—"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invalu-

We will make but one extract from the Pilgrim's Progress, as it is in the hands of almost every one, and that will be the case of

CHRISTIAN IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair,[1] and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopewell asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.[2]

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able as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." And again: "We are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

[1] "Sooner or later, Doubting Castle will be the prison, and Giant Despair the keeper of all who turn aside from Christ, and his righteousness, to trust in anywise in themselves, and to their own righteousness."

[2] "What! these highly favored Christians in Doubting Castle? Is it possi-

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—[1]

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ble, after having travelled so far in the way of salvation, seen so many glorious things in the way, experienced so much of the grace and love of their Lord, and having so often proved his faithfulness, yet after all this to get into Doubting Castle! Is not this strange? No, it is common! the strongest Christians are liable to err, and get out of the way, and then to be beset with very great and distressing doubts."

[1] "Poor Christian! what! tempted to destroy thyself! Lord, what is man! But 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.'" 1 Cor. x. 13.

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life," and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder:" no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand.[1] I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure awhile: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing

[1] "Mark, how a fit of despair robs a Christian of his courage, reason, and graces. But one single thought of the love, power, and grace of a covenant God in Christ, elevates the Christian's mind with hope."

they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:—

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: what hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.[1]

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you

[1] "Here is the blessing of a hopeful companion. Here is excellent counsel. Let vain professors say what they may against looking back to past experience. It is most certainly good and right so to do; though not to encourage present sloth and presumption, but to excite fresh confidence and hope in the Lord. We have David's example, and Paul's word to encourage us in this: says David, 'The Lord who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this uncircumcised Philistine.'" 1 Sam. xii. 37. See also 2 Cor. i. 10.

have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.[1]

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.[2]

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it

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[1] "What! pray in custody of Giant Despair, in the midst of Doubting Castle; and when their folly brought them there, too! Yes. Mind this, ye pilgrims. Ye are exhorted, 'I will that men pray everywhere, without doubting.' 1 Tim. ii. 8. We can be in no place but God can hear; nor in any circumstance, but God is able to deliver from. And be assured, when the spirit of prayer comes, deliverance is nigh at hand. So it was here."

[2] "Precious promise! The promises of God in Christ are the life of faith, and the quickeners of prayer. O how oft do we neglect God's great and precious promises in Christ Jesus, while doubts and despair keep us prisoners. So it was with these pilgrims: they were kept under hard bondage of soul for four days. Hence we see what it is to grieve the Spirit of God, and should dread it: for he, only, is the Comforter; and if he withdraws his influences, who or what can comfort us?"

waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence:—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.[1]

ROBERT BARCLAY, 1648—1690.

Robert Barclay, the distinguished writer of the Society of Friends, was born in Elgin-Shire, in the north of Scotland,[2] and south-east of Murray Frith, December 23, 1648, of a highly respectable family. After receiving the rudiments of his education at home, he was sent to Paris to pursue his studies under the direction of his uncle, who was rector of the Scots' College in that capital. It was a dangerous experiment, and might have proved permanently injurious, had not young Barclay been possessed of the strictest moral principles, and the highest sense of filial obligation: for he had endeared himself so to his uncle, by his deportment and character, that he offered to make him his heir, and to settle a large estate immediately upon him, if he would remain in France. But his father, knowing that his son was strongly inclined to join the Papal church, directed him to return home. He did not hesitate between what *seemed* interest and duty, and at once abandoned all his prospects of wealth and aggrandizement, to comply with his father's wishes. Such filial obedience is never left without a witness. In Barclay's case the blessing that attended it was most signal. Had he remained in France, though his wealth might have surrounded him with a crowd of flatterers, in all probability he would never have been known after his death. But he returned, and gained a world-wide fame. He returned, and became the ablest expounder of a sect, that *as a sect* has taken the lead

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[1] "Recording our own observations, and the experience we have had in God's dealing with our souls, are made of special and peculiar use to our fellow-Christians."

[2] Not in Edinburgh, as stated by William Penn.

of all others in three great subjects, inseparably connected with *practical*[1] Christianity, Intemperance, Slavery, and War.[2]

A short time before young Barclay left France, his father had been converted to the views and principles of a sect which had existed only ten years—the Quakers. On his return Robert, after giving to the subject a degree of thought and investigation almost beyond his years, followed the example of his father, though only nineteen. He applied himself diligently to the study of the original languages of the Bible, of the Fathers, and of ecclesiastical history; and seeing how much the Friends were misunderstood and abused, he wrote several works in their defence, and in explanation of their principles. But the great work on which his fame rests, is entitled, "An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and practised by the People called in scorn, Quakers." The effect produced by this able work soon became visible, for it proved beyond dispute, that this proscribed sect professed a system of theology that was capable of being defended by strong, if not unanswerable arguments. Some portions of this work became the subject of very animated controversy, not in England only, but on the continent. This occasioned Barclay to appear again in defence of his principles. He also wrote to vindicate the internal arrangements and government of the Friends. He wrote, besides, two treatises on peace, declaring his opinion that all war is indefensible, on account of its incompatibility with the principle of universal benevolence. One of these he addressed to the ambassadors of the several princes of Europe, then assembled at Nimeguen.

"The latter years of Robert Barclay's life were spent in the quiet of his family, in which his mild and amiable virtues found their happiest sphere of exercise. He died October 3, 1690, in the forty-second year of his age—the prime of life—his death having been occasioned by a violent fever, which came on immediately after his return from a religious visit in some parts of Scotland. His moral character was free from every reproach, and his temper was so well regulated, that he was never seen in anger. In all the relations of life, and in his intercourse with the world, he was conspicuous for the exercise of those virtues which are the best test of right principles, and the most unequivocal proof of their practical influence."

The following is a part of the Dedication of his great work, the "Apology," to Charles II. It has been justly praised for its high and fearless tone

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[1] And what other than practical is of any worth? "He shall reward every man according to his WORKS:" Matt. xvi. 27. "Inasmuch as ye have DONE it unto one of the least ye have DONE it unto Me:" Matt. xxv. 40. "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only:" James ii. 24. "What doth the Lord require of thee but to DO justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah vi. 8. "If no faith be living nor yet available to justification without works, then works are necessary to justification:" Barclay.

[2] The three great scourges of the human race, which have done more than every thing else to degrade and brutalize man, and therefore are most diametrically opposed to the principles and teachings of Him, who came to bring "*peace* on earth and *good will* to man."

of Christian faithfulness and independent truth; the more to be admired, as it was written and published in times of great licentiousness and servility to the reigning monarch.

DEDICATION TO CHARLES SECOND.

As it is inconsistent with the truth I bear, so it is far from me to use this epistle as an engine to flatter thee, the usual design of such works: and therefore I can neither dedicate it to thee, nor crave thy patronage, as if thereby I might have more confidence to present it to the world, or be more hopeful of its success. To God alone I owe what I have, and that more immediately in matters spiritual, and therefore to Him alone, and to the service of His truth, I dedicate whatever work He brings forth in me, to whom only the praise and honor appertain, whose truth needs not the patronage of worldly princes, His arm and power being that alone, by which it is propagated, established, and confirmed. *

There is no king in the world, who can so experimentally testify of God's providence and goodness; neither is there any, who rules so many free people, so many true Christians; which thing renders thy government more honorable, thyself more considerable, than the accession of many nations, filled with slavish and superstitious souls.

Thou hast tasted of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be overruled, as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man:[1] if after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give up thyself to follow lust and vanity; surely great will be thy condemnation.

Against which snare, as well as the temptation of those that may or do feed thee, and prompt thee to evil; the most excellent and prevalent remedy will be, to apply thyself to that light of Christ, which shineth in thy conscience, which neither can, nor will flatter thee, nor suffer thee to be at ease in thy

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[1] A similar sentiment was expressed by William Pinckney, in the Maryland House of Delegates in 1789. "It will not do thus to TALK like philosophers, and as slaveholders, ACT like unrelenting tyrants; to be perpetually sermonizing it, with liberty for our text, and actual oppression for our commentary." So, also, Edward Rushton, in his letter to General Washington: "Man is never so truly odious as when he inflicts upon others that which he himself abominates."

sins; but doth and will deal plainly and faithfully with thee, as those that are followers thereof have also done.

God Almighty, who hath so signally hitherto visited thee with His love, so touch and reach thy heart, ere the day of thy visitation be expired, that thou mayest effectually turn to Him, so as to improve thy place and station for His name. So wisheth, so prayeth,

Thy faithful friend and subject,

ROBERT BARCLAY.

AGAINST TITLES OF HONOR.

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive these titles of honor, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, "O King!" and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, "O King Agrippa," &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, "Your Excellency," having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called, "Your Grace," appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called "Your Honor," is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them. * * * * * *

Fourthly, as to those titles of "Holiness," "Eminency," and "Excellency," used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and "Grace," "Lordship," and "Worship,"

used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use "Holiness" and "Grace" because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how come they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say "Your Holiness," and "Your Grace" one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honor they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honor nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, "If it please your Grace," "your Holiness," nor "your Worship;" they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostacy.[1] For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of "Majesty" usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

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[1] For some views, which appear to me truly sound and scriptural, upon the title of Doctor of Divinity, see Barnes' notes upon Matt. xxiii. 8. Are not the same arguments of equal force against the title of *Reverend?*

SIR ROBERT BOYLE, 1626—1692.

Robert Boyle, the son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, was born at Lismore, in the county of Cork, January 25, 1626. When eight years of age he entered Eton School, and having pursued his studies there with great success for one so young, he was sent with his brother Francis, who had lately married, to travel upon the continent. At Geneva he and his brother remained for some time, and pursued their studies, Robert resuming his mathematics, in which he had been initiated at Eton.

An anecdote, which explains the cause of his first attention to mathematical subjects, ought not to be passed over in silence, as it not only indicates the early development of his reasoning powers, but exhibits, in a striking manner, a general and important fact in education. When at Eton School, and before he was ten years of age, while recovering from a severe illness, some romances were put into his hands to divert and amuse him. His good habits of study were thereby so weakened, that on his restoration to health he found it difficult to fix his attention to any one subject. To recover his former habits, he resorted to an expedient certainly remarkable for one so young. He applied himself forcibly to "the extraction of the square and cube roots, and especially those more laborious operations of algebra which so entirely exact the whole mind, that the smallest distraction or heedlessness constrains us to renew our trouble, and re-begin the operation." This had the desired effect. It gave also a permanent direction to his talents, and was the commencement of that series of philosophical investigations and discoveries, which have rendered his name immortal.

He quitted Geneva in 1641, and spent the next winter in Florence. During his stay in this city, the famous astronomer Galileo died at a village in the vicinity. He thence visited Rome, Leghorn, and Genoa, and in 1644 he returned with his brother to England. He found that his father, who had removed from Ireland to Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, had recently died, and that he himself had come into the possession of the manor at Stalbridge, with other property. From this time to the end of his life, he appears to have been engaged in study. He was one of the first members of the "Invisible College," as he calls it, which, after the Restoration, became the Royal Society. In 1654 he took up his residence at Oxford, on account of the favorableness of the place to retirement, study, and philosophical intercourse. During his residence here he made great improvements in the air-pump, though he did not invent it, as some have stated.

But Boyle did not devote all his time to Natural Philosophy: he gave a portion of it to the study of the original languages of the Scriptures, and of the Scriptures themselves. He also took an interest in every plan for the circulation of the Word of Truth, and as a member of the East India Company, in 1676, pressed upon that body the duty of promoting Christianity in the East. He continued up to the close of his life to devote himself to the study of philosophy, and like Newton he will ever be known as a

"Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his Word sagacious."

He died on the 30th of December (Old Style) 1691.

The writings of Boyle are very voluminous, the greater part being on subjects of mechanical philosophy; though he wrote not a few on moral subjects.[1] Of the latter are "Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures;" "Occasional Reflections on several Subjects;" "Considerations about the Reconcileableness of Reason and Religion;" "The Christian Virtuoso," showing that "by being addicted to experimental philosophy, a man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian," &c. As a man, it is said of him by a biographer, that "his benevolence, both in action and sentiment, distinguished him from others as much as his acquirements and experiments: and that, in an age when toleration was unknown." He has been styled the author of the "New or Experimental Philosophy," but it should always be recollected that Bacon pointed out the way. "The excellent Mr. Boyle," says Mr. Hughes,[2] "was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labors and inquiries of that extraordinary genius, Lord Bacon. By innumerable experiments he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational as well as devout adoration of its divine Author." Bishop Burnet sums up a brilliant eulogium of his character in the following strain:—"I will not amuse you with a list of his astonishing knowledge, or of his great performances in this way. They are highly valued all the world over, and his name is everywhere mentioned with particular characters of respect. Few men, if any, have been known to have made so great a compass, and to have been so exact in all parts of it, as Boyle."

THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FAVORABLE TO RELIGION.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may

[1] His complete works were published in 1744 by Dr. Birch, in 5 vols. folio.
[2] Spectator, No. 554.

justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and (in a word) many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being. * *

The works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things. * *

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, "formed the eye." And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision, will

not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humors, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the laws of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight.

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It is not by a slight survey, but by a diligent and skilful scrutiny of the works of God, that a man must be, by a rational and affective conviction, engaged to acknowledge with the prophet, that the Author of nature is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

DISCRIMINATION NECESSARY IN READING THE SCRIPTURES.

We should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-book, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composures, that though the holy men of God (as St. Peter calls them) were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penmen, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four Evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical, and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein, though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not

only prophets, and kings, and priests being introduced speaking, but soldiers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons, from whom witty or eloquent things are not (especially when they speak *ex tempore*) to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to the Scripture any want of eloquence, that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to talk as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as it often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down indeed what they said, but what he thought fit that such persons on such occasions should have said. Whereas the penmen of the Scripture, as one of them truly professes, having not followed cunningly devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615—1691.

Few writers in the English language have obtained a wider fame than the celebrated non-conformist[1] divine, Richard Baxter. He was born at Rowdon, a small village in Shropshire, on the 12th of November, 1615. Being seriously impressed at an early age, it was his great desire to enter one of the universities, and study for the ministry. But want of means prevented the former, though he was enabled to reach the ultimate object of his wishes, by studying with a clergyman, Mr. Francis Garbett, who conducted him through a course of theology, and gave him much valuable assistance in his general reading. In 1638 he received ordination in the Church of England, having at that time no scruples on the score of subscription. In 1640 he was invited to preach to a congregation at Kidderminster, which invitation he accepted, and there labored many years with signal success. When the civil war broke out, he sided with the Parliament, and of course after the Restoration he had his share of the sufferings that at-

[1] In the year 1662, two years after the Restoration of Charles II., a law was passed, called the Act of Uniformity, which enjoined upon every beneficed person, not only to use the Prayer-book, but to declare his assent and consent to every part of it, with many other very severe restrictions. It had the effect of banishing at once two thousand divines from the pale of the English church, who are called "Non-conformists;" of this number was Baxter.

tended all the non-conformist divines. On the accession of James II. 1685, he was arrested by a warrant from that most infamous of men, lord-chief justice Jeffries, for some passages in his "Commentary on the New Testament," supposed hostile to Episcopacy, and was tried for sedition. The brutal insolence and tyranny of Jeffries on this trial, have signalized it as one of the most disgraceful proceedings on legal record. He acted the part of prosecutor as well as judge, insulting his counsel in the coarsest manner, refusing to hear his witnesses, and saying he was "sorry that the Act of Indemnity disabled him from hanging him." He was fined five hundred marks, and sentenced to prison till it was paid. He was confined in prison nearly eighteen months, when he was pardoned and the fine remitted. The solitude of his prison was enlivened on this, as on former occasions, by the affectionate attentions of his wife; for it was his good fortune to marry one who cheerfully submitted to, and shared all his sufferings on the score of conscience. He lived to see that favorable change in reference to religious toleration, which commenced at the Revolution of 1688, and died on the 8th of December, 1691.

Baxter was a most voluminous writer, above one hundred and forty-five treatises of his being enumerated. Two of them, the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted," have been extremely popular, and met with a circulation which few other books have attained. The learned and unlearned have alike united to extol them, for they are admirably adapted to persons of every class and rank in life. The reason is, they are addressed to the heart and to the conscience, which are common to all; that they appertain to that purity of heart and life which are indispensable to the happiness of all; and that they treat of those eternal things in which the king and the peasant, the rich and the poor have an equal interest.[1]

Baxter left behind him a "Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times," which was published in a folio volume after his death. It is here we find that review of his religious opinions written in the latter part of his life, which Coleridge[2] speaks of as one of the most remarkable pieces of writing that have come down to us. It was a favorite book of Dr. Johnson. The following are some extracts from it:

EXPERIENCE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or

[1] Dr. Isaac Barrow has said, that "his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom refuted."

[2] Biographia Literaria.

censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

DESIRE OF APPROBATION.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory, when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity.

CHARACTER OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of jus-

tice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honors of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honor of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause, was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He hath himself written four volumes in folio, three of which I have read, against atheism, Sadduceeism, and infidelity, to prove first the Deity, and then the immortality of man's soul, and then the truth of Christianity and the Holy Scripture, answering the infidel's objections against Scripture. It is strong and masculine, only too tedious for impatient readers. He said he wrote it only at vacant hours in his circuits, to regulate his meditations, finding, that while he wrote down what he thought on, his thoughts were the easier kept close to work, and kept in a method. But I could not persuade him to publish them.

The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions. Those who take none for religious who frequent not private meetings, &c., took him for an excellently righteous moral man; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concernments of eternity, and saw his love to all good

men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own. When the people crowded in and out of my house to hear, he openly showed me so great respect before them at the door, and never spake a word against it, as was no small encouragement to the common people to go on; though the other sort muttered, that a judge should seem so far to countenance that which they took to be against the law. He was a great lamenter of the extremities of the times, and of the violence and foolishness of the predominant clergy, and a great desirer of such abatements as might restore us all to serviceableness and unity. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH IN CHARLES SECOND'S REIGN.

I cannot forget, that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labors of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the book of sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year (for many years together), and the place of the dancing assembly was not an hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of non-conformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic-dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSIES.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work, both tyrannical and unskilful, disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavors have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace (rather than any endeavors of mine), are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in a contrary way.

JOHN TILLOTSON, 1630—1694.

John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in Sowerby, in Yorkshire, in 1630. His father was a strict Puritan, and carefully instilled his own principles into the mind of his son, and in 1647 sent him to Cambridge to be under the tuition of David Clarkson, an eminent Presbyterian divine. After leaving college he became tutor in the family of Edmund Prideux, the attorney-general of Cromwell. In 1661, one year after the accession of Charles II., he complied with the act of uniformity, and consequently soon received a curacy in the Established Church; after which he rose successively, through the many gradations, till in 1690 he was elevated to the see of Canterbury. He lived to enjoy his new honors but four years, dying in 1694.

The sermons of Tillotson are his principal compositions, and so very popular was he, in his day, as a preacher, that a bookseller gave to his widow two thousand five hundred guineas for the copyright. They were

proposed to divines as "models of correct and elegant composition," but they will not quite bear such eulogy. Perspicuity, smoothness, and verbal purity belong to them, but they do not possess much richness or vigor of thought. Still, however, his writings may be read with great pleasure as well as profit.[1]

FALSE AND TRUE PLEASURE.

Nothing is more certain in reason and experience, than that every inordinate appetite and affection is a punishment to itself; and is perpetually crossing its own pleasure, and defeating its own satisfaction, by overshooting the mark it aims at. For instance, *intemperance* in eating and drinking, instead of delighting and satisfying nature, doth but load and clog it; and instead of quenching a natural thirst, which it is extremely pleasant to do, creates an unnatural one, which is troublesome and endless. The pleasure of *revenge*, as soon as it is executed, turns into grief and pity, guilt and remorse, and a thousand melancholy wishes that we had restrained ourselves from so unreasonable an act. And the same is as evident in other sensual excesses, not so fit to be described. We may trust *Epicurus* for this, that there can be no true pleasure without temperance in the use of pleasure. And God and reason hath set us no other bounds concerning the use of sensual pleasures, but that we take care not to be injurious to ourselves, or others, in the kind or degree of them. And it is very visible, that all sensual excess is naturally attended with a double inconvenience: as it goes beyond the limits of nature, it begets bodily pains and diseases: as it transgresseth the rules of reason and religion, it breeds guilt and remorse in the mind. And these are, beyond comparison, the two greatest evils in this world; a diseased body, and a discontented mind; and in this I am sure I speak to the inward feeling and experience of men; and say nothing but what every vicious man finds, and hath a more lively sense of, than is to be expressed by words.

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[1] "The sermons of Tillotson were, for half a century, more read than any in our language: they are now bought almost as waste paper, and hardly read at all."—*Hallam.*

"Simplicity is the great beauty of Tillotson's manner. His style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss; too often feeble and languid; with little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of piety and good sense runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction conveyed in a style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly commend him to high regard."—*Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Lecture XIX.*

When all is done, there is no pleasure comparable to that of innocency, and freedom from the stings of a guilty conscience; this is a pure and spiritual pleasure, much above any sensual delight. And yet among all the delights of sense, that of health (which is the natural consequent of a sober, and chaste, and regular life) is a sensual pleasure far beyond that of any vice. For it is the life of life, and that which gives a grateful relish to all our other enjoyments. It is not indeed so violent and transporting a pleasure, but it is pure, and even, and lasting, and hath no guilt or regret, no sorrow and trouble in it, or after it: which is a worm that infallibly breeds in all vicious and unlawful pleasures, and makes them to be bitterness in the end.

EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvass with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

EDUCATION.

Such ways of education as are prudently fitted to the particular disposition of children, are like wind and tide together, which will make the work go on amain: but those ways which are applied cross to nature are like wind against tide, which will make a stir and conflict, but a very slow progress.

The principles of religion and virtue must be instilled and dropped into them by such degrees, and in such a measure, as they are capable of receiving them: for children are narrow-mouthed vessels, and a great deal cannot be poured into them at once.

Young years are tender, and easily wrought upon, apt to be

moulded into any fashion: they are like moist and soft clay, which is pliable to any form; but soon grows hard, and then nothing is to be made of it.

Great severities do often work an effect quite contrary to that which was intended; and many times those who were bred up in a very severe school hate learning ever after for the sake of the cruelty that was used to force it upon them. So likewise an endeavor to bring children to piety and goodness by unreasonable strictness and rigor, does often beget in them a lasting disgust and prejudice against religion, and teacheth them to hate virtue, at the same time that they teach them to know it.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1628—1698.

William Temple, otherwise Sir William Temple, an eminent statesman and writer of his day, was born in London, 1628, and at the age of seventeen entered Emanuel College, Cambridge. After spending about two years at the University, he spent six years in travelling upon the continent, and returning in 1654, he married and lived in privacy under the Protectorate, declining all office: but soon after the Restoration, Charles II. bestowed a baronetcy upon him, and appointed him English resident at the court of Brussels. He paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated "triple alliance" between England, Holland, and Sweden, which for a time checked the ambitious career of Louis XIV. Here, too, he formed an intimacy with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England.

His subsequent public employments were numerous; but when he discovered that Charles determined to govern without his Parliament, he quitted the court in disgust, and retired to his house at Sheen, near Richmond, in Surrey, whence he sent by his son a message to his majesty, stating that "he would pass the rest of his life as good a subject as any in his kingdoms, but would never more meddle with public affairs." From this period, he lived so retired a life, that the transactions which brought about the Revolution of 1688, were unknown to him. After the abdication of James, the Prince of Orange pressed him to become secretary of state, but could not prevail upon him to accept the post. He died in 1698, at the age of sixty-nine.

The works of Sir William Temple consist, chiefly, of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest productions are, "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands," composed during his first retirement at Sheen; and an "Essay on the Original and Nature of Government." Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote "Essays"

on "Ancient and Modern Learning;" the "Gardens of Epicurus;" "Heroic Virtue;" "Poetry;" and "Health and Long Life."

His "Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning," gave rise to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. In it he maintained the position, that the ancients were far superior to the moderns, not in genius only, but in learning and science. After citing many works of the ancients to sustain his position, he adduced the "Epistles of Phalaris,"[1] which he declared genuine, and ventured to pronounce them as one of the greatest works of antiquity. This led to a publication of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle, as editor. Immediately appeared "A Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris," by that celebrated critic and profound Greek scholar, Richard Bentley, clearly showing them to be a forgery. Then appeared "Bentley's Dissertation Examined," ostensibly by Boyle, but really by Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Oxford divines; which seemed to give the Boyle party the advantage, till Bentley published his rejoinder, which showed such depth and extent of learning, and such powers of reasoning, as completely prostrated all his antagonists. But what could not be done by argument, was attempted to be done by ridicule, and Pope,[2] Swift, Garth, Middleton and others came into the field. In the use of this weapon Swift, of course, proved the ablest champion, and in that work of infinite humor, entitled "The Battle of the Books," he not only ridiculed Bentley, but also his friend, the Rev. William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise, entitled, "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning."[3]

"Sir William Temple," says Dr. Blair, "is another remarkable writer in the style of simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his style a more lively impression of his own character."

PLEASURES OF A RURAL LIFE.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, (namely, gardening,) were the inclination of my

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[1] Phalaris was a tyrant of Agrigentum, in Sicily, who flourished more than five hundred years before Christ. The Epistles which bear his name, and which are utterly worthless in a literary point of view, were probably written by some rhetorician or sophist, in the time of the Cæsars.

[2] Pope says that Boyle wrote only the narrative of what passed between him and the booksellers, which, too, was corrected for him; that Freind, the master of Westminster school, and Atterbury wrote the body of the criticisms; and that Dr. King wrote the droll argument to prove that Dr. Bentley was not the author of the Dissertation on the Epistles.

[3] This famous controversy excited the literary world for years. Eustice Budgell, the greatest contributor to the Spectator, next to Addison and Steele, published an account of it.

youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen, which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove.

COMPARISON BETWEEN HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Homer was, without dispute, the most universal genius that has been known in the world, and *Virgil* the most accomplished. To the first, must be allowed the most fertile invention, the richest vein, the most general knowledge, and the most lively expression: to the last, the noblest ideas, the justest institution, the wisest conduct, and the choicest elocution. To speak in the painter's terms, we find in the works of *Homer*, the most spirit, force, and life; in those of *Virgil*, the best design, the truest proportions, and the greatest grace; the coloring in both seems equal, and, indeed, is in both admirable. *Homer* had more fire and rapture, *Virgil* more light and swiftness; or, at least, the poetical fire was more raging in one, but clearer in the other, which makes the first more amazing, and the latter more agreeable. The ore was heavier in one, but in the other more refined, and better alloyed to make up excellent work. Upon the whole, I think it must be confessed, that *Homer* was of the two, and perhaps of all others, the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful *genius;* and that he has been generally so esteemed, there cannot be a greater testimony given, than what has been by some observed, that not only the greatest masters have found in his works the best and truest principles of all their sciences or arts, but that the noblest nations have derived from them the original of their several races,

though it be hardly yet agreed, whether his story be true, or fiction. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much excelled in their kinds, as to have exceeded all comparison, to have even extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry, not only to their two languages, but to their very persons. And I am apt to believe so much of the true *genius* of poetry in general, and of its elevation in these two particulars, that I know not, whether of all the numbers of mankind, that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making such a poet as *Homer* or *Virgil*, there may not be a thousand born capable of making as great generals of armies, or ministers of state, as any the most renowned in story.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1630—1700.

John Dryden, the celebrated English poet, was born in Aldwincle, in Northamptonshire, 1631. He was first educated in Westminster school, and afterwards in Trinity College, Cambridge. His first poem that attracted notice, was his stanzas on Cromwell's death; but so exceedingly pliable was he, that, in 1660, he wrote a congratulatory address to Charles II., on his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. But this did not "put money in his purse," and he was soon obliged to betake himself to what was then a more profitable department of poetry, and write for the stage, which he continued to do for many years. In these literary labors he debased his genius to an extent which no "circumstances of the times" can excuse, by writing in a manner and style that entirely harmonized with the licentious spirit and taste of the court and age of Charles II.

In 1668 he succeeded Davenant as Poet Laureate,[1] which excited the envy of those who aspired to the same royal distinction. The most powerful of his enemies were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, the former of whom ridiculed the poet in that well-known farce called "The Rehearsal." In return, Dryden, in 1681, published his satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," perhaps the most vigorous as well as the most popular of all his poetical writings. This was speedily followed by "The Medal," a bitter lampoon on Shaftesbury, and was followed up the next year by "Mac Flecknoe,"[2] and the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel." These

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[1] From the Latin *laureatus*, "crowned with laurel," as those were who gained the prize of poetry at the Olympic Games. This term is applied to the court poets of England, who are expected to write in favor of the reigning powers. The office was made patent by Charles I., and the salary fixed at £100 and a tierce of wine.

[2] *Mac* is the Celtic for *son;* and Richard Flecknoe was an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and a well-known hackneyed poetaster of the day. The lead-

were all most bitter satires upon his personal enemies, Buckingham, Monmouth, Shaftesbury, Settle, Shadwell and others. In "Absalom and Achitophel," Monmouth figures under the former, and Shaftesbury under the latter name.

After the accession of James, (1685,) when Popery became the chief qualification for court favor, Dryden renounced Protestantism and turned Papist. He gained but little by it, though he wrote in defence of the Romish faith in "The Hind and the Panther."[1] In 1689, one year after the abdication of James, he would not take the required oaths to the government of William and Mary, and was therefore compelled to resign his office of poet-laureate, which, with a salary increased to £300, was conferred on Thomas Shadwell, whom Dryden thus satirized in his "Mac Flecknoe."

> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
> Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
> Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
> But Shadwell's genuine night admits no day.[2]

The latter years of his life were devoted to the translation of Juvenal and Perseus, and of the Æneid, by which he is more known than by any of his original poetry, if we except the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," which he "finished at one sitting," as he himself said, while he was engaged in translating the Mantuan Bard. This ode ranks among the best lyrical pieces in our language; but it contains some licentiousness of imagery and description which justly detracts from its general popularity. His last work was a Masque, composed about three weeks before his death, which took place on the 1st of May, 1700. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The character of Dryden is not such as to command our respect or esteem. He seems to have had no sound principles, either in morals or in religion. His movements were those of the weathercock, showing the current of the popular breeze. He wrote for the day, and he had his reward,—popularity for the time, but comparative neglect with posterity. He derives his fame as a poet, as it seems to us, from his cotemporary reputation being handed down from generation to generation, and acquiesced in as a matter of course, and not from the intrinsic merit of what he has written. Were any person called to name any one particular production which shows him to be a great poet, he would be sorely puzzled. He could appeal to none as universally

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ing idea of the poem, therefore, is, to represent the solemn inauguration of one inferior poet as the successor ("son") of another, in the monarchy of nonsense.

[1] The idea of two beasts discussing arguments in theology, and quoting the Fathers, excited disgust or merriment, so that, as a work of controversy, it proved a complete failure.

[2] That this is the language of bitter personal enmity no one can doubt, from the fact that such a one as Dryden describes would not be honored with such a post. Accordingly, a modern critic (Retrospective Review, xvi. 56) says of Shadwell, "he was an accomplished observer of human nature, had a ready power of seizing the ridiculous in the manners of the times, was a man of sense and information, and displayed in his writings a very considerable fund of humor."

read, and as universally admired. Not so with all our truly great poets:—not so with Milton, or Shakspeare, or Spenser, or Chaucer, or Cowper, or Young, or Pope, or Gray, or many others. Whenever their names are mentioned the mind at once reverts to their undying productions. Johnson, in an elaborate piece of ambitious antithetic criticism, has compared Pope with Dryden, rather to the advantage of the latter. I think most unjustly so; for what has Dryden written equal to the "Rape of the Lock," or "The Messiah," or the "Essay on Man," or the "Essay on Criticism?" Where Dryden is quoted once, Pope is, a hundred times. Where one edition of Dryden's poems is published, those of the bard of Twickingham are sold by the scores. Even his satires, in which he excelled, are by no means equal to Pope's in vigor or pungency, and certainly not in smoothness. As to his dramas they are now entirely forgotten, as most of them deserve to be.

What an instructive lesson the case of Dryden reads to men of intellect. Endowed with abilities of the highest order, he was clearly capable of producing such works as posterity would "not willingly let die." But instead of spending his mighty strength upon those principles of immutable truth and of universal human nature, which will ever find a response in the human heart as long as there are hearts to feel, he wasted his time and debased his genius, by writing on subjects of merely temporal interest, and in such a manner as to be in keeping with the corrupt sentiments and the licentious spirit of the age. When will men of genius, capable of exerting a mighty influence for good, for all coming time, learn to trample under their feet the false and debasing sentiments, dishonoring to God and degrading to man, that exist around them, and rise to immortality by the only sure paths,—virtue and truth?[1]

CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.[2]

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,

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[1] Read two articles on Dryden in the Retrospective Review, i. 113, and iv. 55: also, one in the Edinburgh, xiii. 116, and another in Macaulay's Miscellanies, i. 127. Also, in Blair's Lectures, Lect. xviii., and in Hallam's Literature, pp. 377 and 378. The best edition of Dryden's works is that by Sir Walter Scott, 18 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1821.

[2] This is the best drawn of any in "Absalom and Achitophel," and free from much of the coarseness that is found in the other portraits.

He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;[1]
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper for the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

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[1] The proposition of Dryden, that great wit is allied to madness, will not bear the test of scrutiny. It has been successfully combated by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. "The greatest wits," says Lamb, "will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them." Shaftesbury's restlessness was owing to his ambition and his vanity; to a want of judgment and principle, not an excess of wit.

ON MILTON.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,[1]

Paraphrased from the Latin Hymn.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete![2]
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

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[1] "Come, Creator Spirit."
[2] "Paraclete," a Greek word signifying "Comforter."

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED.

Imitated from Horace.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honors mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,

If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

In speaking thus of Dryden, we mean to be understood as having reference to his poetry. But these remarks are not equally applicable to his prose. Here he has written upon subjects of general interest, and here he has received general commendation. Here, too, as to style, all is clear, vigorous, elegant. "No writer, indeed," says Dr. Drake, "seems to have studied the genius of our language with happier success. If in elegance and grammatical precision he has since been exceeded, to none need he give way, in point of vigor, variety, richness, and spirit." His chief prose compositions are his "Essay on Satire," his Prefaces, and his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry." Of the latter, Dr. Johnson says, that it "was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; being lofty without exaggeration. In a few lines is exhibited a character so extensive in its comprehension and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation and reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence,—of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value though of greater bulk."[1]

SHAKSPEARE.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man, who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily:

[1] The highest compliment ever paid to his diction has been recorded by Mr. Malone; namely, THE IMITATION OF EDMUND BURKE, "who," says the critic, "had very diligently read all his miscellaneous essays, which he held in high estimation, not only for the instruction which they contain, but on account of the rich and numerous prose in which that instruction is conveyed."

when he describes any thing, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantùm lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.[1]

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their "Philaster:" for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ "Every Man in his Humor." Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor,

[1] "As the cypresses are wont to do among the slender shrubs."

which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

BEN JONSON.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages,) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humor, also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in his rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words

which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakspeare.

CHAUCER AND COWLEY.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets[1] is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelve-month; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being *poeta*, and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends—it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him, and sometime after him, thought it musical, and it continues so even in

[1] Cowley.

our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him;[1] for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse, where we find but nine. But this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise.[2] We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children, before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace. Even after Chaucer, there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.

SPENSER AND MILTON.

In epic poetry the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery,

[1] Speght, in 1597.

[2] This position, however, has been completely disproved by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who, in his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, has admirably explained the versification and language of Chaucer, and shown the former to be in general correct.

though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, laboring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture.[1] His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse,[1] though I may excuse him, by the example of

[1] These criticisms on Milton clearly show that Dryden had not the loftiness of soul fully to appreciate the merits of the great English bard.

Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his "Juvenilia," or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

JOHN LOCKE, 1632—1704.

John Locke, the eminent philosophical writer, was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, on the 29th of August, 1632. He was educated at Westminster school, and at the age of nineteen entered the University of Oxford. He applied himself with great diligence to the study of classical literature, and to the philosophical works of Bacon and Descartes. He made choice of medicine, as a profession, and after taking his degrees in the arts, he practised for a short time in the University. But he was soon compelled to relinquish it from the weakness of his constitution.

In 1664 he visited Berlin, as Secretary to the English minister, but after a year he returned to Oxford, where he formed an acquaintance with Lord Ashley, afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury, and accepted his invitation to reside in his house; where he became acquainted with some of the most eminent men of the day. Here he drew up a constitution for the government of South Carolina, which province had been granted by Charles II. to Lord Ashley, with seven others.[1] In 1670 he commenced his investigations in metaphysical philosophy, and laid the plan of that great work, his "Essay on the Human Understanding." In 1675, being apprehensive of consumption, Locke went to Montpellier, in France, and after residing there four years, he was invited to England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had been restored to favor and appointed president of the new council. But this prosperity was not of long duration, for in 1682, the earl was obliged to flee to Holland, to avoid a prosecution for high treason. Locke followed his patron, where, even after his death, he continued to reside, for the hostility felt towards Shaftesbury was transferred to Locke. On the Revolution of 1688, he returned with the fleet that brought over the Prince of Orange; and accepted the offer of apartments in the house of his friend Sir Francis Masham, in Oates, in Essex, where he resided for the remainder of his life,

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[1] The main provisions of his constitution were, that "all men are free and equal by nature," and that "the object of government is the security of persons and property." It is hard to say whether the sad or the ludicrous prevails, when contrasting these noble principles of that great philosopher with the present practice of that same state.

devoting it mostly to the study of the Scriptures, and died on the 28th of October, 1704.

The great work of Locke, and that which has immortalized his name, is (1), his "Essay concerning Human Understanding." It applies the Baconian method of observation and experience to establish a theory of human knowledge, showing, that we have no innate ideas; that the only source of our knowledge is experience; that this experience is two-fold, either internal or external, according as it is employed about sensible objects or the operations of our minds; and hence that there are two kinds of ideas,—ideas of sensation, and ideas of reflection. These positions, with many others collateral and connected, this great work establishes on a basis that can never be shaken.[1]

His other works, scarcely inferior in value and importance to his "Essay," were (2), "On the Reasonableness of Christianity," published in 1695. This was intended to aid the reigning monarch, William III., in his design to reconcile and unite all sects of professing Christians; and accordingly, the object of the tract was to determine what, amid so many conflicting views of religion, were the points of belief common to all. (3.) "Letters on Toleration." (4.) "Two Treatises on Civil Government," in defence of the Revolution, and in answer to the partizans of the exiled king, who called the existing government an usurpation. In this he maintains conclusively, that the legitimacy of a government depends solely and ultimately on the popular sanction, or the consent of men, making use of their reason, to unite and form societies. (5.) "Thoughts on Education." (6.) "A Discourse on Miracles." (7.) "Paraphrases, with notes, of the Epistles of St. Paul," together with, (8,) an "Essay for the Understanding of St. Paul's Epistles, by consulting St. Paul himself." To these were added many minor treatises, with that most useful book, entitled, "A New Method of a Common Place Book."

As to the style of Locke, Dr. Drake makes the following just remarks. "The diction he has adopted is, in general, such as does honor to his judgment. Relinquishing ornament and studied cadences, he is merely solicitous to convey his ideas with perspicuity and precision. No affectation, no conceits, no daring metaphors or inverted periods, disfigure his pages; all is clear, easy, and natural, exhibiting a plain and simple style accommodated to the purposes of philosophy."

As to his personal character it was in complete harmony with the opinions, political, moral, and religious, which he so zealously and so ably advocated. A more happy combination of the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar, has, perhaps, never been exhibited than in the person of this distinguished philosopher. While his talents were devoted to works which take the highest rank in English literature, his pure and virtuous life gave the most satisfactory proof of the practical efficacy of a piety, the sincerity of which

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[1] "Few books," says Sir James Mackintosh, "have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding."

was clearly proved by his efforts to show that all the parts of the Christian system are reconcileable to human reason.[1]

PRACTICE AND HABIT.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is

[1] "His writings have diffused throughout the civilized world the love of civil liberty; the spirit of toleration and charity in religious differences; the disposition to reject whatever is obscure, fantastic, or hypothetical in speculation; to abandon problems which admit of no solution; to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed; and to prefer those studies which most directly contribute to human happiness."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL EDUCATION.

Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain; it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all

the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the worse or more dangerous man.[1]

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF HISTORY.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, farther than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valor as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, over-ran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money;

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[1] "Next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence—the mother—is that of the school-master. It is powerful already. What would it be if, in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well-informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honored in the discharge of its duties! How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and dignity of the country demand, their labors must be fitly remunerated, and themselves and their calling cherished and honored."—*Discourse of Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York.*

these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. *

I shall only add one word, and then conclude: and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There, also, one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

ORTHODOXY AND HERESY.

The great division among Christians is about opinions. Every sect has its set of them, and that is called Orthodoxy; and he that professes his assent to them, though with an implicit faith, and without examining, is orthodox, and in the way to salvation. But if he examines, and thereupon questions any one of them, he is presently suspected of heresy; and if he oppose them or hold the contrary, he is presently condemned as in a damnable error, and in the sure way to perdition. Of this, one may say, that there is nor can be nothing more wrong. For he that examines, and upon a fair examination embraces an error for a truth, has done his duty more than he who embraces the profession (for the truths themselves he does not embrace) of the truth, without having examined whether it be true or no. And he that has done his duty according to the best of his ability, is certainly more in the way to heaven than he who has done nothing of it. For if it be our duty to search after truth, he certainly that has searched after it, though he has not found it, in some points has paid a more acceptable obedience to the will of his Maker, than he that has not searched at all, but professes to have found truth, when he has neither searched nor found it. For he that takes up the opinions of any church in the lump, without examining them, has truly neither searched after nor found truth, but has only found those that he thinks

have found truth, and so receives what they say with an implicit faith, and so pays them the homage that is due only to God, who cannot be deceived, nor deceive. In this way the several churches (in which, as one may observe, opinions are preferred to life, and orthodoxy is that which they are concerned for, and not morals) put the terms of salvation on that which the Author of our salvation does not put them in. The believing of a collection of certain propositions, which are called and esteemed fundamental articles, because it has pleased the compilers to put them into their confession of faith, is made the condition of salvation.

DUTY OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful), we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbor of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

ROBERT SOUTH, 1633—1716.

Dr. Robert South, a divine celebrated for his wit as well as his learning, was born at Hackney, in Middlesex, in 1633, being the son of a London merchant. He entered Westminster school, under Dr. Busby, in 1647, and rendered himself remarkable the following year, by reading the Latin prayers in the school on the day of the execution of Charles I., and by praying for him by name. This is a key to his whole character. Throughout his life he was a great Tory, and a most bigoted high-churchman, cordially hating, and intemperately abusing all who favored a popular government, or greater spirituality in religion. In one of his sermons, for instance, he maintains that "kings are endowed with more than ordinary sagacity and quickness of understanding; they have a singular courage and presence of mind in cases of difficulty; and their hearts are disposed to virtuous courses." A man that could so write, with one half of the kings of his own country before his

eyes, to say nothing of those of other countries, must be so blinded by prejudice as to make his opinions of very little worth. But, by such kings as the second Charles and the second James, such a divine might expect to be rewarded. Accordingly he was advanced from one preferment to another, was made doctor of divinity, and also one of Charles Second's chaplains, and on the accession of James he was offered an archbishopric in Ireland. This, however, he declined from a desire to live more privately, and the latter part of his life he employed in preparing his sermons for the press. He died in 1716.

The sermons of South are curious and witty productions, containing a great amount of strong, masculine sense, and are practical in an eminent degree, as the following extracts show.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I showed before, that, in matters of labor, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For, let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions (as Solomon expresses it) never fail to make themselves wings, and fly away.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds: "If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?" Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words

command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops.

Come we now to a rich old pretender to godliness, and tell him that there is such a one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed, as much the readier speaker of the two, "The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want." So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then, answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that "you could not come in a worse time; that now-a-days money is very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman."

Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him up again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus, who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

Why, what are the prayers of a covetous wretch worth? what will thy blessing go for? what will it buy? Is this the charity that the apostle here, in the text, presses upon the Corinthians?[1] This the case in which God accepts the willingness of the mind instead of the liberality of the purse? No, assuredly; but the measures that God marks out to thy charity are these: thy superfluities must give place to thy neighbor's great convenience; thy convenience must veil thy neighbor's necessity; and, lastly, thy very necessities must yield to thy neighbor's extremity.

COVETOUSNESS.

Of covetousness we may truly say, that it makes both the Alpha and Omega in the devil's alphabet, and that it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies. For look upon any infant, and as soon as it can but move a hand, we shall see it reaching out after something or other

[1] "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—2 *Cor.* viii. 12.

which it should not have; and he who does not know it to be the proper and peculiar sin of old age, seems himself to have the dotage of that age upon him, whether he has the years or no.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world, to take in everything, and to part with nothing. Charity is accounted no grace with him, nor gratitude any virtue. The cries of the poor never enter into his ears; or if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in. In a word, by his rapines and extortions, he is always for making as many poor as he can, but for relieving none, whom he either finds or makes so. So that it is a question, whether his heart be harder, or his fist closer. In a word, he is a pest and a monster: greedier than the sea, and barrener than the shore.

THE GLORY OF THE CLERGY.

God is the fountain of honor; and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependences. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious.[1] And, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honor.

THE PLEASURES OF AMUSEMENT AND INDUSTRY COMPARED.

Nor is that man less deceived that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so

[1] This is in accordance with Ezekiel xxxiii. 1–6. If the pulpit be silent on great national sins, it is certainly false to its high trust.

ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalized his labor to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.

THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE.

That the eye of conscience may be always quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open, and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let in those heavenly beams which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them. And to this purpose let a man fly from everything which may leave either a foulness or a bias upon it; let him dread every gross act of sin; for one great stab may as certainly and speedily destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; let him keep aloof from all commerce and fellowship with any vicious and base affection, especially from all sensuality: let him keep himself untouched with the hellish, unhallowed heats of lust and the noisome steams and exhalations of intemperance; let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind—covetousness: let him disenslave himself from the pelf of the world, from that *amor sceleratus habendi*.[1] Lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honors, the pomp, and greatness of the world, as to look through them. Fools indeed are apt to be blown up by them and to sacrifice all for them: sometimes venturing their heads only to get a feather in their caps.

THOMAS PARNELL, 1679—1717.

Thomas Parnell was born in Dublin in 1679. After receiving the elements of education at a grammar school, he was admitted to the University of Dublin; after leaving which he was ordained a deacon, in 1700, and in five years afterwards, he was promoted to the archdeaconry of Clogher. Up to this time he had sided with the Tory party, but now found it convenient to

[1] "That wicked love of acquisition."

change his politics; he therefore went over to the Whigs, who received him with open arms, deeming him a valuable auxiliary to their cause. Parnell endeavored to recommend himself by his eloquence in the pulpits of London, but from the new ministry he received nothing more substantial than caresses and empty protestations. To embitter his disappointment he lost, in 1712, his amiable wife, to whom he was affectionately devoted. His private friends, however, were not unmindful of his interests, and obtained for him a vicarage in the vicinity of Dublin, worth £400 per annum: but he did not live long to enjoy his promotion. He died in 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

"The compass of Parnell's poetry is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful: not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The studied happiness of his diction does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves, in its cultured state, the natural fragrance of its wilder air."—*Campbell.*

The poem by which Parnell is chiefly known is "The Hermit," which has always been a favorite with every class of readers. It is a revolving panorama of beautiful pictures, each perfect in itself. The story, however, is not original, as it appeared as early as the fifteenth century in a collection of tales entitled the "Gesta Romanorum." But besides that the poem is so well known, it is too long to be inserted here. We therefore present the reader below with the analysis of the story in the "Gesta," as given by Warton in his History of English Poetry.[1] The following piece, however, will give a good idea of Parnell's manner.

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[1] A devout hermit lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master, as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world. In travelling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man; who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed, and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion. Next morning they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded, that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling forward the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening they arrived at the house of a rich man, and begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The hermit, amazed that the cup which was stolen from their friend and benefactor should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced, that his companion was the devil; and begged to go on

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
  Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;

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alone. But the angel said, "Hear me and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent. His master endeavors to atone for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity. I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality." The hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government.

The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
  Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
  'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.
  Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.
  The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
  Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

WILLIAM PENN, 1644—1718.

We come now to one of the purest and most exalted characters on the page of history;—to one who laid the foundation of a great state in the strictest justice and equity; established the utmost freedom of conscience in religion; and demonstrated to the world that the most potent weapons to subdue the savage heart, are the peace principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

William Penn, the only son of Admiral Penn, was born in London, October 14, 1644. His early education was very carefully attended to, and in 1660 he entered Oxford University. His first bias towards the doctrines of the Society of Friends was produced by the preaching of Thomas Loe, the effect of which was, that Penn and some of his fellow-students withdrew from attendance on the public worship of the Established Church, and held private prayer meetings. They were fined by the college, but this did not deter them. The principles which he adopted displeased his father very much, who repeatedly banished him from his house, but when it appeared that his son's opinions were unalterable, a reconciliation took place between them. In 1668 he began to preach, and also published his first work "Truth Exalted." Like many others of the early Friends, Penn was repeatedly thrown into prison; and during his confinement in the Tower of London, he wrote his most popular work, "No Cross, no Crown,"—an able exposition of the views of his society. In 1670 the Conventicle act was passed, and Penn was one of the first sufferers under it. He was tried for preaching to what was called "a riotous and seditious assembly," but the jury, in opposition to the direction of the bench, had the firmness and moral courage to give a verdict of acquittal.

We now come to the most important event of Penn's life,—the establishment of the colony of Pennsylvania. In 1681 a large tract of country on the west side of the Delaware was granted by Charles II. to Penn and his heirs, in consideration of a debt of £16,000 due from the Crown to Admiral Penn, for money advanced for the service of the navy. He set sail from England in August, 1682, in the ship Welcome, and arrived at Newcastle on the 27th of October, where he was hailed with acclamations by the Swedes and Dutch already there. Thence the colony proceeded up the river, and in the latter end of the year located the town and borough of Philadelphia, "having a high and dry bank next to the water, with a shore ornamented with a fine view of pine trees growing upon it." Penn solemnly declared that he "came to the charge of the province for the Lord's sake." "I wanted," says he, "to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation. I aimed to form a government which might be an example. I desired to show men as free and happy as they could be. I had also kind views towards the Indians."

In about two years Penn was called to return back to England; and from his intimacy with James II., he was enabled to procure the release of his Quaker brethren, of whom fourteen hundred and eighty were in prison at

the accession of that monarch. Indeed he was perpetually engaged in deeds of kindness for his people, at the same time endeavoring to clear the way for his return, and to bring out his family to abide for life. But various obstacles hindered him from year to year, so that it was not till 1699 that he and his family embarked for America. They arrived in November, and were received with universal joy, on account of his known intention to stay for life. But in this intention he was over-ruled, partly by the owners of land in Pennsylvania, dwelling in England, who felt that Penn could plead their interests with the Crown better than any other one; and partly by the female members of the family, who, after the style to which they had been accustomed, could not well bear the rude and unformed state of things in the new colony. He says in a letter to James Logan, July, 1701. "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, and still less with *Tishe*, (Letitia.) I know not what to do." Accordingly he returned the latter part of that year; and after experiencing various vicissitudes, and especially the most heartless ingratitude from those whom he had most served, he died at his seat in Ruscombe, in Berkshire, July 30th, 1718.

Penn was the author of numerous works, which were collected and published in 1726, in two volumes, folio. Besides the many able works in defence of the religious views of his sect, he wrote others which would be considered of more general interest. Of these are his "Reflections and Maxims relating to the conduct of Life." It is doubtful whether any other work of the size can be found, containing so much sound, practical wisdom. The following is the preface to the same.

PREFACE TO HIS "MAXIMS."

Reader, this Enchiridion[1] I present thee with, is the fruit of solitude: a school few care to learn in, though none instructs us better. Some parts of it, are the result of serious reflection, others the flashings of lucid intervals, written for private satisfaction, and now published for an help to human conduct.

The author blesseth God for his retirement, and kisses that gentle hand which led him into it: for though it should prove barren to the world, it can never do so to him.

He has now had some time he could call his own, a property he was never so much master of before: in which he has taken a view of himself and the world; and observed wherein he hath hit and missed the mark; what might have been done, what mended, and what avoided in his human conduct: together with the omissions and excesses of others, as well societies and governments, as private families and persons. And he verily

[1] A Greek word, compounded of *en* (εν) "in" and *cheir* (χειρ) "the hand," and corresponds to our word "manual." See the same word in the selections from Quarles, page 165.

thinks, were he to live over his life again, he could not only, with God's grace, serve him, but his neighbor and himself, better than he hath done, and have seven years of his time to spare. And yet, perhaps, he hath not been the worst or the idlest man in the world; nor is he the oldest. And this is the rather said, that it might quicken thee, reader, to lose none of the time that is yet thine.

There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous; since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us, when time shall be no more.

It is of that moment to us in reference to both worlds, that I can hardly wish any man better, than that he would seriously consider what he does with his time; how and to what end he employs it; and what returns he makes to God, his neighbor, and himself for it. Will he never have a ledger for this; this, the greatest wisdom and work of life?

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our true enjoyment of it, and of ourselves in it, is lamentable indeed. This one reflection would yield a thinking person great instruction. And, since nothing below man can so think, man in being thoughtless must needs fall below himself. And that, to be sure, such do, as are unconcerned in the use of their most precious time.

This is but too evident, if we will allow ourselves to consider, that there is hardly anything we take by the right end, or improve to its just advantage.

We understand little of the works of God, either in nature or grace. We pursue false knowledge, and mistake education extremely. We are violent in our affections; confused and immethodical in our whole life; making that a burthen which was given for a blessing; and so of little comfort to ourselves or others; misapprehending the true notion of happiness, and so missing of the right use of life, and way of happy living.

And until we are persuaded to stop, and step a little aside, out of the noisy crowd and incumbering hurry of the world; and calmly take a prospect of things, it will be impossible we should be able to make a right judgment of ourselves, or know our own misery. But after we have made the just reckonings, which retirement will help us to, we shall begin to think the world in great measure mad, and that we have been in a sort of Bedlam all this while.

Reader, whether young or old, think it not too soon or too late to turn over the leaves of thy past life; and be sure to fold down where any passage of it may affect thee; and bestow thy remainder of time, to correct those faults in thy future conduct, be it in relation to this or the next life. What thou wouldst do, if what thou hast done were to do again, be sure to do as long as thou livest, upon the like occasions.

Our resolutions seem to be vigorous, as often as we reflect upon our past errors; but, alas! they are apt to flag again upon fresh temptations to the same things.

The author does not pretend to deliver thee an exact piece; his business not being ostentation, but charity. It is miscellaneous in the matter of it, and by no means artificial in the composure. But it contains hints, that may serve thee for texts to preach to thyself upon, and which comprehend much of the course of human life: since whether thou art parent or child, prince or subject, master or servant, single or married, public or private, mean or honorable, rich or poor, prosperous or unprosperous, in peace or controversy, in business or solitude; whatever be thy inclination or aversion, practice or duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy direction and advantage. Accept and improve what deserves thy notice; the rest excuse, and place to account of good will to thee and the whole creation of God.

PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.[1]

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

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[1] Read an admirable "Discourse on the Virtues and Public Services of William Penn," by Albert Barnes.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoreth them who fear the Lord."

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food,

and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my "No Cross, no Crown." There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672—1719.

Joseph Addison, one of the brightest names in English literature, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, of which place his father was rector, on the 1st of May, 1672. After the usual course of study he entered the University of Oxford, at the age of fifteen. Here he devoted himself with great assiduity to classical studies, the fruits of which were soon seen in a small volume of Latin poems, which attracted considerable attention. In his twenty-second year he addressed some verses to Mr. Dryden, which procured him the notice and approbation of that poet, for whom he afterwards wrote a prefatory "Essay on the Georgics," which Dryden prefixed to his translation in 1697. Before this, however, he had become acquainted with that distinguished patron of letters, Lord Keeper Somers, who, in 1699, procured for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to travel in Italy. In this classic land he composed his epistle to Lord Halifax, one of his best poetical productions, his "Dialogue on Medals," and the greater part of his "Cato." Soon after his return he published his travels in Italy, dedicated to his patron, Lord Somers, illustrative chiefly of the classical associations of that renowned land.

The change of the administration in 1702 deprived Addison of his pension; and he had lived more than two years in retirement when he was requested by one of the ministry to write a poem in praise of the victory of Blenheim, gained by the Duke of Marlborough, in August, 1704. He did so, and before the year closed, appeared the "Campaign,"[1] which procured for him the office of under-secretary of state. In 1709 he went to Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and while here, on the 12th of April (O. S.), of that year, appeared the first number of "The Tatler." When the sixth number of this appeared, Addison knew that the author was his friend Sir Richard Steele,[2] from a critical remark which he had privately made to

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[1] Warton has not too severely called this poem "a Gazette in Rhyme." How infinitely superior for its fine moral tone, as well as for its pathos and poetry, is that touching ballad of Southey's, on the same subject; the last verse of which reads thus:—

And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win:
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

[2] The critical remark which Addison made to Steele was upon the hero of the Æneid, which Steele gives as follows:—

"Virgil's common epithet to Æneas is *Pius* or *Pater*. I have therefore considered what passage there is in any of his hero's actions where either of these appellations would have been most improper;—and this, I think, is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where *Pius* Æneas would have been absurd, and *Pater* Æneas a burlesque: the poet therefore wisely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus;* which he has repeated twice in Juno's speech and his

him alone, and he therefore immediately took a very active part in the conduct of this periodical.[1]

The Tatler had scarcely terminated, when Addison formed the plan of that work on which his fame chiefly rests—the "Spectator."[2] The essays in it most valuable for humor, invention, and precept, are the product of his pen, and it soon became the most popular work England had produced. So great was its reputation that sometimes twenty thousand copies of a number were sold in one day. It travelled through every part of the kingdom, and was alike the recreation of the learned, the busy, and the idle. The "Spectator" was followed by the "Guardian,"[3] which was commenced by Steele, but to which Addison largely contributed. In the meantime he published his tragedy of "Cato," which met with unbounded popularity, being represented on the stage thirty-five nights successively; not, however, so much from its merits as a tragedy, as from the noble sentiments of liberty which it breathes throughout, and which, in those times of great political excitement, each party, the Whig and the Tory, wished to appropriate to itself.[4]

In 1716 Addison married the Countess of Warwick, who was, in every respect, vastly his inferior, except in the adventitious circumstance of family rank, which in England is of "wondrous potency." "In point of

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own narration: for he very well knew, a loose action might be consistent enough with the usual manners of a soldier, though it became neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people."

[1] The Tatler may be considered as the father of English periodical literature. It was published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from the 12th of April, 1709, to the 2d of January, 1711. Of the 271 papers, Steele wrote 188; Addison, 42; Steele and Addison jointly, 36; Swift and Addison, 1; Hughes, 2; Swift, 1; Fuller, 1.

[2] It was commenced on the 1st of March, 1711, and continued every day, Sundays excepted, till the 6th of December, 1712. The plan is founded upon the fiction of a club that assembles every Tuesday and Thursday, to carry on the publication. Of the 635 numbers, Addison wrote 274; Steele, 240; Budgell, 37; Hughes, 11; Grove, 4; Pope, Parnell, Pearce, Martyn, Byrom, 2 each; Swift, Brown, Francham, Dunlop, Hardwicke, Fleetwood, 1 each; and 53 were anonymous. Addison's papers are designated by the letters of the word CLIO.

[3] The first number of the Guardian was published on the 12th of March, and the last on the 1st of October, 1713. Of the 176 numbers Steele wrote 82; Addison, 53; Berkeley, 14; Pope, 8; Tickell, 7; Budgell, Hughes, and Parnell, 2 each; Gay, Young, Philips, Wotton, Birch, Bartlett, 1 each.

[4] "The tragedy of Cato," says Dr. Warton, "is a glaring instance of the force of party. So sententious and declamatory a drama would never have met with such rapid success, if every line and sentiment had not been particularly tortured and applied to recent events. It is a fine dialogue on liberty, and the love of one's country, but considered as a dramatic performance it wants *action* and *pathos*, the two hinges on which a just tragedy ought to turn, and without which it cannot subsist." Dr. Johnson has censured it as a "dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy,"—the very terms most applicable to his own tragedy "IRENE."

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—BURNS.

intellect," says Dr. Drake, "there could be no competition; and despicable must have been the ignorance of that woman who could for a moment suppose that the mere casualty of splendid birth entitled her to treat with contempt, and to arrogate a superiority over a man of exquisite genius and unsullied virtue." That she was the means of embittering his life, and shortening his days, there is no doubt. He had long been subject to an asthmatic affection, and it soon became evident that the hour of his dissolution could not be far distant. "The death-bed of Addison was the triumph of religion and virtue. Reposing on the merits of his Redeemer, and conscious of a life well spent in the service of his fellow-creatures, he waited with tranquillity and resignation the moment of departure. The dying accents of the virtuous man have frequently, when other means have failed, produced the happiest effect; and Addison, anxious that a scene so awful might make its due impression, demanded the attendance of his son-in-law, Lord Warwick. This young nobleman was amiable, but dissipated; and Addison had often, though in vain, endeavored to correct his principles, and to curb the impetuosity of his passions. He came, says Dr. Young, who first related the affecting circumstance; but life was now glimmering in the socket, and the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause the youth said, 'Dear sir, you sent for me: I believe, I hope you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply. Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'SEE IN WHAT PEACE A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE;'[1] and soon after expired, on the 17th of June, 1719."[2]

Of the merits of Addison as a writer, there never has been but one opinion among the critics. Mr. Melmoth says of him, "In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes, that the Graces, having searched all the world for a temple wherein they might forever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison."[3]

Dr. Young is no less emphatic in his praise. "Addison wrote little in verse, much in sweet, elegant, Virgilian prose; so let me call it, since Longinus calls Herodotus most Homeric; and Thucydides is said to have formed his style on Pindar. Addison's compositions are built with the finest materials, in the taste of the ancients. I never read him, but I am struck with such a disheartening idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far superior writers should forget his compositions, if they would be greatly pleased with their own."[4] And Dr. Johnson remarks: "Whoever

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[1] Tickell told Dr. Young, that in the following couplet of his elegy on the death of Addison, he alluded to this interview with the Earl of Warwick:

> "He taught us how to live, and oh, too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

[2] Read an admirable sketch of Addison's Life in Drake's Essays, vol. i. Also an article in the Edinburgh Review, July, 1843, and in Macaulay's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 82.

[3] Fitzosborne's Letters, Letter XXIX.

[4] Observations on Original Composition.

wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."[1]

As a writer, Addison may be considered as excelling in four departments, namely, in Criticism, in Humor, in Fable and Allegory, and in Instructive Morality. As a critic, he was the first to call the attention of the public to the rich mine of wealth to be found in Milton.[2] His Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination[3] are well known as being the foundation of Akenside's fine poem on the same subject. Numerous single papers, also, on different subjects of criticism, are scattered throughout the Spectator; such as, those on the English Language,[4] on Ancient and Modern Literature,[5] on Pope's Essay on Criticism,[6] on Old English Ballads,[7] &c. The concluding part of a paper on Irregular Genius,[8] we must here insert, as being an encomium on Shakspeare, "which, for its singularly happy imagery may set competition at defiance."

Our inimitable Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

In refined and delicate humor, Addison has no superior, if he has any equal in English prose literature.[9] The following may be taken as specimens:

BICKERSTAFF'S LEARNING FENCING.[10]

I have upon my chamber-walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowances

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[1] Read, Johnson's Life of Addison, in his "Lives of the Poets;" also, Dr. Blair's criticisms, in the 19th Lecture; and Knox's Essays, Nos. 28 and 106.

[2] Spectators, Nos. 262, 267, 273 and so on for sixteen more numbers, every Saturday.

[3] Spectators, Nos. 411—421. [4] No. 135. [5] No. 249.

[6] No. 253. [7] No. 85. [8] No. 592.

[9] "His humor," says Dr. Johnson, "is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outsteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amuse by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of the imagination."—*Lives of the Poets.*

[10] From No. 93 of the Tatler.

for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth: therefore, I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part of the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that, if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have written against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I, therefore, warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbors: for, if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

ON THE USE OF THE FAN.[1]

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but, as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

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[1] Spectator, No. 102.

Mr. Spectator:

Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from

letting off their fans in wrong places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden, (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from

my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, The Passions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence.

I am, &c.

P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.[1]

I shall in this paper discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public, by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo, upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It, indeed, gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have, therefore, made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface take the account as follows:

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines her husband being in love with Eurilla (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years); both the husband and the wife took the leap by

[1] Spectator, No. 233.

consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Aridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoe, the wife of Thespis; escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Milesian, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Tettyx, the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo habited like a bride, in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her

hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses,which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad.

Males	124
Females	126
	250

Cured.

Males	51
Females	69
	120

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.[1]

I was yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had

[1] Spectator, No. 275.

lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions,

flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations: that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spungy substance, which the French anatomists call galimatias, and the English, nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the *ogling muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which seem to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he

eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

DISSECTION OF A COQUETTE'S HEART.[1]

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particulars as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had I not been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many laby-

[1] Spectator, No. 287.

rinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapors which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed, also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short he told us, that he knew very well, by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice, likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impressions of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly, by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable

of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

As a specimen of the allegorical painting of Addison, take the following.

VISION OF MIRZA.[1]

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me.—Among others I met with one entitled, The Visions of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it.—The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music

[1] Spectator, No. 159.

who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it—'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches: but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors, that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and imme-

diately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the

good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate), I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley

of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it."

The moral tendency of Addison's writings can hardly be over-estimated. "On education and the domestic virtues," says Dr. Drake, "on the duties incumbent on father, husband, wife, and child, his precepts are just and cogent, and delivered in that sweet, insinuating style and manner which have rendered him beyond comparison the most useful moralist this country ever produced." Who can set limits to the influence which such a mind has exerted? And what a lesson should it read to the conductors of our periodic press, from the stately quarterly to the daily newspaper. What untold gain would it be to the world if they would think less of party, and more of TRUTH, in all her beautiful and holy relations!

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF THE DEITY.[1]

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded and disposed among softer lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!' In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and

[1] "I consider the paper on Omnipresence and Omniscience (Spectator, No. 565) as one of the most perfect, impressive, and instructive pieces of composition that ever flowed from the pen of an uninspired moralist."—DR. DRAKE.

supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

If we consider God in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself

within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him!" says Job. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.[1]

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

As a poet, Addison does not take the highest rank, and yet he has written a few pieces which "posterity will not willingly let die."

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[1] Spectator, No. 26.

AN HYMN.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
  The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
  But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
  And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
  And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
  Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
  To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
  And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death
  It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
  With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
  Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
  Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
  Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and day and night
  Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
  Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
  A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
  To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine-hills it warm'd,
  And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
  How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
  In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
  And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
  My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to Thee.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

CATO MEDITATING SUICIDE,

Is sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand he holds Plato's work on the Immortality of the Soul; while a drawn sword lies by him on the table.[1]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!——
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

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[1] Cato, Act V, Scene 1.

MATTHEW PRIOR, 1665—1721.

Of the parentage of Prior very little is known. He was nephew of the keeper of a tavern at Charing Cross, where he was found by the Earl of Dorset, and sent, at his expense, to be educated at Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship. By the same nobleman's influence he went as secretary to the English ambassador at the Hague. In 1697 he was secretary of legation at the treaty of Ryswick, and the next year held the same office at the court of France. At fifty-three years of age he found himself, after all his important employments, with no other means of subsistence than his fellowship at Cambridge; but the publication of his poems by subscription, and the kindness of Lord Hasley, restored him to easy circumstances for the rest of his life. He died, after a lingering illness, in 1721, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

"Prior," says Campbell, "was one of the last of the race of poets who relied for ornament on scholastic allusion and pagan machinery; but he used them like Swift, more in jest than earnest, and with good effect." His poetry has the qualities of ease, fluency, and correctness. We give one specimen.

AN EPITAPH.

Interr'd beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run,
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tallied for each other.
  Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.

Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
  They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
  No man's defects sought they to know:
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
  They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd.
  Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they lived, and so they died.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL, 1636—1723.

This most admirable woman was the wife of Lord William Russell, who was judicially murdered, on an alleged charge of treason, July 21, 1683. At the trial of her husband she accompanied him into court; and when he was inhumanly refused counsel, and allowed only an amanuensis, she stood forth as that assistant, and excited the deepest sympathy as well as admiration in all who beheld her. After sentence was pronounced against him, she promised him to take care of her own life, for the sake of his children,—a promise she religiously kept, though she survived him above forty years. "Her letters," says Burnet, "are written with an elegant simplicity, with truth and nature, which can flow only from the heart. The tenderness and constancy of her affection for her murdered lord, present an image to melt the soul."

A collection of her letters between herself and her correspondents was published in 1773. The following is

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.[1]

I need not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this.[2] You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused, as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter, and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions, or worthiness, towards receiving comfort. You, that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts as of a future condition [3]——— of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hin-

[1] A divine for whom Lady Russell had a great esteem and friendship; he had been chaplain to her father, as he was afterwards to the Duke of York.

[2] The loss of her husband.

[3] Two or three words torn off.

ders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul from sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve I do[1]——— fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for

Your infinitely afflicted,
But very faithful servant,
R. Russell.

Woborne Abbey,
30th September, 1684.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, 1671—1729.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, 1671. His father sent him to be educated at the Charterhouse in London, whence he was removed to Merton College, Oxford, 1691. Soon after leaving the university, he unfortunately imbibed a fondness for the army, and entered himself as a private in the horse-guards, from which he was soon promoted to the office of ensign. Scarcely any position in life is so dangerous to one's morals, as a situation in the army or navy; and so it proved to Steele, who soon plunged into the vortex of dissipation and intemperance; by which he thereby laid the foundation of much misery and remorse during his life. In 1702 he first attracted the notice of the public as an author, by the publication of "The Funeral, or *Grief à-la-Mode*," a comedy which was successfully acted in that year. Two more comedies, "The Tender Husband," acted in 1703, and "The Lying Lover," 1704, followed this first attempt. The latter proving a failure, Steele determined, for a time at least, to desert the stage, and projected the

[1] A word torn off.

publication of a periodical paper. The title of the paper, as the author observes in the first number, was decided upon in honor of the fair sex, and the TATLER was therefore placed under their jurisdiction. The name of its conductor, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, was taken from a previous publication of Swift. It was commenced on the 12th of April, 1709. How, and how early Addison came to know the author, is mentioned in the life of the former. "If we consider the invention of Steele, as discoverable in the scheme and conduct of the Tatler; if we reflect upon the finely drawn and highly finished character of Bickerstaff, in his varied offices of philosopher, humorist, astrologer, and censor, the vast number of his own elegant and useful papers, and the beauty and value of those which, through his means, saw the light, we cannot hesitate in honoring him with the appellation OF THE FATHER OF PERIODICAL WRITING."[1]

In March, 1711, he began, in conjunction with Addison, "The Spectator," and in 1713 "The Guardian." After the accession of George I., Steele was made, in 1715, surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, and was knighted. The same year he was chosen member of Parliament for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, and was high in favor with the reigning powers. But his good fortune did not last long, and the latter years of his life he suffered a good deal from poverty, caused in part from his speculating in new projects, one of which was, to convey live salmon from the coast of Ireland to the London market. At a great expense he had a vessel constructed for the purpose; but alas! the salmon so battered themselves in their passage, as to be totally unfit for the market, and poor Steele lost nearly his all. "No friend of humanity," says Dr. Drake, "can contemplate the situation of Steele, during the latter period of his life, without sympathy and sorrow. His frailties, the origin of all his misfortunes, were not the offspring of vice, but merely owing to habitual carelessness, and the want of worldly prudence. Compassionate in his heart, unbounded in his benevolence, no object of distress ever left him with a murmur; and in the hour of prosperity he was ever ready, both with his influence and his property, to promote the views of literature and science, and to assist the efforts of unprotected genius."

The few last years of his life he resided, by the indulgence of the mortgagee, at his seat at Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, Wales, where he died on the 21st of September, 1729.

The style of Steele is remarkable for its flowing ease, and naturalness, but he is often negligent and careless, and frequently ungrammatical. It is his misfortune that, being a co-laborer with Addison in the same walks of literature, he is constantly compared with him, and of course must generally suffer by the comparison; though at times, when he has written with more than usual care, he seems evidently to have imbibed a portion of Addisonian grace. But compared with some of the best of his predecessors, he appears in a very favorable light. "He will be found in purity and simplicity inferior to Tillotson; to Temple in elegance and harmony; to Dryden in rich-

[1] Drake's Essays, vol. i. p. 79.

ness, mellowness, and variety. To the two former, however, he is equal in correctness; to the latter in vivacity; and with all he is nearly on a level as to ease and perspicuity."[1]

The following extracts from his periodical papers will give the idea of his best manner and style.

THE DREAM.[2]

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows. When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of a cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessary; whereas her real

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[1] Drake's Essays, vol. i. p. 201.

[2] Tatler, No. 117. "One of the finest moral tales," observes Dr. Beattie, "I ever read, is an account in the Tatler, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can cease to be the better for it."

decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakspeare's tragedy of King Lear,[1] without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.

THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.[2]

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in

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[1] "Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;(1) her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

[2] Tatler, No. 181.

(1) Her cock-boat, the small boat of a ship.

infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

THE STRENGTH OF TRUE LOVE.[1]

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honorable houses in Cornwall had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented in his letters, that "business would detain him some time longer from home," because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tran-

[1] Tatler, No. 82.

quillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, "She saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for her youngest child." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows," said she, "but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they had got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.[1]

While others are busied in relations which concern the interest of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire; I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher considera-

[1] Tatler, No. 55.

tion. The slow steps of Providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young nobleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington; and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable that he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell, being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence: and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstacy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in his amazement for some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, "My son! my son!" The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, "Oh me! are you my mother?" and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved

him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; until at last he broke out, "What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But, I could now, methinks, go anywhere without him?" He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, "until he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him." The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, "What sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?" He answered, "he believed there was not so much of him as himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature." The noise of this sudden change made all the neighborhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that "it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received strength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little to little come to the strength he had at present in his ability in walking and moving: and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which," he said, "would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as, he knew, he underwent at present." With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that "some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called sight." He added, "that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present." At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms, of his own making, of what he, in that short time, observed. But on

the sixth instant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstacies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows:

"Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that, though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes."

The young man answered, "Dear Lydia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you: pull them out, if they are to make me forget you."

Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.

DANIEL DE FOE, 1661—1731.

Daniel De Foe, the author of that remarkable book of world-wide fame, "Robinson Crusoe," was born in London, 1661. Of his youthful years we know but little; but that his education was not neglected, and that he ap-

plied himself with assiduity to his studies, we may fairly infer from his subsequent success in the walks of literature. He first engaged in trade, but after a few years' trial of it, he found that that was not his sphere: his lively imagination, eager interest in politics, and fondness for literature, disqualified him for commercial matters. In 1700 he published his "True-Born Englishman," a pamphlet in answer to a libel on King William, with which his majesty was well pleased. From that time forth, he wrote with unwearied assiduity, and in 1704 first published his "Review," a periodical paper written exclusively by himself, and which he continued to publish twice or three times a week for nine years. This resembled, more than any other preceding work, the Tatler and Spectator; but borne down by a rude mass of temporary and uninteresting matter, connected with the news and politics of the day, it soon sunk into oblivion.

After the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, the continued attacks of his political opponents so weighed upon his mind and depressed his spirits, that his health gave way, and he was for a time dangerously ill. When he recovered, he resolved to abandon his old field of political satire and invective, and to enter upon a new one, and accordingly he put forth the first part of his inimitable "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," which no story has ever exceeded in popularity. The great success that attended this, induced him to write a second and a third part, which, however, were very inferior to the first. The multitude of books and pamphlets which he subsequently published, we have not space to enumerate.[1] Some of the most popular of these were, "The Adventures of Captain Singleton," "The Fortunes of Moll Flanders," "The Memoirs of a Cavalier," "A Tour through Great Britain," "A History of the Plague," and "The true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next Day after her Death." The last was afterwards subjoined to the editions of "Drelincourt on Death," and made that otherwise unsaleable book much sought after. One of his works had the following curious title: "Mars stript of his armor: a lashing caricature of the habits and manners of all kinds of military men, written on purpose to delight quiet trades-people, and cure their daughters of their passion for red coats." He died on the 24th of April, 1731, in the seventy-first year of his age.

De Foe was a very remarkable man. His power, as a writer, of seizing and retaining a strong hold upon the popular mind, has seldom been equalled. Of great originality, and of strong and clear conceptions, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible, he has the power of "forging the handwriting of nature," and of giving to fiction all the appearance of reality. By a particularity and minuteness of description which his

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[1] Lowndes gives the titles of *ninety-seven* different works that De Foe wrote, and his list is probably incomplete. "The fertility of De Foe," says Sir Walter Scott, "was astonishing. He wrote on all occasions and on all subjects, and seemingly had little time for preparation on the subject in hand, but treated it from the stores which his memory retained of early reading, and such hints as he had caught up in society, not one of which seems to have been lost upon him." Read an interesting life of De Foe in Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works.

skill prevents from being tedious, he increases the probability of his story, and gives to its reader a continually increasing interest in it; so that no author of imaginary tales has impressed so many persons with the belief that they have been reading a true, rather than a fictitious narrative. Of that most popular, delightful, and extraordinary of all his works, "Robinson Crusoe," which had lost none of its original attractions even at the distance of half a century, Dr. Johnson observed, "Nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer."

ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS THE FOOT-PRINT.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther: I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one: I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! And by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even

tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species, would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground, at but the shadow, or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise; I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him.

I then reflected, that God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to his will: and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of his daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit; viz., one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, *Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I

took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that presented to me, were, *Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart: Wait, I say, on the Lord.* It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me; and in return, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that occasion.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat: this cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools, who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are themselves frighted at them more than anybody else.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors, but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and indeed it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief, that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet (and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow), I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life; it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted; and so indeed I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this, till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat,

I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabouts. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an ague, and I went home again, filled with the belief, that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security, I knew not. O what ridiculous resolutions men take, when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

JOHN GAY, 1688—1732.

John Gay, descended from a respectable family in Devonshire, was born in 1688, the year of the "Glorious Revolution." When young he was put apprentice to a silk-mercer in London; but having imbibed a taste for poetry and classical literature, his indentures were cheerfully cancelled by his master, and a poem, entitled "Rural Sports," which he soon published and dedicated to Pope, obtained the sincere and lasting friendship of that poet. By him Gay was introduced to that brilliant circle of wits, of which Pope was the centre, and of it he ever continued the favorite. In 1712 he was appointed secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, which situation left him at full liberty to indulge his taste for elegant literature. Soon after, he published his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," "a fine specimen," says Dr. Drake, "of that species of burlesque, in which elevated language is employed in the detail of trifling, mean, or ludicrous circumstances." He then entered the walks of dramatic literature, but without any success, until, in 1727, he published his "Beggar's Opera," designed to ridicule the Italian opera, and to satirize the court. He offered it to Rich, the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, and such was its great popularity, that it was humorously remarked that this opera had made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

But the most finished productions of our poet, and those to which he will owe his reputation with posterity, are his "Fables," the finest in the language. They are written with great spirit and vivacity; the versification is generally smooth and flowing; the descriptions happy and appropriate, and the moral designed to be conveyed is, for the most part, impressive and instructive. Besides these, he was the author of the "Fan," a mythological fiction; of "Dione," a pastoral drama; of "Achilles," an opera, and many songs and ballads. The publication of these various works placed him in easy circumstances, as to fortune; but no sooner was he released from pecuniary anxiety, than his health began to decline; and he was at length seized

with an inflammatory disease, which carried him off in three days, and he expired on the 4th of December, 1732, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory, for which Pope wrote an inscription.

Few men were more beloved by those who intimately knew him, than Gay. His moral character was excellent, his temper peculiarly sweet and engaging, but he possessed a simplicity of manner and character which, though it endeared him to his friends, rendered him very unfit for the general business of life. The two first lines of the epitaph of Pope most truthfully characterize him:

> Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

Seek you to train your favorite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.
  As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eyeballs shot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
  Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: "Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings."
  The surly Mastiff thus returns:
"Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."
  "Curs'd Dog," the Bull reply'd, "no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:

Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
  As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odor bends;
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:
"Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
  How happy shall I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
  With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
Know, hapless Flower! that thou shalt find
  More fragrant Roses there;
I see thy withering head reclin'd
  With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."
  "Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-song Roses bloom;
We lend you color and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
  A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
  As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.
  What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
  "Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."
  The Horse reply'd, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
  She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."
  The Goat remark'd, "her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
  The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."
  She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
  "Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

BARTON BOOTH, 1681—1733.

Barton Booth, though known in his day chiefly as an actor, deserves a notice in this work for his very beautiful song, entitled,

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS OF HER I LOVE.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
  More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
  Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
  Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
  Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
  My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
  The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
  Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
  And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
  Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
  Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
  In his rude march he levels low:
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
  The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
  To mingle with the bless'd above,

Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
  Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control,
  When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power
When time and death shall be no more.

HENRY GROVE, 1683—1738.

Henry Grove, a "dissenting" clergyman of great literature and piety, was born at Taunton, Somersetshire, 1683. He was early impressed by his parents with an ardent love for religion and morality, and at school and at the academy[1] he acquired a taste for the elegant authors of Greece and Rome, which he cultivated through life with unwearied fondness and assiduity, and which gave uncommon grace and beauty to his style. At the age of twenty-two he entered the ministry, for which he was eminently qualified by his piety and learning; and he became a very popular preacher. On the decease of Mr. Warren, the preceptor of the academy at Taunton, Mr Grove was elected to fill his place, and his first publication was an essay drawn up for the use of his pupils, entitled, "The Regulation of Diversions," designed to call off the attention of youth from the too eager pursuit of pleasure, and to infuse into them a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge and virtue.[2] His next writings for the public were contributions for the Spectator. Numbers 588, 601, 626, and 635 (the last number) are from his pen. He also published many treatises of a strictly religious character. Of these, "A Discourse on Secret Prayer," "The Evidence of our Saviour's Resurrection Considered," "Some Thoughts concerning the Proof of a Future State

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[1] "Dissenters" had not the privilege of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

[2] "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be A TASTE FOR READING. I speak of it only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity." From Sir John Herschel's "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy."

from Reason," and "Discourses on the Lord's Supper," and on "Saving Faith," are best known.

"In all his writings, Mr. Grove, taking the Scriptures solely for his guide, adhered to the result of his own inquiries; his mind was biased by no systems or creeds, and his theology, therefore, was purely practical, and, as far as the fallibility of men will allow in judging of the text, perfectly conformable to the tenor of the Gospel."[1] After living a life of great benevolence and practical piety, he died on the 27th of February, 1738, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The following extracts from one of his letters to a friend, draw a true picture of his own character, in his directions for

THE TRUE ART OF ENJOYING LIFE.

It will not be altogether out of character, if I write down a few reflections on the art of improving human life, so as to pass it in peace and tranquillity, and make it yield the noblest pleasures it is capable of affording us. The first rule, and in a manner comprehensive of all the rest, is always to consider human life in its connection, as a state of trial, with an everlasting existence. How does this single thought at once raise and sink the value of every thing under the sun? sink it as a part of our worldly portion; raise it as a means and opportunity of promoting the glory of the great author of all good, and the happiness, present and future, of our fellow-creatures as well as our own?—In the next place, we are to lay down this for a certain maxim, and constantly attend to it, that our happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, not immediately from any external circumstances. These, at best, are only considerable, as they supply a larger field to the exercise of our virtue, and more leisure for the improvements and entertainments of the mind: whereas, the chief delights of a reasonable being, must result from its own operations, and reflections upon them as consonant to its nature, and the order it holds in the universe. How do I feel myself within? Am I in my natural state? Do I put my faculties to their right use?—To require less from others than is commonly done, in order to be pleased, and to be more studious to please them, not from a meanness of spirit, not from artful views, but from an unaffected benevolence, is another rule of greater importance than is easily imagined; and more effectually reaches all that is aimed at by self-love, without designing it.—To this add, that though we should be impartial, yet not severe in the judgment we pass, and the demands we make upon ourselves; watchful against

[1] Drake's Essays, vol. iii. p. 210.

the infirmities and errors too incident to human nature, but not supposing that we shall be entirely free from them, nor afflicting ourselves beyond measure to find that we are not. Such an over-strained severity breaks the force of the mind, and hinders its progress towards perfection. In the choice of conditions, or making any steps in life, it is a dictate of wisdom to prefer reality to appearance, and to follow Providence as our guide.—To be more indifferent to life, and all things in it, which the less we value the more we shall enjoy.—And, lastly, to consider that the happiness of the present state consists more in repose than pleasure; and in those pleasures that are pure and calm (which are likewise the most lasting) rather than in those which violently agitate the passions. Happy are we, when our pleasures flow from the regularity of our passions, an even course of piety and goodness, an humble confidence in the mercy of God, and from the hope of immortality! not to be contented without a perpetual succession of other pleasures besides these, is the way never to know contentment.

In No. 626 of the Spectator, our author has given us, in a most ingenious and pleasing manner, and in a style of much elegance, an essay

ON NOVELTY.[1]

It may not be a useless inquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavoring further, for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind, worth knowing, to the knowledge of which, therefore, it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain a man hath his prospects enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and, to eternity, advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honor to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more, proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its

[1] "One of the finest pieces in the English language, is the paper on Novelty; yet we do not hear it talked of."—*Dr. Johnson.*

novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental), but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fill them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it. In all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain ; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that, through too great an eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve it; or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent: in Mr. Locke's words, "We see a little, presume a good deal, and so jump to the conclusion."

A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee! Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor; to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things; they supply him not with brighter images or more sublime satisfactions, than the plain man may have whose small estate will just enable him to support the charge of a simple, unencumbered life. He enters

heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when by custom a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

To add no more—is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought: when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of: "Surely," say I to myself, "life is vain, and the man, beyond expression, stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather that he is designed for immortality."

THOMAS TICKELL, 1686—1740.

Thomas Tickell, the bosom friend of Addison, was born in Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in Cumberland, in 1686. At the usual age he entered Oxford University, where he devoted himself to his studies with great industry. He was early introduced to Addison and gained his friendship, which was never for a moment violated. Addison, it is said, had the affection of a father for Tickell, who, in return, loved and venerated that great man with a warmth of zeal which no filial affection could exceed. In consequence of this connection he made several contributions to the Spectator and Guardian, though his papers cannot all now be identified. While negotiations were on foot that preceded the peace of Utrecht,[1] he published his poem entitled "The

[1] The treaty of Utrecht was signed 1713.

Prospect of Peace." Though it has not much merit as a poem, it presents some noble thoughts on the general subject of peace, and the duty of nations to cultivate it among each other, that, if practised, would make the world much better and happier. In 1717, when Addison was made secretary of state, he advanced his friend Tickell to the post of under secretary, a situation which he filled with equal advantage to himself and his patron.

The decease of Addison, 1719, was severely felt and most sincerely lamented by Tickell. To the collected works of his great patron, who had on his death-bed left him the charge of publishing them, he prefixed an "Elegy" in memory of their author, "to whose beauty and pathos," says Dr. Drake, "no language can do justice." It is this, indeed, on which his fame as a writer chiefly rests; though his verses on the "Cato" of Addison, and his ballad of "Colin and Lucy" have much merit. His promotion and prosperity ceased not with the death of Addison. In 1725 he was created secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, a situation of dignity and profit, which he held till his death, which took place on the 23d of April, 1740.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.[1]

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
  Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone forever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;

[1] This was addressed to the Earl of Warwick, Addison's step-son.

Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' etherial sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato[1] there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:

[1] Addison's tragedy of "Cato."

There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

RICHARD BENTLEY, 1662—1742.

Richard Bentley, one of the most learned men, and perhaps the greatest classical scholar England has produced, was the son of a farmer near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was born in 1662. He was educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. In 1692 he was appointed to the lectureship instituted by Boyle, for the defence of the Christian religion, and he delivered a series of very able discourses against atheism, which were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Hon. Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek Epistles of Phalaris.[1] Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established the position that the epistles are spurious. Though professedly a controversial work, it embodies a mass of accurate information relative to historical facts, antiquities, chronology, and philology, such as, we may safely say, has rarely, if ever, been collected in the same space, and shows how thoroughly digested and familiar was the vast stock of reading which Bentley possessed. At the end of the "Dissertation on Phalaris," Bentley denies the genuineness of the "Fables" which bear Æsop's name.

It would be impossible, in this mere sketch of his life,[2] to enumerate all his subsequent works. They were mostly of a classical character, and from the great learning and research which they displayed, established his reputation not in England only, but on the continent, as the first scholar of his age. In one labor, however, he signally failed: it was in his edition of the "Paradise Lost." Assuming that, from the blindness of Milton, and consequently from the necessity of his dictating his thoughts to others, many verbal errors must have been made in transcribing, he undertook to make "emendations" without number, in that immortal work. It proved a most signal failure, and showed that, however learned he was in classic lore, he was destitute of true poetic taste and feeling, and could not enter into the lofty conceptions and sublime flights of the great English bard. One of his "emendations" will suffice here. The sublime line,

"No light, but rather darkness visible,"

Bentley renders,

"No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom;"

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[1] See this controversy spoken of on page 298.

[2] Read, Dr. Monk's Life of Bentley, a most interesting as well as learned piece of biography.

thus verifying his favorite maxim, that no man was ever written out of his reputation except by himself.

After a life of great literary labor, and enjoying some of the highest honors in the church, this distinguished scholar died on the 14th of July, 1742.

AUTHORITY OF REASON IN RELIGION.

We profess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it; and, indeed, cannot continue, in the apostle's description, "pure and undefiled" without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church: that we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once; that plain bread is not bread; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as Moses was shown by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from

revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1692—1742.

This ardent lover and eulogist of field-sports, was born in 1692, and was educated at Oxford. After leaving the University, he settled upon his patrimonial estate in Warwickshire, and occupied his time partly with the duties of a justice of the peace, partly with the active pleasures of the sportsman, and partly with the cultivation of his poetical talents. Hospitable, convivial, and careless of economy, he became involved in debt, and in the latter part of his life, according to the account of his friend Shenstone, the poet, "drank himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind." Thus, most lamentably, was his misery completed, and his end accelerated; and he died in 1742, in the fiftieth year of his age.

Somerville is best known by his poem, entitled the "Chase," which still has considerable popularity. It is written in blank verse, tolerably harmonious, and his descriptions, always accurate from his own practical knowledge of his subject, are frequently vivid and beautiful. He has also written another rural poem, called "Field-Sports," which describes the amusement of hawking; "Hobbinol, or Rural Games," a mock heroic; and many pieces of a miscellaneous character. Of the latter, the lines to Addison show much good feeling, and just appreciation of the character of that great and good man.

BEGINNING OF A FOX HUNT.

Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-color'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with hasty step

Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with white
It gayly shine; yet ere the sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ADDISON.

Great bard! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
To reach your praise, without your sacred fire?
When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio[1] to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join;
Parnassus labors in the work divine:
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;

[1] Alluding to the initials, CLIO, with which Addison signed all his papers in the Spectator.

In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals;
With like success bright Beauty's Goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, Truth charms with such address,
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honor grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.
Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.
Ye sylvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes,
For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return;
In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
And over-pay your bounty with his praise.

JONATHAN SWIFT, 1667—1745.

Of the varied life of this eccentric divine, so numerous and able have been the details, that had we room to enter into the consideration of it at length, it would be quite an unnecessary work. We will therefore give but a mere sketch of it, referring the reader for more full biographies, to the works mentioned below.[1]

[1] Hawkesworth, Sheridan and Nichols have each prefixed a life of Swift to their edition of his works. But the best edition is that of Sir Walter Scott, with life, 19 vols. 8vo., of which a second edition has been published. Read

He was born in Dublin, in 1667, and was educated at Dublin University. At the age of twenty-one he obtained the patronage of Sir William Temple, under whose roof, at Moor Park, in Surrey, he resided as an amanuensis and a companion, until the death of his patron in 1698. Here he wrote his celebrated treatise, entitled "The Battle of the Books," against Bentley; and while here he "took orders in the church." Upon the death of Temple, he was invited by the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland, and after many disappointments he obtained the living of Laracor,[1] where, in 1704, he published, anonymously, that remarkable work "The Tale of a Tub." It was designed as a burlesque and satire upon the disputes among the Papists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and for keenness and humor it has, perhaps, never been equalled. In 1713 he was rewarded with the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in Dublin; but the return of the Whig party into power, on the accession of the House of Hanover, destroyed all his hopes of further preferment. For some years after he was employed almost entirely in political and occasional writings, full of virulence and bitterness against many of the men and things of his age, and which are now but little read.[2] In 1724 he became almost an object of idolatry to the Irish by publishing a series of letters under the feigned name of M. B. Drapier, against one William Wood. This Wood had obtained a patent for coining half-pence for the use of Ireland, to the enormous amount of £180,000, and Swift, in his "Drapier's Letters," exposed the fraud, and the ruinous consequences to the nation, with such power of reason, and sarcasm, and invective, that the patent was annulled, and the half-pence withdrawn by the government. The following short extract will give an idea of the style and humor of these "Letters."

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also, a life of the same, in the 3d vol. of "Drake's Essays;" another in "Johnson's Lives," and a very able article in the 27th vol. of the Edinburgh Review.

[1] In the county of Meath, north-west of Dublin. While here, he appointed the reading of prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the first Wednesday, after the bell had ceased ringing for some time, finding that the congregation consisted only of himself and his clerk, Roger, he began: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," &c., and then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

[2] In the earlier part of his life Swift acted with the Whigs; but he afterwards became a Tory, and was the friend of Pope, Bolingbroke, and other wits of that party. According to Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of Great Britain," the difference between these parties in England consists in this, that while the Tory "never ventures to look beyond the constitution, and holds it impossible to depart from it," or, as we might say in our country, sticks to what are incorrectly called the "compromises" of the constitution, the Whig "considers it as subject to modification when it ceases to answer the great end of all government—THE GOOD OF THE WHOLE." "The Whig," continues Hallam, "insisting on the liberty and rights of the HUMAN RACE, has a natural desire for political amelioration; the Tory, a marked aversion for it. In a word, the principle of the one is CONSERVATION; that of the other, AMELIORATION." To which of the three parties in our own country, the "Whig," the "Democratic," or the "Liberty," this character of the English Whigs, as given by Hallam, is most applicable, let the intelligent and inquiring reader decide.

I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken, might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All the assistance I had were some informations from an eminent person, whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavoring to make them of a piece with my own productions; and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armor of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honor, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose: *for Goliah had a helmet of* BRASS *upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of* BRASS; *and he had greaves of* BRASS *upon his legs, and a target of* BRASS *between his shoulders.* In short he was, like Mr. Wood, all over BRASS, *and he defied the armies of the living God.*—Goliah's conditions of combat were likewise the same with these of Wood: if he prevail against us, *then shall we be his servants.* But if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.

In 1726 appeared the most perfect of the larger compositions of Swift, and that by which he will probably be longest remembered—"Gulliver's Travels." It is a production entirely unique in English literature. Its main design is, under the form of fictitious travels, to satirize mankind and the institutions of civilized countries; but the scenes and nations which it describes are so wonderful and amusing, that the book is as great a favorite with children, as with those misanthropic spirits who delight in contemplating the imperfections of human nature. In the latter part of his life, he published another burlesque on the social world, entitled "Polite Conversation," being an almost exact representation of the unpremeditated talk of ordinary persons. A still more ludicrous and satirical work appeared after his death, under the title of "Directions to Servants." His most important political tracts were "The Conduct of the Allies," "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," and "A History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne."

In 1736 Swift was seized with a violent fit of giddiness, while writing a satirical poem called the "Legion Club," which he never finished. From that time he grew worse and worse, till, in 1741, his friends found his passions so violent and ungovernable, his memory so decayed, and his reason so depraved, that they were obliged to keep all strangers from him. In 1742, after a week of indescribable bodily suffering, he sank into a state of

quiet idiocy, in which he continued till the 19th of October, 1745, when he gently breathed his last.

As a writer, the prose works of Swift are among the best specimens we possess of a thorough English style. "He knew," says Dr. Blair, "beyond almost any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language; and, therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his language. His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you are pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged; distinctly enough as to sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound; often without much regard to compactness or elegance." The following selections are given as specimens of his best style.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY.

Those inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behavior; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes among them where intemperance has quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations.

This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilli-

flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and sat me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing, to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal: as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October.

Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What I would have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours, spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and "your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night.

I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after

sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.[1]

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects[2] whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging

[1] This is taken from "The Battle of the Books," and had reference to the great contest then going on between the advocates of ancient and modern learning. The Bee represents the ancients; the Spider, the moderns.

[2] Beelzebub, in the Hebrew, signifies lord of flies.

them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could you not look before you? do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll): "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favor to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then,

it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION.[1]

Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. Beef, said the sage magistrate, is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard. When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown-loaf: Bread, says he, dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal,

[1] From the "Tale of a Tub."

venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread. Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. Come, brothers, said Peter, fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you. At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. My lord, said he, I doubt with great submission there may be some mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart. How, said Peter, appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all.—Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright; my lord, said he, my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while? Pray, sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present: but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. My lord, said he, I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread. Upon which the second put in his word: I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter, in a rage, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and God will confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake,

as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. Very well, said Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart. The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge his lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a piece for you: it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your vile vintner's brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but to let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

Though Swift wrote much that ranks under poetry, yet he had none of the characteristics of a true poet—nothing of the sublime or the tender; nothing, in short, that reaches or affects the heart. "It could scarcely be expected," says a critic, "that an irreligious divine, a heartless politician, and a selfish lover, could possess the elements of true poetry; and, therefore, Swift may be considered rather as a rhymer than a poet." This is true; as he himself says in the "Verses on his own Death:"

"The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme."

This "knack" he had in a very eminent degree—the "knack" of writing easy, natural rhymes—of using just the very words in verse that any one would select as the best in prose. In proof of which take the following selections.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,

Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
  Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What ar't!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
  They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
  The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
  The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:

In vain; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.[1]
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

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[1] The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the *parson*, if you please.
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues:*
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine;*
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen;*
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard, to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yews.*

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew;*
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688—1744.

This great poet was born in London, on the 22d of May, 1688. His father was a linen-draper, who had acquired a considerable fortune by trade. Being of a feeble frame and delicate constitution, his early education was chiefly domestic. At the age of twelve, having made considerable progress in the Greek and Latin languages, he resolved to pursue his own plan of study; and his reading, of which he was excessively fond, became uncommonly extensive and various. At a very early period he manifested the greatest fondness for poetry: as he says of himself,

"I lisped in numbers, and the numbers came."

This taste was in a measure formed from the perusal of Ogilby's Homer, when only ten years of age. Before he was twelve, he wrote his "Ode on Solitude," remarkable for the precocity of sentiment it exhibits, and for that delicacy of language and harmony of versification, for which he afterwards became so eminent. At the age of sixteen he wrote his "Pastorals," with a preliminary "Discourse on Pastoral poetry," "which," says Warton, "is a more extraordinary production than the Pastorals that follow it." At the age of eighteen he produced the "Messiah," a sacred eclogue in imitation of Virgil's Pollio.[1] In 1709, before he had reached the age of twenty-one,

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[1] Pollio was a Roman senator in the time of Augustus, and celebrated not only as a general, but as a patron of letters and the fine arts. Virgil addressed to him his fourth Eclogue at a time (B. C. 40) when Augustus and Antony had ratified a league of peace, and thus, as it was thought, established the tranquillity of the empire, as in the times of the "golden age." In this Eclogue Virgil is most eloquent in the praise of peace, and in some of his figures and expressions is thought to have imitated the prophecies of Isaiah, which, probably, he had read in the Greek Septuagint. But however this may be as regards Virgil, Roscoe well remarks of this production of Pope, that "the idea of uniting the sacred prophecies and grand imagery of Isaiah, with the mysterious visions and pomp of numbers displayed in the Pollio, thereby combining both sacred and heathen mythology in predicting the coming of the

he finished his "Essay on Criticism," of which Dr. Johnson remarks, "if he had written nothing else it would have placed him among the first critics, and the first poets; as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition—selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendor of illustration, and propriety of digression."[1]

In 1712 he published that remarkable heroi-comic poem, "The Rape of the Lock,"[2] in which he has exhibited, more than in any other of his productions, the highest faculty of the poet,—the creative.[3] "Its wit and humor," says Dr. Drake, "are of the most delicate and highly-finished kind; its fictions, sportive and elegant, and conceived with a propriety and force of imagination which astonish and fascinate every reader." To this succeeded "The Temple of Fame," in imitation of Chaucer's "House of Fame," "Windsor Forest," a loco-descriptive poem, and "Eloisa to Abelard," the most popular, perhaps, of any of his productions. But all these poems, together with his Satires and Epistles, added but very little to his fortune. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-five, he issued proposals for the Translation of the Iliad, by subscription. The work was accomplished in five years, and while the profits were such as to gratify his utmost expectations,[4] the great and signal merits of the translation received the warmest eulogiums from the literary world. In a few years after, in conjunction with Fenton and Broome, he translated the Odyssey.

The fame which Pope acquired by these writings drew upon him the attacks of the envious;[5] and a host of critics, individually insignificant, but troublesome from their numbers, continued to annoy him. To retaliate, he published, in 1728, "The Dunciad," a work "which fell among his opponents like an exterminating thunderbolt." But while it has displayed the

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MESSIAH, is one of the happiest subjects for producing emotions of sublimity, that ever occurred to the mind of a poet."

[1] "For a person only twenty years old to have produced such an Essay, so replete with a knowledge of life and manners, such accurate observations on men and books, such variety of literature, such strong good sense, and refined taste and judgment, has been the subject of frequent and of just admiration." —*Warton.*

[2] The subject of this poem was a quarrel, occasioned by a little piece of gallantry of Lord Petre, who, in a party of pleasure, found means to cut off a favorite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. "On so slight a foundation has he raised this beautiful superstructure; like a fairy palace in a desert."—*Warton.*

[3] "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Scene 1.

[4] He cleared the sum of five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds.

[5] "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before ENVY?"—*Proverbs* xxvii. 4.

temperament of the author in no very enviable light, it has perpetuated the memory of many worthless scribblers, who, otherwise, would have sunk into oblivion. In 1733 he published his celebrated didactic poem, the "Essay on Man." No sooner did it appear than it was assailed by his enemies, and others, on the ground that it was full of skeptical or infidel tendencies. From this charge it was ably defended by the learned Dr. Warburton, and has since been most triumphantly vindicated in the preliminary discourse of Mr. Roscoe.[1] After the publication of the "Essay on Man" he continued to compose occasional pieces, and planned many admirable works: among the latter, was "A History of the Rise and Progress of English Poetry." But he never lived to enter upon the work, for an asthmatic affection, to which he had long been subject, terminated, in 1744, in a dropsy of the chest, and he expired on the 30th of May of that year.

"What rank," says Dr. Drake, "should be assigned to Pope in a classification of our English poets, has been a subject of frequent inquiry. It is evident, that by far the greater part of his original productions consists of ethic and satiric poetry; and by those who estimate mere moral sentiment, or the exposure, in splendid versification, of fashionable vice or folly, as the highest province of the art, he must be considered as the first of bards. If, however, sublimity, imagination, and pathos be, as they assuredly are, the noblest efforts of the creative powers, and the most difficult of attainment, Pope will be found to have had some superiors, and several rivals. With Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton," (and he might have added Chaucer,) "he cannot, in those essential qualities, enter into competition." So far we can fully agree with this judicious critic; but when he adds, "when compared with Dryden, Young, and Thomson, the mind hesitates in the allotment of superiority," we entirely dissent; for we should have not the least hesitation in placing him before Dryden and Thomson, however it might be with Young.[2]

"MESSIAH."

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma![3] begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus[4] and the Aonian maids,[5]
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

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[1] See Roscoe's edition of Pope, 10 vols. London, one of the choicest contributions to English literature of the present century. Read, also, that elegant and interesting piece of criticism, Warton's "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," a work of which it has been justly said that, "however often perused, it affords fresh delight, and may be considered as one of the books best adapted to excite a love of literature."

[2] Read an admirable "Estimate of the Poetical Character and Writings of Pope," prefixed to the second volume of Roscoe's edition.

[3] Jerusalem. [4] A mountain in Thessaly, sacred to the muses.

[5] Aonian maids—the muses.

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's[1] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic dove.
Ye heavens![2] from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick[3] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice[4] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[5] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way![6] A God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf;[7] and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd[8] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:

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[1] Isa. xi. ver. 1. [2] Isa. xlv. ver. 8. [3] Isa. xxv. ver. 4.
[4] Isa. ix. ver. 7. [5] Isa. xxxv. ver. 2. [6] Isa. xl. ver. 3, 4.
[7] Isa. xlii. ver. 18; ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. [8] Isa. xl. ver. 11.

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father[1] of the future age.
No more shall nation[2] against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son[3]
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts[4] with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys,[5] once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs[6] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents[7] lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,[8] rise,
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race[9] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations[10] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean[11] springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun[12] shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

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[1] Isa. ix. ver. 6.
[2] Isa. ii. ver. 4.
[3] Isa. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
[4] Isa. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.
[5] Isa. xli. ver. 19, and ch. lv. ver. 13.
[6] Isa. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.
[7] Isa. lxv. ver. 25.
[8] Isa. lx. ver. 1.
[9] Isa. lx. ver. 4.
[10] Isa. lx. ver. 3.
[11] Isa. lx. ver. 6.
[12] Isa. lx. ver. 19, 20.

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas[1] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE TOILET.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

From the Rape of the Lock.

DESCRIPTION OF BELINDA AND THE SYLPHS, AND ARIEL'S ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.

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[1] Isa. li. ver. 6, and ch. liv. ver. 10.

Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts opprest,
The impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand and thus begun:—
  Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
  Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
  This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;

Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock[1] must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum stypties with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

From the same.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

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[1] Her lap-dog.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?

EPITAPH ON MRS. CORBET.[1]

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the *woman* died.

COUPLETS FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis with our judgments, as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A *little* learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

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[1] "I have always considered this as the most valuable of Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities, yet that which really makes, though not the splendor, the felicity of life."—*Johnson.*

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.

It is to be regretted that the prose works of Pope are so few, as what he has left us are remarkable for great purity and correctness of style, clearness of conception, and soundness of judgment. The chief of them are his Letters, which are among the very best specimens of epistolary writing; a Preface to the Iliad; a Postscript to the Odyssey; a Preface to Shakspeare; and Prefaces to his Pastorals and collected works.

SHAKSPEARE.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much Nature[1] herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labor, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised at the moment we weep;

[1] See Mrs. Montagu's ingenious Essay on Shakspeare, and her confutations of some of Voltaire's criticisms.

and yet, upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than the *ridiculous*[1] in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning, he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

Preface to Shakspeare.

HOMER AND VIRGIL COMPARED.

On whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transporting*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expression more *raised* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been said of

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[1] On the astonishing idea of this double power over our passions, Gray has formed that exquisitely beautiful Prosopopœia of Nature appearing to him in his infancy, and saying:

"This pencil take, whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Progress of Poetry.

Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil, the better artist. In one we most admire the man; in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

Preface to Homer's Iliad.

ROBERT BLAIR, 1699—1746.

Robert Blair, the author of "The Grave," was born in 1699. But few particulars are known respecting his life. After receiving a liberal education, he travelled on the Continent for further improvement, and in 1731 was ordained as a minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian,

where he spent the remainder of his life, which was terminated by a fever, in 1746, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

"The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of the 'Grave.' It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural and picturesque. In the eye of fastidious criticism Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness, that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dryness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty."[1]

THE GRAVE.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succors I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave—dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd. Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.———

DEATH-DIVIDED FRIENDSHIPS.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush

[1] Campbell's Specimens, vol. v. p. 204.

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note;
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress! Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste: still, the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

DEATH, THE GOOD MAN'S PATH TO ETERNAL JOY.

Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing! Death, disarmed,
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught! Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
'Tis done—and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be? Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,

Can re-assemble the loose scattered parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Hath done much more: nor is his arm impaired
Through length of days; and what he can, he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

JAMES THOMSON, 1700—1748.

James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was the son of a Scotch clergyman, and was born in the year 1700. After completing his academic education at the University of Edinburgh, he entered upon the study of divinity; but a paraphrase of one of the Psalms having been given by the professor of divinity, to the class, Thomson's exercise was in so poetical and figurative a style as to astonish all who heard it. This incident made him resolve to quit divinity for poetry, and, after some time he went to London, poor and friendless, to try his fortune, with the manuscript of "Winter" in his pocket. It was with difficulty he found a purchaser for it, and the price given was trifling. It was published in 1726, and after a short neglect, was admired and applauded, and a number of editions speedily followed. His "Summer" appeared in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" in 1730.

After the publication of the Seasons, he travelled on the continent with the son of the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and on his return employed himself in the composition of his various tragedies, and his poem on "Liberty." These are by no means equal to his other performances, and are now but little read. In May, 1748, he finished his "Castle of Indolence," upon which he had been laboring for years. This is the noblest effort of his genius. "To it," says Campbell, "he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are

derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the 'Faerie Queene.' Indeed, of all the imitations of Spenser, it is the most spirited and beautiful, both for its moral, poetical and descriptive power. He did not long survive its publication. A violent cold, through inattention, terminated in a fever, and carried him off on the 27th of August, 1748.

In nature and originality, Thomson is superior to all the descriptive poets except Cowper, and few poems in the English language have been more popular than the "Seasons." "It is almost stale to remark," observes Campbell, "the beauties of a poem so universally felt; the truth and genial interest with which he carries us through the life of the year; the harmony of succession which he gives to the casual phenomena of nature; his pleasing transition from native to foreign scenery; and the soul of exalted and unfeigned benevolence which accompanies his prospects of the creation. It is but equal justice to say that, amidst the feeling and fancy of the 'Seasons,' we meet with interruptions of declamation, heavy narrative, and unhappy digression."

But though Thomson's merits as a descriptive poet are of the first order; though "he looks with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute," yet his greatest charm, and that which makes him so popular with all classes is, that he looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. As has been well said, "his sympathies are universal." His touching allusions to the conditions of the poor and suffering; to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow; the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims, all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which show that the poet's virtues "formed the magic of his song." The genuine impulses under which he wrote, he has expressed in one noble stanza in the "Castle of Indolence:"—

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

SUMMER EVENING.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale

Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature naught disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various games and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld.

THE VARIOUS SUFFERINGS IN WINTER.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.

How many pine in want and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

MORAL OF THE SEASONS.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
  Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;

Shade unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In Infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

FROM THE "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:

They neither plough, ne sow, ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labors to the valleys deep,
For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight; oh come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in human courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"What, what is virture, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"Oh, grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

ISAAC WATTS, 1674—1748.

Isaac Watts, whose reputation as a prose writer and as a poet, is as wide as the world of letters, was born at Southampton on the 17th of July, 1674. At the age of but four years he began to study the Latin language; but as he was a "dissenter" from the "established" church, he could not look forward to an education in either of the great universities, and therefore, at the age of sixteen, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas Rowe, who had charge of an academy in London. At the age of twenty he returned to his father's house, and spent two years in studying for the ministry. At the close of this period he accepted the invitation of Sir John Hartopp to reside with him as tutor to his son, and remained with him five years, devoting most of his time to a critical knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, and entering, during the last year, upon the duties of his profession.

In 1698 he was chosen as an assistant to Dr. Chauncey, pastor of an Independent church in Southampton, and on his death, 1702, was elected to succeed him. Soon after entering upon his office he was attacked by a dangerous illness, from which he but very slowly recovered. In 1712 he was again seized with a fever so violent and of so long continuance, that it left him in a feeble state for the rest of his life. In this state he found in Sir Thomas Abney a friend such as is not often to be met with. This gentleman received him into his own house, where he remained an inmate of the family for *thirty-six years*, that is, to the end of his life, where he was treated the whole time with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate.[1] Here he devoted all the time that his health would allow to the composition of his various works,

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[1] "A coalition like this—a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial."—*Dr. Johnson.* Accordingly the great biographer has given in his life of Watts a long extract from Dr. Gibbons' touching account of Watts' residence in this family, and then adds: "If this quotation has appeared long, let it be considered that it comprises an account of six-and-thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts."

and to his official functions; and when increasing weakness compelled him to relinquish both, his congregation would not accept his resignation, but, while they elected another pastor, continued to him the salary he had been accustomed to receive. On the 25th of November, 1748, without a pain or a struggle, this great and good man breathed his last.[1]

In his literary character, Dr. Watts may be considered as a poet, a philosopher and a theologian. As a poet, if he takes not the very first rank in the imaginative, the creative, or the sublime, he has attained what the greatest might well envy,—a universality of fame. He is emphatically the classic poet of the religious world, wherever the English language is known. His version of the Psalms, his three books of Hymns, and his "Divine Songs for Children," have been more read and committed to memory, have exerted more holy influences, and made more lasting impressions for good upon the human heart, and have called forth more fervent aspirations for the joys and the happiness of heaven, than the productions of *any other* poet, perhaps it would not be too strong to say than ALL OTHER poets, (the sacred bards of course excepted,) living or dead.

As a philosopher, he has the rare merit of always being practically useful, especially in the education of youth. His "Logic, or Right Use of Reason," was for a long time a text-book in the English Universities; and of his "Improvement of the Mind," no happier eulogium can be given than that by Dr. Johnson:[2] "Few books," says the sage, "have been perused by me with greater pleasure than this; and whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficiency if this book is not recommended."

As a theologian, the compositions of Watts are very numerous, and "every page," says Dr. Drake, "displays his unaffected piety, the purity of his principles, the mildness of his disposition, and the great goodness of his heart. The style of all his works is perspicuous, correct, and frequently elegant; and happily for mankind, his labors have been translated and dispersed with a zeal that does honor to human nature; for there are probably few persons who have studied the writings of Dr. Watts without a wish for improvement; without an effort to become wiser or better members of society."[3]

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[1] When he was almost worn out by his infirmities, he observed, in a conversation with a friend, that "he remembered an aged minister used to say that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned." "So," said Watts, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, and do not require much labor and pains to understand them, for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

[2] "He is one of the few poets," says Dr. Johnson, "with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."

[3] Read his life in Drake's Essays—Johnson's Life—Memoir, by Southey—Memoirs, by Thomas Gibson.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
  And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
  And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heav'nly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
  Of rising in brighter array.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
  The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
  And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
  Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
  Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
  Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,
  Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
  Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
  This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Say mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
  And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
  To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
  As custom leads the way:

If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
  And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
  To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
  And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
  The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
  T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
  Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
  With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
  Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
  Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
  The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
  With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
  For Love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
  Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
  And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
  And Cupids yoke the doves.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,—
  Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
  With unbeclouded eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
  Should fright us from the shore.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
  And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
  Can see or taste the bliss.

LOOKING UPWARD.

The heavens invite mine eye,
  The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
  Thus grovelling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
  And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
  To raise me swift and high

Beyond those crystal vaults,
  And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
  And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you;
  Heaven is my native air:

I bid my friends a short adieu,
  Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers released
  From their old fleshy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
  And set me near my God.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

Eternal Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
  With one unchanged decree;
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
  Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honors, crowns and gold:
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
  The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
  For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
  And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
  As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords;
  And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay;
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
  To sit and smile with thee.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea:
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,

And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies;
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS RELATING TO OUR IDEAS.[1]

Direction I.—*Furnish yourselves with a rich variety of ideas;* acquaint yourselves with things ancient and modern; things natural, civil and religious; things domestic and national; things of your native land, and of foreign countries; things present, past and future; and, above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves; learn animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits.

The way of attaining such an extensive treasure of ideas, is, with diligence to apply yourself to read the best books; converse with the most knowing and the wisest of men, and endeavor to improve by every person in whose company you are; suffer no hour to pass away in a lazy idleness, in impertinent chattering, or useless trifles: visit other cities and countries when you have seen your own, under the care of one who can teach you to profit by travelling, and to make wise observations; indulge a just curiosity in seeing the wonders of art and nature; search into things yourselves, as well as learn them from others; be acquainted with men as well as books; learn all things as much as you can at first hand; and let as many of your ideas as possible be the representations of things, and not merely the representations of other men's ideas: thus your soul, like some noble building, shall be richly furnished with original paintings, and not with mere copies.

Direction II.—*Use the most proper methods to retain that treasure of ideas which you have acquired;* for the mind is ready to let many of them slip, unless some pains and labor be taken to fix them upon the memory.

And more especially let those ideas be laid up and preserved with the greatest care, which are most directly suited, either to your eternal welfare as a Christian, or to your particular station

[1] "Logic, or the Right Use of Reason," chap. v.

and profession in this life; for though the former rule recommends an universal acquaintance with things, yet it is but a more general and superficial knowledge that is required or expected of any man, in things which are utterly foreign to his own business; but it is necessary you should have a more particular and accurate acquaintance with those things that refer to your peculiar province and duty in this life, or your happiness in another.

There are some persons who never arrive at any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge in any science or any business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things in a curious and wandering search of infinite variety; ever hearing, reading, or asking after something new, but impatient of any labor to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained. Their souls may be compared to a looking-glass, that wheresoever you turn it, it receives the images of all objects, but retains none.

In order to preserve your treasure of ideas and the knowledge you have gained, pursue these advices especially in your younger years.

1. *Recollect every day the things you have seen, or heard, or read*, which may have made any addition to your understanding: read the writings of God and men with diligence and perpetual reviews: be not fond of hastening to a new book, or a new chapter, till you have well fixed and established in your minds what was useful in the last: make use of your memory in this manner, and you will sensibly experience a gradual improvement of it, while you take care not to load it to excess.

2. *Talk over the things which you have seen, heard or learnt, with some proper acquaintance;* this will make a fresh impression upon your memory; and if you have no fellow student at hand, none of equal rank with yourselves, tell it over to any of your acquaintance, where you can do it with propriety and decency; and whether they learn anything by it or no, your own repetition of it will be an improvement to yourself: and this practice also will furnish you with a variety of words and copious language, to express your thoughts upon all occasions.

3. *Commit to writing some of the most considerable improvements which you daily make*, at least such hints as may recall them again to your mind, when perhaps they are vanished and lost. At the end of every week, or month, or year, you may review your remarks for these two reasons: First, to judge of your own improvement, when you shall find that many of

your younger collections are either weak and trifling; or if they are just and proper, yet they are grown now so familiar to you, that you will thereby see your own advancement in knowledge. And in the next place what remarks you find there worthy of your riper observation, you may note them with a marginal star, instead of transcribing them, as being worthy of your second year's review, when the others are neglected.

To shorten something of this labor, if the books which you read are your own, mark with a pen, or pencil, the most considerable things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a very weak objection against this practice to say, I shall spoil my book; for I persuade myself that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yield less money to your executors.

RULES OF IMPROVEMENT BY CONVERSATION.[1]

1. If we would improve our minds by *conversation*, it is a great happiness *to be acquainted with persons wiser than ourselves*. It is a piece of useful advice, therefore, to get the favor of their conversation frequently, as far as circumstances will allow: and if they happen to be a little reserved, use all obliging methods to draw out of them what may increase your own knowledge.

2. If you happen to be in company with a *merchant or a sailor, a farmer or a mechanic, a milkmaid or a spinster, lead them into a discourse of the matters of their own peculiar province or profession;* for every one knows, or should know, his own business best. In this sense a common mechanic is wiser than a philosopher. By this means you may gain some improvement in knowledge from every one you meet.

3. *Confine not yourself always to one sort of company*, or to persons of the same party or opinion, either in matters of learning, religion, or the civil life, lest if you should happen to be nursed up or educated in early mistake, you should be confirmed and established in the same mistake, by conversing only with persons of the same sentiments. A free and general con-

[1] "The Improvement of the Mind," London, 1809, p. 79.

versation with men of very various countries and of different parties, opinions, and practices (so far as it may be done safely) is of excellent use to undeceive us in many wrong judgments which we may have framed, and to lead us into juster thoughts.

4. *In mixed company among acquaintance and strangers, endeavor to learn something from all.* Be swift to hear, but be cautious of your tongue, lest you betray your ignorance, and perhaps offend some of those who are present too.

5. *Believe that it is possible to learn something from persons much below yourself.* We are all short-sighted creatures; our views are also narrow and limited; we often see but one side of a matter, and do not extend our sight far and wide enough to reach everything that has a connection with the thing we talk of: *we see but in part, and know but in part*, therefore it is no wonder we form not right conclusions, because we do not survey the whole of any subject or argument.

6. To make conversation more valuable and useful, whether it be in a designed or accidental visit, among persons of the same or of different sexes, after the necessary salutations are finished, and the stream of common talk begins to hesitate, or runs flat and low, let some one person take a book which may be agreeable to the whole company, and by common consent let him read in it ten lines, or a paragraph or two, or a few pages, till some word or sentence gives an occasion for any of the company to offer a thought or two relating to that subject. Interruption of the reader should be no blame, for conversation is the business; whether it be to confirm what the author says, or to improve it; to enlarge upon or to correct it; to object against it, or to ask any question that is a-kin to it; and let every one that please add their opinion and promote the conversation. When the discourse sinks again, or diverts to trifles, let him that reads pursue the page, and read on further paragraphs or pages, till some occasion is given by a word or sentence for a new discourse to be started, and that with the utmost ease and freedom. Such a method as this would prevent the hours of a visit from running all to waste; and by this means, even among scholars, they will seldom find occasion for that too just and bitter reflection, *I have lost my time in the company of the learned.*

By such practice as this, young ladies may very honorably and agreeably improve their hours: while one applies herself to reading, the others employ their attention, even among the various artifices of the needle; but let all of them make their occasional remarks or inquiries. This will guard a great deal

of that precious time from modish trifling impertinence or scandal, which might otherwise afford matter for painful repentance.

Observe this rule in general, whensoever it lies in your power to lead the conversation, *let it be directed to some profitable point of knowledge or practice*, so far as may be done with decency; and let not the discourse and the hours be suffered to run loose without aim or design: and when a subject is started, pass not hastily to another, before you have brought the present theme or discourse to some tolerable issue, or a joint consent to drop it.

7. *Attend with sincere diligence while any one of the company is declaring his sense of the question proposed;* hear the argument with patience, though it differ ever so much from your sentiments, for you yourself are very desirous to be heard with patience by others who differ from you. Let not your thoughts be active and busy all the while to find out something to contradict, and by what means to oppose the speaker, especially in matters which are not brought to an issue. This is a frequent and unhappy temper and practice. You should rather be intent and solicitous to take up the mind and meaning of the speaker, zealous to seize and approve all that is true in his discourse; nor yet should you want courage to oppose where it is necessary; but let your modesty and patience, and a friendly temper, be as conspicuous as your zeal.

8. As you should carry about with you a constant and sincere sense of your own ignorance, *so you should not be afraid nor ashamed to confess this ignorance*, by taking all proper opportunities to ask and inquire for farther information; whether it be the meaning of a word, the nature of a thing, the reason of a proposition, or the custom of a nation. Never remain in ignorance for want of asking.

9. *Be not too forward*, especially in the younger part of life, *to determine any question in company with an infallible and peremptory sentence*, nor speak with assuming airs, and with a decisive tone of voice. A young man in the presence of his elders should rather hear and attend, and weigh the arguments which are brought for the proof or refutation of any doubtful proposition; and when it is your turn to speak, propose your thoughts rather in way of inquiry.

10. As you may sometimes raise inquiries for your own instruction and improvement, and draw out the learning, wisdom, and fine sentiments of your friends, who perhaps may be too reserved or modest; so at other times if you perceive a person unskilful in the matter of debate, you may, by questions

aptly proposed in the Socratic method, lead him into a clearer knowledge of the subject: then you become his instructor, in such a manner as may not appear to make yourself his superior.

11. *Take heed of affecting always to shine in company above the rest*, and to display the riches of your own understanding or your oratory, as though you would render yourself admirable to all that are present. This is seldom well taken in polite company; much less should you use such forms of speech as would insinuate the ignorance or dulness of those with whom you converse.

12. *Banish utterly out of all conversation, and especially out of all learned and intellectual conference, every thing that tends to provoke passion, or raise a fire in the blood.* Let no sharp language, no noisy exclamation, no sarcasms or biting jests be heard among you; no perverse or invidious consequences be drawn from each other's opinions, and imputed to the person. All these things are enemies to friendship, and the ruin of free conversation. The impartial search of truth requires all calmness and serenity, all temper and candor; mutual instruction can never be attained in the midst of passion, pride, and clamor, unless we suppose, in the midst of such a scene, there is a loud and penetrating lecture read by both sides on the folly and shameful infirmities of human nature.

13. To conclude: when you retire from company, then *converse with yourself in solitude, and inquire what you have learnt for the improvement of your understanding, or for the rectifying your inclinations*, for the increase of your virtues, or the meliorating your conduct and behavior in any future parts of life. If you have seen some of your company candid, modest, humble in their manner, wise and sagacious, just and pious in their sentiments, polite and graceful, as well as clear and strong in their expression, and universally acceptable and lovely in their behaviour, endeavor to impress the idea of all these upon your memory, and treasure them up for your imitation.

CONYERS MIDDLETON, 1683—1750.

Conyers Middleton, a celebrated divine and critic, was the son of a clergyman, and born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, 1683. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1717 received from the University the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His first published work was "A Full and Impartial Account of all the late Proceedings in the University of Cambridge against Dr.

Bentley," which, says Dr. Monk, "was the first published specimen of a style, which, for elegance, purity and ease, yields to none in the whole compass of the English language." In 1724 he visited Italy, and having taken a close and near view of the ecclesiastical pomp and ceremonies of the Papal church, he published in 1729 his celebrated Letter from Rome, in which he attempted to show that "the religion of the present Romans was derived from that of their heathen ancestors," and that, in particular, the rites, ceremonies, dresses of the priests, and other matters in the Romish church, were taken from the pagan religion. It was received with great favor by the learned, and went through four editions in the author's lifetime.

In 1741 appeared his greatest work, and that on which his fame chiefly rests, "The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero." It might more properly be called, The Life and Times of Cicero, since it is full not only in everything that personally relates to the illustrious Roman orator, but gives an admirable picture of the Republic, at the time he flourished. The style is remarkable for uniting clearness, strength, elegance and richness in an unusual degree, and the work may justly be considered as a model of composition in the department of biography. The characters of the most prominent men of the time, he draws up with consummate skill, judgment and taste; and few historical works are more interesting and none more instructive. In 1745 he published an account of the various specimens of ancient art, which he had collected during his residence at Rome; and in 1749, "A Free Inquiry into Miraculous Powers." This was immediately attacked by many of the clergy, who maintained that the tendency of the book was to destroy the authority of miracles in general: but Middleton disclaimed all such intention. After various controversies upon religious subjects with some of the clergy of the day, he expired on the 28th of July, 1750.

CICERO OFFERS HIMSELF TO THE BAR.

Cicero had now run through all that course of discipline, which he lays down as necessary to form the complete orator: for, in his treatise on that subject, he gives us his own sentiments in the person of Crassus, on the institution requisite to that character; declaring, that no man ought to pretend to it, without being previously acquainted with everything worth knowing in art or nature; that this is implied in the very name of an orator, whose profession it is to speak upon every subject which can be proposed to him; and whose eloquence, without the knowledge of what he speaks, would be the prattle only and impertinence of children. He had learnt the rudiments of grammar, and languages, from the ablest teachers; gone through the studies of humanity and the politer letters with the poet Archias; been instructed in philosophy by the principal professors of each sect; Phædrus the Epicurean, Philo the

Academic, Diodotus the Stoic; acquired a perfect knowledge of the law, from the greatest lawyers, as well as the greatest statesmen of Rome, the two Scævolas; all which accomplishments were but ministerial and subservient to that on which his hopes and ambition were singly placed, the reputation of an orator: To qualify himself therefore particularly for this, he attended the pleadings of all the speakers of his time; heard the daily lectures of the most eminent orators of Greece, and was perpetually composing somewhat at home, and declaiming under their correction: and that he might neglect nothing which could help in any degree to improve and polish his style, he spent the intervals of his leisure in the company of the ladies; especially of those who were remarkable for a politeness of language, and whose fathers had been distinguished by a fame and reputation of their eloquence.

Thus adorned and accomplished, he offered himself to the bar about the age of twenty-six; not as others generally did, raw and ignorant of their business, and wanting to be formed to it by use and experience, but finished and qualified at once to sustain any cause which should be committed to him.

After he had given a specimen of himself to the city, in several private causes, he undertook the celebrated defence of S. Roscius of Ameria, in his 27th year; the same age, as the learned have observed, in which Demosthenes first began to distinguish himself in Athens; as if, in these geniuses of the first magnitude, that was the proper season of blooming towards maturity.

As by this defence he acquired a great reputation in his youth, so he reflects upon it with pleasure in old age, and recommends it to his son, as the surest way to true glory and authority in his country; to defend the innocent in distress, especially when they happen to be oppressed by the power of the great; as I have often done, says he, in other causes, but particularly in that of Roscius against Sylla himself in the height of his power. A noble lesson to all advancers, to apply their talents to the protection of innocence and injured virtue; and to make justice, not profit, the rule and end of their labors.

CLOSE OF CICERO'S CONSULSHIP.

But before we close the account of the memorable events of this year, we must not omit the mention of one which distinguished it afterwards as a particular era in the annals of Rome, the birth of Octavius, surnamed Augustus, which happened

on the twenty-third of September. Velleius calls it an accession of glory to Cicero's consulship: but it excites speculations rather of a different sort, on the inscrutable methods of Providence, and the short-sighted policy of man, that in the moment when Rome was preserved from destruction, and its liberty thought to be established more firmly than ever, an infant should be thrown into the world, who, within the course of twenty years, effected what Cataline had attempted, and destroyed both Cicero and the republic. If Rome could have been saved by human council, it would have been saved by the skill of Cicero: but its destiny was now approaching: for governments, like natural bodies, have, with the principles of their preservation, the seeds of ruin also essentially mixed in their constitution, which, after a certain period, begin to operate, and exert themselves to the dissolution of the vital frame. These seeds had long been fermenting in the bowels of the republic, when Octavius came, peculiarly formed by nature, and instructed by art, to quicken their operation, and exalt them to maturity.

Cicero's administration was now at an end, and nothing remained but to resign the consulship, according to custom, in an assembly of the people, and to take the usual oath, of his having discharged it with fidelity. This was generally accompanied with a speech from the expiring consul; and after such a year, and from such a speaker, the city was in no small expectation of what Cicero would say to them: but Metellus, one of the new tribunes, who affected commonly to open their magistracy by some remarkable act, as a specimen of the measures which they intended to pursue, resolved to disappoint both the orator and the audience: for when Cicero had mounted the rostra, and was ready to perform this last act of his office, the tribune would not suffer him to speak, or to do anything more than barely to take the oath, declaring, that he who had put citizens to death unheard, ought not to be permitted to speak for himself: upon which Cicero, who was never at a loss, instead of pronouncing the ordinary form of the oath, exalting the tone of his voice, swore out aloud, so as all the people might hear him, *that he had saved the republic and the city from ruin;* which the multitude below confirmed with an universal shout, and with one voice cried out, *that what he had sworn was true.* Thus the intended affront was turned, by his presence of mind, to his greater honor, and he was conducted from the forum to his house, with all possible demonstrations of respect by the whole city.

CHARACTER OF POMPEY.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the *Great*, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed at three several times over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, "he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire." He was about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to show his head; Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory, and by the consent of all parties placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the *Leader*, not the *Tyrant* of his country: for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk; if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving, from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him Dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped: whether over those who loved, or those who feared him: Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms: yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms, than the gown: for though, in both, he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behavior; yet, in the license of camps, the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of

reserve and haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious rather than penetrating; and his view of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was *dissimulation;* yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored, when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home; till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these too, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that, by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him, till it was too late: Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and, after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honor, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries with which he was flattered by all the haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle. They used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw all his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt, finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but, in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court, governed by

eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honor of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety? or, if he had fallen by chance of war on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave.

HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE, 1678—1751.

Henry St. John, son of Sir Henry St. John, of Battersea, Surry county, was born October 1st, 1678. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and after spending many years of dissipation on the continent, he was, on his return, elected to Parliament in 1701, when the Tories were in power. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712, by the title of Viscount Bolingbroke; but soon after the death of Queen Anne, fearing the course which might be taken against him by the new administration, he fled to France. On the 9th of August of the same year (1718) he was impeached by Walpole at the bar of the House of Lords of high treason, and other high crimes and misdemeanors; and as he failed to surrender himself to take his trial, a bill of attainder was passed against him by Parliament, on the 10th of September. In the mean time he showed what were his principles, and where his heart was, by entering the service of the Pretender, as secretary. In 1723 he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England: his property was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He then engaged in active opposition to the Whig ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, and published a great number of political tracts.

In 1735 he suddenly withdrew to France, for reasons which have never been explained, and resided there seven years, during which time he published his "Letters on the Study of History," and a "Letter on the true Use of Retirement." On the death of his father, 1742, he returned to take possession of the family estate at Battersea, and in 1749 published his "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," and the "Idea of a Patriot King." Most of his early friends, both literary and political, of whom were Pope, Swift, Gay and Atterbury, were now gone, and he himself expired on the 15th of De-

cember, 1751. He bequeathed all his manuscripts, "as a legacy for traducing the memory of his own old friend Alexander Pope," to David Mallet,[1] a Scotchman, who, in 1754, published a complete edition of his lordship's works, in five volumes. Among them were found a series of Essays against revealed religion, which led to the caustic but just remark of Dr. Johnson, that "having loaded a blunderbuss, and pointed it against Christianity, he had not the courage to discharge it himself, but left half-a-crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death."

In Lord Bolingbroke's character as a man there is but little to respect, much to condemn. His writings are now but little read, and for their matter contain little that is worth reading. "He had no accurate or profound knowledge of any kind, and his reasonings and reflections, though they have often a certain speciousness, have rarely much solidity." As a rhetorician, however, he deserves some consideration in this work of ours, designed to mark the progress of English style, and to bring under our notice the best writers. His style was a happy medium between that of the scholar and that of the man of society—or rather it was a happy combination of the best qualities of both, "heightening the ease, freedom, fluency, and liveliness of elegant conversation, with many of the deeper and richer tones of the eloquence of formal orations and books. The example he thus set has probably produced a very considerable effect in moulding the style of popular writing since his time."[2]

ABSURDITIES OF USELESS LEARNING.

Some histories are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite; the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously, and without distinction, whatever

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[1] There is not room here to go into the details of the controversy that arose from the base act of Mallet in maligning Pope, and the still baser feelings of Bolingbroke in first assenting to it, and afterwards rewarding it. Bolingbroke's pretended ground of offence was, that Pope, into whose hands he had placed his political tract, "The Patriot King," for publication, and distribution among his own (Bolingbroke's) friends, had published more than he ought. But he knew that Pope did it purely from his admiration of the tract, and a desire to have it more generally known. The real cause, therefore, of Bolingbroke's most ungrateful treatment of his old friend was, doubtless, that Pope had bequeathed his property in his printed works to Warburton, rather than to himself. For a more particular account of this, see Roscoe's Pope, vol. i. p. 557.

[2] See also some remarks on his style in the 19th Lecture of Dr. Blair, and in Drake's Essays, vol. iv. p. 234.

falls in its way, but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory, and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day for five-and-twenty or thirty years, and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into a head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think; all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory; and if he omitted any thing, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, till the force of it was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed.

He who reads with discernment and choice, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge; and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.

> Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
> All ranged in order, and disposed with grace;
> Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
> But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

You remember the verses, my lord, in our friend's Essay on Criticism, which was the work of his childhood almost; but is such a monument of good sense and poetry, as no other, that I know, has raised in his riper years.

He who reads without this discernment and choice, and resolves to read all, will not have time, no, nor capacity either, to do any thing else. He will not be able to think, without which it is impertinent to read; nor to act, without which it is

impertinent to think. He will assemble materials with much pains, and purchase them at much expense, and have neither leisure nor skill to frame them into proper scantlings, or to prepare them for use. To what purpose should he husband his time, or learn architecture? he has no design to build. But then, to what purpose all these quarries of stone, all these mountains of sand and lime, all these forests of oak and deal?

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Our *Elizabeth* was queen in a limited monarchy, and reigned over a people at all times more easily led than driven; and at that time capable of being attached to their prince and their country, by a more generous principle than any of those which prevail in our days, by affection. There was a strong prerogative then in being, and the crown was in possession of greater legal power. Popularity was, however, then, as it is now, and as it must be always in mixed government, the sole true foundation of that sufficient authority and influence, which other constitutions give the prince gratis, and independently of the people, but which a king of this nation must acquire. The wise queen saw it, and she saw, too, how much popularity depends on those appearances that depend on the decorum, the decency, the grace, and the propriety of behavior, of which we are speaking. A warm concern for the interest and honor of the nation, a tenderness for her people, and a confidence in their affections, were appearances, that ran through her whole public conduct, and gave life and color to it. She did great things, and she knew how to set them off according to their full value, by her manner of doing them. In her private behavior she showed great affability, she descended even to familiarity; but her familiarity was such as could not be imputed to her weakness, and was, therefore, most justly ascribed to her goodness. Though a woman, she hid all that was womanish about her: and if a few equivocal marks of coquetry appeared on some occasions, they passed like flashes of lightning, vanished as soon as they were discerned, and imprinted no blot on her character. She had private friendships, she had favorites; but she never suffered her friends to forget she was their queen.

THE WORLD OUR COUNTRY.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this

great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits, round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

FORTUNE NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honors, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them,

we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states: and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702—1751.

Few men have exerted a more happy, holy and wide-spread influence upon the world than the "dissenting" minister, Philip Doddridge. He was born in London, in 1702, and at an early age he became the pupil of Mr. John Jennings, who kept an academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, and in 1722 he entered upon the ministry at the same place. On the death of Mr. Jennings he succeeded to his place, but in 1729, being invited by the "dissenting" congregation of that place to become their pastor, he removed there. Here for nearly twenty-two years he labored with great zeal and most exemplary piety, as pastor of the church, and as the principal of the academy, with the highest credit to himself, and benefit to those under his care. But his health declining in consequence of his great labors, he took a voyage to Lisbon, in the hope of deriving benefit from the relaxation and change of air and climate. But all in vain; and he died at Lisbon thirteen days after his arrival, October 26, 1751.

Of the writings of Dr. Doddridge, too much, we think, can hardly be said in praise. His "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience that has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature. Like the works of Baxter, Bunyan and Watts, it is the classic of the religious world. His "Sermons on the Education of Children," "Sermons to Young People," "Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ," "A Course of Lectures on the Principal Subjects in Pneumatology, Ethics, and Divinity,"[1] are held in the highest estimation by all ranks of Christians. Another work, still popular, is "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Preston Pans, September 21, 1745."[2] But

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[1] "And first, as an universal storehouse, necessary to him in the conduct of his theological pursuits, Doddridge's Lectures."—*Bp. of Durham's Charge.*

[2] This Colonel Gardiner was a brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough. From the life of a gay libertine he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he considered a supernatural interference, namely, a visible representation of Christ upon the Cross, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words, "Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are

his most elaborate work, the result of many years' study, was "The Family Expositor, Containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes. and a Practical Improvement of Each Section." This admirable compendium of Scriptural knowledge has, from its solid learning, critical acuteness, and the persuasive earnestness of its practical reflections, ever been held in the highest estimation by the Christian world,[1] and has been translated into several languages. To Doddridge, also, are we indebted for some of our best sacred lyrics, and for that epigram which Dr. Johnson calls "one of the finest in the English language."[2] His letters, also, are admirable specimens of epistolary writing, and for their easy and natural style are not unlike those of Cowper.

LETTER TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbor under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the

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these the returns?" From the period of this vision till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardiner maintained the life of a sincere Christian, so far as the military profession is compatible therewith. But the time is to come when the Christian will say, what was said by those in the first and second centuries when called to enlist in the Roman armies, "I am a Christian, and therefore cannot fight." God speed the day! Contrast but for a moment the commands of the Saviour with the commands of a military officer, and then you can better decide what shall be said of a professing Christian who does any thing by word or deed that may even seem to be an apology for war. "Love your enemies," "Make ready;"—"Bless them that curse you," "Take aim;"—"And pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," "Fire!"

[1] "In reading the New Testament," says the Bishop of Durham, "I recommend Doddridge's Family Expositor, as an impartial interpreter and faithful monitor. I know of no expositor who unites so many advantages as Doddridge."

[2] Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honor to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want any thing. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or, indeed, about any thing else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether he is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether he intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now he is pleased to favor me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which, I freely own I am less afraid than ever of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with his nearness to my heart, and the tokens of his paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause. It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

THE TRUE USE TO BE MADE OF GENIUS AND LEARNING.

Hath God given you genius and learning? It was not that you might amuse or deck yourself with it, and kindle a blaze which should only serve to attract and dazzle the eyes of men. It was intended to be the means of leading both yourself and them to the Father of lights. And it will be your duty, according to the peculiar turn of that genius and capacity, either to endeavor to improve and adorn human life, or, by a more direct application of it to Divine subjects, to plead the cause of religion, to defend its truths, to enforce and recommend its practice, to deter men from courses which would be dishonorable to God and fatal to themselves, and to try the utmost efforts of all the solemnity and tenderness with which you can clothe your addresses, to lead them into the paths of virtue and happiness.

WORLDLY CARES.

Young people are generally of an enterprising disposition: having experienced comparatively little of the fatigues of business, and of the disappointments and incumbrances of life, they easily swallow them up, and annihilate them in their imagination, and fancy that their spirit, their application, and address, will be able to encounter and surmount every obstacle or hinderance. But the event proves it otherwise. Let me entreat you,

therefore, to be cautious how you plunge yourself into a greater variety of business than you are capable of managing as you ought, that is, in consistency with the care of your souls, and the service of God, which certainly ought not on any pretence to be neglected. It is true, indeed, that a prudent regard to your worldly interest will require such a caution; as it is obvious to every careful observer, that multitudes are undone by grasping at more than they can conveniently manage. Hence it has frequently been seen, that while they have seemed resolved to be rich, they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows, have ruined their own families, and drawn down many others into desolation with them. Whereas, could they have been contented with moderate employments, and moderate gains, they might have prospered in their business, and might, by sure degrees, under a Divine blessing, have advanced to great and honorable increase. But if there was no danger at all to be apprehended on this head; if you were as certain of becoming rich, and great, as you are of perplexing and fatiguing yourself in the attempt,—consider, I beseech you, how precarious these enjoyments are. Consider how often a plentiful table becomes a snare, and that which would have been for a man's welfare becomes a trap. Forget not that short lesson, which is so comprehensive of the highest wisdom—ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

THE SABBATH.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;

Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there:
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,
True strength to break the tempter's snare.

And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling here.

ENTERING INTO COVENANT.

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear:
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

JOSEPH BUTLER, 1692—1752.

Joseph Butler, the celebrated author of the "Analogy," was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 1692. Being of a Presbyterian family, he was sent to the "dissenting" academy at Tewksbury, with the view of entering the ministry. It was here that he gave the first proofs of the peculiar bent of his mind to abstruse speculations, in some acute and ingenious remarks on Dr. Samuel Clarke's "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God," in private letters addressed to the author. He also gave much attention to the points of controversy between the members of the "established" church, and the "dissenters," the result of which was that he went over to the former. After some little opposition from his father, he was allowed to follow his inclination, and in 1714 removed to Oxford. Having "taken orders," he was, in 1718, appointed preacher at the Rolls' chapel, which station he occupied about eight years, when he published a volume of sermons delivered in that chapel, which gave him the highest reputation as a profound and original thinker.

After various preferments in the church, in 1736 he published his great work, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature." His object in it is to demonstrate the connection between the present and future state, and to show that there could be but one author of both, and consequently but one general system of moral government by which they must be regulated. In the execution of this task, his success and triumph were complete. He has built up a solid granite rampart, of such height and strength, for the defence of revealed religion, that all the missiles of infidels, from that day to this, have been hurled against it in vain. In 1738 he was promoted to the bishopric of Bristol, and in 1750 to that of Durham, the highest preferment. He held this but a short time, as he died at Bath in June, 1752.

The character of Butler was everything that would be expected from his writings. Of piety most fervent, and of morals most pure, he lived the life, while he possessed the faith of the Christian. "No man," says his biographer, "ever more thoroughly possessed the *meekness of wisdom.* Neither the consciousness of intellectual strength, nor the just reputation which he had thereby attained, nor the elevated station to which he had been raised, in the slightest degree injured the natural modesty of his character, or the mildness and sweetness of his temper." His liberality also was equal to his means. His income he considered as belonging to his station, and not to himself; and so thoroughly was this feeling of his understood, that his relatives never indulged the expectation of pecuniary benefit from his death. He well understood the true use of money, that it is worthless and contemptible except as a means of doing good. It was his remark on his promotion to Durham: "It would be a melancholy thing at the close of life to have no reflections to entertain one's self with, but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really

set one's self to do good, and to promote worthy men." How much such a character honors religion! How much its opposite disgraces it!

The following just and eloquent remarks upon the design of Butler's Analogy are taken from the admirable analysis of that great work by Bishop Wilson, prefixed to his edition of it.[1]

"Bishop Butler is one of those creative geniuses who give a character to their times. His great work, 'The Analogy of Religion,' has fixed the admiration of all competent judges for nearly a century, and will continue to be studied so long as the language in which he wrote endures. The mind of a master pervades it. The author chose a theme infinitely important, and he has treated it with a skill, a force, a novelty and talent, which have left little for others to do after him. He opened the mine and exhausted it himself. A discretion which never oversteps the line of prudence, is in him united with a penetration which nothing can escape. There are in his writings a vastness of idea, a reach and generalization of reasoning, a native simplicity and grandeur of thought, which command and fill the mind. At the same time, his illustrations are so striking and familiar as to instruct as well as persuade. Nothing is violent, nothing far-fetched, nothing pushed beyond its fair limits, nothing fanciful or weak: a masculine power of argument runs through the whole. All bespeaks that repose of mind, that tranquillity which springs from a superior understanding, and an intimate acquaintance with every part of his subject. He grasps firmly his topic, and insensibly communicates to his reader the calmness and conviction which he possesses himself. He embraces with equal ease the greatest and the smallest points connected with his argument. He often throws out as he goes along, some general principle which seems to cost him no labor, and yet which opens a whole field of contemplation before the view of the reader.

"Butler was a philosopher in the true sense of the term. He searches for wisdom wherever he can discern its traces. He puts forth the keenest sagacity in his pursuit of his great object, and never turns aside till he reaches and seizes it. Patient, silent, unobtrusive investigation was his forte. His powers of invention were as fruitful as his judgment was sound. Probably no book in the compass of theology is so full of the seeds of things, to use the expression of a kindred genius,[2] as the 'Analogy.'

"He was a man raised up for the age in which he lived. The wits and infidels of the reign of our Second Charles, had deluged the land with the most unfair, and yet plausible writings against Christianity. A certain fearlessness as to religion seemed to prevail. There was a general decay of piety and zeal. Many persons treated Christianity as if it were an agreed point amongst all people of discernment, that it had been found out to be fictitious. The method taken by these enemies of Christianity, was to magnify and urge objections more or less plausible, against particular doctrines or precepts, which were represented as forming a part of it; and which, to a thoughtless mind, were easily made to appear extravagant, in-

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[1] See also a most excellent introduction to Butler's Analogy by Rev. Albert Barnes.

[2] Lord Bacon.

credible, and irrational. They professed to admit the Being and Attributes of the Almighty; but they maintained that human reason was sufficient for the discovery and establishment of this fundamental truth, as well as for the development of those moral precepts, by which the conduct of life should be regulated; and they boldly asserted, that so many objections and difficulties might be urged against Christianity, as to exclude it from being admitted as Divine, by any thoughtful and enlightened person.

"These assertions Butler undertook to refute. He was a man formed for such a task. He knew thoroughly what he was about. He had a mind to weigh objections, and to trace, detect, and silence cavils. Accordingly, he came forward in all the self-possession, and dignity, and meekness of truth, to meet the infidel on his own ground. He takes the admission of the unbeliever, that God is the Creator and Ruler of the natural world, as a principle conceded. From this point he sets forward, and pursues a course of argument so cautious, so solid, so forcible; and yet so diversified, so original, so convincing; as to carry along with him, almost insensibly, those who have once put themselves under his guidance. His insight into the constitution and course of nature is almost intuitive; and the application of his knowledge is so surprisingly skilful and forcible, as to silence or to satisfy every fair antagonist. He traces out every objection with a deliberation which nothing can disturb; and shows the fallacies from whence they spring, with a precision and acuteness which overwhelm and charm the reader.

"Accordingly, students of all descriptions have long united in the praise of Butler. He is amongst the few classic authors of the first rank in modern literature. He takes his place with Bacon, and Pascal, and Newton, those mighty geniuses who opened new sources of information on the most important subjects, and commanded the love and gratitude of mankind. If his powers were not fully equal to those of these most extraordinary men, they were only second to them. He was in his own line, nearly what they were in the inventions of science, and the adaptation of mathematics to philosophy founded on experiment. He was of like powers of mind, of similar calm and penetrating sagacity, of the same patience and perseverance in pursuit, of kindred acuteness and precision in argument, of like force and power in his conclusions. His objects were as great, his mind as simple, his perception of truth as distinct, his comprehension of intellect nearly as vast, his aim as elevated, his success as surprising."

CHRISTIANITY A SCHEME IMPERFECTLY COMPREHENDED.

Christianity is a scheme quite beyond our comprehension. The moral government of God is exercised, by gradually conducting things so in the course of his providence, that every one, at length and upon the whole, shall receive according to his deserts; and neither fraud nor violence, but truth and right, shall finally prevail. Christianity is a particular scheme under this general plan of providence, and a part of it, conducive to its completion, with regard to mankind: consisting itself also

of various parts, and a mysterious economy, which has been carrying on from the time the world came into its present wretched state, and is still carrying on, for its recovery, by a divine person, the Messiah; "who is to gather together in one the children of God that are scattered abroad," and establish "an everlasting kingdom, wherein dwelleth righteousness." And in order to it, after various manifestations of things relating to this great and general scheme of providence, through a succession of many ages; after various dispensations, looking forward and preparatory to this final salvation, "In the fulness of time," when Infinite Wisdom thought fit, he, "being in the form of God, made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross: wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in the earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Parts likewise of this economy are, the miraculous mission of the Holy Ghost, and his ordinary assistances given to good men; the invisible government which Christ at present exercises over his church; that which he himself refers to in these words, "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" and his future return to "judge the world in righteousness," and completely re-establish the kingdom of God. "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." "All power is given unto him in heaven and in earth." "And he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." Now little, surely, need be said to show, that this system, or scheme of things, is but imperfectly comprehended by us. The Scripture expressly asserts it to be so. And indeed one cannot read a passage relating to this "great mystery of godliness," but what immediately runs up into something which shows us our ignorance in it; as everything in nature shows us our ignorance in the constitution of nature. And whoever will seriously

consider that part of the Christian scheme which is revealed in Scripture, will find so much more unrevealed, as will convince him, that, to all the purposes of judging and objecting, we know as little of it as of the constitution of nature. Our ignorance, therefore, is as much an answer to our objections against the perfection of one, as against the perfection of the other.

It is obvious, too, that in the Christian dispensation, as much as in the natural scheme of things, means are made use of to accomplish ends. And the observation of this furnishes us with the same answer to objections against the perfection of Christianity, as to objections of the like kind against the constitution of nature. It shows the credibility, that the things objected against, how "foolish" soever they appear to men, may be the very best means of accomplishing the very best ends. And their appearing "foolishness" is no presumption against this, in a scheme so greatly beyond our comprehension.

The credibility, that the Christian dispensation may have been, all along, carried on by general laws, no less than the course of nature, may require to be more distinctly made out. Consider, then, upon what ground it is we say, that the whole common course of nature is carried on according to general foreordained laws. We know, indeed, several of the general laws of matter; and a great part of the natural behavior of living agents is reducible to general laws. But we know, in a manner, nothing, by what laws storms and tempests, earthquakes, famine, pestilence, become the instruments of destruction to mankind. And the laws, by which persons born into the world at such a time and place, are of such capacities, geniuses, tempers; the laws, by which thoughts come into our mind, in a multitude of cases; and by which innumerable things happen, of the greatest influence upon the affairs and state of the world —these laws are so wholly unknown to us, that we call the events, which come to pass by them, accidental; though all reasonable men know certainly, that there cannot, in reality, be any such thing as chance; and conclude, that the things which have this appearance are the result of general laws, and may be reduced into them. It is then but an exceeding little way, and in but a very few respects, that we can trace up the natural course of things before us to general laws. And it is only from analogy that we conclude the whole of it to be capable of being reduced intot hem; only from our seeing that part is so. It is from our finding that the course of nature, in some respects and so far, goes on by general laws, that we conclude this of the rest. And if that be a just ground for such a conclusion, it is

a just ground also, if not to conclude, yet to apprehend, to render it supposable and credible, which is sufficient for answering objections, that God's miraculous interpositions may have been, all along, in like manner, by *general* laws of wisdom. Thus, that miraculous powers should be exerted at such times, upon such occasions, in such degrees and manners, and with regard to such persons, rather than others; that the affairs of the world, being permitted to go on in their natural course so far, should, just at such a point, have a new direction given them by miraculous interpositions; that these interpositions should be exactly in such degrees and respects only; all this may have been by general laws. These laws are unknown, indeed, to us; but no more unknown, than the laws from whence it is that some die as soon as they are born, and others live to extreme old age; that one man is so superior to another in understanding; with innumerable more things, which, as was before observed, we cannot reduce to any laws or rules at all, though it is taken for granted, they are as much reducible to general ones as gravitation. Now, if the revealed dispensations of Providence, and miraculous interpositions, be by general laws, as well as God's ordinary government in the course of nature, made known by reason and experience; there is no more reason to expect, that every exigence, as it arises, should be provided for by these general laws or miraculous interpositions, than that every exigence in nature should, by the general laws of nature: yet there might be wise and good reasons, that miraculous interposition should be by general laws, and that these laws should not be broken in upon, or deviated from, by other miracles.

Upon the whole, then, the appearance of deficiencies and irregularities in nature, is owing to its being a scheme but in part made known, and of such a certain particular kind in other respects. Now we see no more reason, why the frame and course of nature should be such a scheme, than why Christianity should. And that the former is such a scheme, renders it credible that the latter, upon supposition of its truth, may be so too. And as it is manifest that Christianity is a scheme revealed but in part, and a scheme in which means are made use of to accomplish ends, like to that of nature; so the credibility, that it may have all along been carried on by general laws, no less than the course of nature, has been distinctly proved. And from all this it is beforehand credible, that there might, I think probable that there would, be the like appearances of deficiencies and irregularities in Christianity as in nature; *i. e.*, that Christianity would be liable to the like objections as the frame

of nature. And these objections are answered by these observations concerning Christianity; as the like objections against the frame of nature, are answered by the like observations concerning the frame of nature.

GEORGE BERKELEY, 1684—1753.

George Berkeley, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, was the son of William Berkeley, of the County of Kilkenny, and was born on the 12th of March, 1684, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, to which he was admitted as a fellow in 1707. In 1709 he published his "Theory of Vision," in which he shows that the connection between the sight and the touch is the effect of habit, and that a person born blind, and suddenly made to see, would at first be unable to tell how the objects of sight would affect the sense of touch. The year following he published that work by which his name is most known, "The Principles of Human Knowledge;" in which he attempts to disprove the existence of matter, and to demonstrate that all material objects are not external to, but exist in the mind, and are, in short, merely impressions made upon it by the immediate power and influence of the Deity. It should not, however, be supposed that he was so skeptical as to reject the testimony of his senses, or to deny the reality of his sensations. He disputed not the *effects* but the *causes* of our sensations, and was, therefore, induced to inquire, whether these causes took their birth from matter external to ourselves, or proceeded merely from impressions on the mind, through the immediate immaterial agency of the Deity.

The talent, the elegance, and the metaphysical acuteness of Berkeley's productions, very strongly attracted the attention of the public, and on visiting London, in 1713, he very rapidly acquired, and very uniformly retained numerous and valuable friends. Among these, were Sir Richard Steele and Dr. Swift, the former of whom engaged him to write some papers for the "Guardian," just then commenced; while the latter introduced him to his relation, Lord Berkeley, who, when appointed ambassador to Italy, in November of that year, selected Berkeley to accompany him as his chaplain and secretary.

From this embassy he returned in a year, and after some time accepted an offer of making the tour of Europe with Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. He spent four years on the continent, and on his return in 1721, finding in what general distress the nation was involved in consequence of the failure of the South Sea scheme,[1] he employed his talents in endeavoring to

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[1] This "Scheme," of such famous memory, was originated by John Blount or Blunt, in 1719, a scrivener by profession, and a man of consummate cunning. Engaging a number of persons to join him, he proposed to government to become the sole public creditor; that is, to become responsible for all the

alleviate the public misfortune, and published "An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain." The same year he went to Ireland as chaplain to the Duke of Grafton, then lord lieutenant, to whom, about two years after, he was indebted for a valuable promotion in the church, the deanery of Derry. He had long, however, had a very benevolent object in view, that of promoting education in the island of Bermuda; and now, determined to carry it into effect, he offered to resign his preferment, and to devote his life to this plan, on an income of £100 per year. He prevailed on three junior fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to accompany him, and after great exertions he got a charter granted for the erection of a college, to be called "St. Paul's College," in Bermuda, and a promise of £20,000 from the minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Every thing now promising success to his favorite object, in the fullness of his heart, and in the prospect of the good that was to be accomplished in the western world, he poured forth the following beautiful effusion, the last verse of which is "familiar as household words."

The muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
  Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where, from the genial sun
  And virgin earth, such scenes ensue;
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
  The pedantry of courts and schools.

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debts due from the government to other trading corporations, on condition that he and his company should have the exclusive right of trading with all countries along the shores of the Pacific, or the "South Sea." The government accepted the proposition, a bill was carried through Parliament, and the South Sea Company was established.

The subscriptions to the stock, however, came in but slowly, till Blunt had the hardihood to circulate a report that Gibraltar and Minorca were about to be exchanged by the ministry for Peru; which arrangement would of course transfer an immense trade at once to the Pacific. Instantaneously the public mind was all inflamed with excitement. Persons of all ages, ranks, and conditions, hastened to purchase the stock; to secure which thousands laid out their last farthing, and very many ran deeply into debt. The subscribers, however, had held their shares but a short time, when a sudden panic arose, and the bursting of the bubble was as complete and as rapid as had been its formation and expansion. Many eminent bankers and goldsmiths, who had advanced large sums of money on the security of the stock, became utterly bankrupt, and countless numbers of families were overwhelmed in ruin. All confidence, in short, both in individuals and government was at an end, and there was scarcely a mansion or cottage in England of which the inmates were not more or less sufferers from this grand scheme of deception and villainy.

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In September, 1728, he sailed from England for Rhode Island, as the most favorable point from which to sail for the Bermudas. He took up his residence at Newport, where for nearly two years he devoted himself indefatigably to his pastoral labors.[1] The government, however, disappointed him; the money promised was never paid; and he was compelled to abandon his project and return home. In 1732 he published his "Alciphron," or "Minute Philosopher," a series of dialogues on the model of Plato, between two atheists and two Christians; and in 1734 he was promoted to the vacant bishopric of Cloyne, the duties of which he discharged with great zeal and faithfulness to the end of life, the most tempting offers of other more lucrative situations having no influence at all upon him.

His sedentary life at Cloyne having brought disease upon him, and having received much relief in the use of tar-water, he published, in 1744, his "Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water," a work singularly curious for the multifarious erudition that it embraces, and for the art with which the author has contrived to introduce into it the most profound philosophical and religious speculations. His last work was "Further Thoughts on Tar-water," published in 1752. Desirous to remove to Oxford to educate his son, he offered to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 a-year, so averse was he to the idea of non-residence. But the king would not listen to such a proposition, and said that Berkeley should "die a bishop in spite of himself," but that he might choose his place of residence. Accordingly, after directing that £200 a year should be distributed to the poor of his diocese, he removed to Oxford in July, 1752. He enjoyed his retirement but for a short time, for on Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, while Mrs. Berkeley was reading to him the 15th chapter of the First Corinthians, he expired. On this sublime chapter he was commenting with his usual energy and ability, when he was in an instant deprived of existence by a paralytic affection of the heart.

It may be said of Berkeley, without exaggeration, that, in point of virtue and benevolence, no one of the sons of men has exceeded him. Whether we consider his public or his private life, we pause in admiration of efforts uncommonly exalted, disinterested, and pure. He was alike an object of

[1] Some memorials of his liberality still exist in that ancient town.

enthusiastic love and admiration to extensive societies, and to familiar friends; and in the relations of domestic life his manners were uniformly mild, sweet, and engaging, and in a pre-eminent degree calculated to ensure the most durable and affectionate attachment. Such, indeed, were the energy and impressive beauty of his character, that it was impossible to be many hours in his company without acknowledging its fascination and superiority. In short, after the most rigorous survey of the motives and actions of the Bishop of Cloyne, we are tempted to assign, in the language of Mr. Pope, and with no suspicion of hyperbolical praise,

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.[1]

NATIONAL LUXURY THE DIRECT ROAD TO NATIONAL RUIN.

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle, enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand without producing labor and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty, but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table, and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state; this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing in an instant acquire vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stript of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for, on the one hand, but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other, but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains

[1] Drake's Essays, vol. iii. p. 74.

that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin.

Frugality of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic. It is that by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury; the natural cause of their decay and ruin. Of this we have examples in the Persians, Lacedæmonians, and Romans: not to mention many later governments which have sprung up, continued a while, and then perished by the same natural causes. But these are, it seems, of no use to us; and, in spite of them, we are in a fair way of becoming ourselves, another useless example to future ages.

Simplicity of manners may be more easily preserved in a republic than a monarchy; but if once lost, may be sooner recovered in a monarchy, the example of a court being of great efficacy, either to reform or to corrupt a people; that alone were sufficient to discountenance the wearing of gold or silver, either in clothes or equipage, and if the same were prohibited by law, the saving so much bullion would be the smallest benefit of such an institution; there being nothing more apt to debase the virtue and good sense of our gentry of both sexes, than the trifling vanity of apparel, which we have learned from France, and which hath had such visible ill consequences on the genius of that people. Wiser nations have made it their care to shut out this folly by severe laws and penalties, and its spreading among us can forebode no good, if there be any truth in the observation of one of the ancients, that the direct way to ruin a man is to dress him up in fine clothes.[1]

It cannot be denied that luxury of dress giveth a light behavior to our women, which may pass for a small offence, because it is a common one, but is in truth the source of great corruptions. For this very offence the prophet Isaiah denounced a severe judgment against the ladies of his time.[2] The scab, the stench, and the burning are terrible pestilential symptoms, and our ladies would do well to consider, they may chance to resemble those of Zion, in their punishment as well as their offence.

But we are doomed to be undone. Neither the plain reason of the thing, nor the experience of past ages, nor the examples we have before our eyes, can restrain us from imitating, not to say surpassing, the most corrupt and ruined people, in those

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[1] These remarks are as just and applicable now as they were in 1721, when they were first published. [2] Read Isaiah iii. 16—24.

very points of luxury that ruined them. Our gaming, our operas, our masquerades, are, in spite of our debts and poverty, become the wonder of our neighbors. If there be any man so void of all thought and common sense, as not to see where this must end, let him but compare what Venice was at the league of Cambray, with what it is at present, and he will be convinced how truly those fashionable pastimes are calculated to depress and ruin a nation.

It is not to be believed, what influence public diversions have on the spirit and manners of a people. The Greeks wisely saw this, and made a very serious affair of their public sports. For the same reason, it will, perhaps, seem worthy the care of our legislature, to regulate the public diversions, by an absolute prohibition of those which have a direct tendency to corrupt our morals, as well as by a reformation of the drama; which, when rightly managed, is such a noble entertainment, and gave those fine lessons of morality and good sense to the Athenians of old, and to our British gentry above a century ago; but for these last ninety years, hath entertained us, for the most part, with such wretched things as spoil, instead of improving the taste and manners of the audience. Those who are attentive to such propositions only as may fill their pockets, will probably slight these things as trifles below the care of the legislature. But I am sure, all honest thinking men must lament to see their country run headlong into all those luxurious follies, which, it is evident, have been fatal to other nations, and will undoubtedly prove fatal to us also, if a timely stop be not put to them.

WILLIAM COLLINS, 1720—1756.

William Collins, one of the very finest of English lyric poets, was born at Chichester, in the year 1720, and was educated at Oxford. In 1744 he repaired to London as a literary adventurer. He won the cordial regard of Johnson, then a needy laborer in the same vocation, who, in his "Lives of the Poets," has spoken of him with tenderness. He tells us that "his appearance was decent and manly, his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. He designed many works, but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose."

His odes were published on his own account in 1746; but being disappointed at the slowness of the sale, he is said to have burnt the copies that remained with his own hand. He was shortly relieved from his embarrass-

ments, by a legacy from an uncle of £2000; but worse evils than poverty soon overclouded the rest of his life: he sunk gradually into a sort of melancholy, and died in 1756, in a state of helpless insanity.[1]

"The works of Collins," says Campbell, "will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they have more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination: like him, he has the rich economy of expression haloed with thought, which by single or few words often hints entire pictures to the imagination. A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery or the warmth of his feelings. His genius loved to breathe rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life. He carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought: his enthusiasm spreads a glow even amongst 'the shadowy tribes of mind;' and his allegory is as sensible to the heart as it is visible to the fancy."[2]

ODE TO FEAR.[3]

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
    Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
    I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

---

[1] "In the year 1756 died our lamented Collins; one of our most exquisite poets, and of whom, perhaps, without exaggeration, it may be asserted, that he partook of the credulity and enthusiasm of Tasso, the magic wildness of Shakspeare, the sublimity of Milton, and the pathos of Ossian."—*Drake's Literary Hours.*

[2] "Of all our minor poets, that is, those who have attempted only short pieces, Collins is probably the one who has shown most of the highest qualities of poetry, and who excites the most intense interest in the bosom of the reader. He soars into the regions of imagination, and occupies the highest peaks of Parnassus. His fancy is glowing and vivid, but at the same time hasty and obscure. He has the true inspiration of the poet. He heats and melts objects in the fervor of his genius, as in a furnace."—*Hazlitt.*

[3] Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakspeare. In the construction of this nervous ode he has shown equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when the poet seems to feel the strong influence of the power he invokes:

"Ah, Fear—ah, frantic Fear!
I see—I see thee near."

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-ful Muse addrest her infant tongue:
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard[1] who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he,[2] whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's[3] dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous Queen[4]
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he, the wretch of Thebes, no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

---

[1] The Greek Tragic poet, Æschylus, who was in the battle of Marathon, between the Athenians and Persians, B. C. 480.

[2] Sophocles, another Greek dramatic poet.

[3] Hybla was a mountain in Sicily, famous for its honey and bees.

[4] Jocasta, the Queen of Thebes, who, after the death of her husband Laius, married her own son Œdipus (whom Collins here calls the "wretch"), without knowing who he was. On this story is founded that most sublime and pathetic tragedy, the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve[1] abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO EVENING.[2]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,

---

[1] He here alludes to the old superstitions connected with All Hallow Even, or Hallow E'en—the last evening of October.

[2] Though blank verse had been so successfully employed in English heroic measure, by one of the greatest poets that ever lived, and made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written, yet no one had introduced it into lyric poetry before Collins. That he is most happy and successful in the use of it, who can doubt after reading this exquisite "Ode to Evening," the imagery and enthusiasm of which must render it delightful to every reader of taste?

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim, borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising, shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

THE PASSIONS. AN ODE FOR MUSIC.[1]

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
  Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
  In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
  Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
  'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
  What was thy delighted measure?

---

[1] If the music which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry:—expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds. What then must have been the effects of these united?

The picture of Hope in this ode is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her. The descriptions of Joy, Jealousy, and Revenge, are excellent, though not equally so: those of Melancholy and Cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language. *Read Observations on Collins' Poems in the 58th vol. of Johnson's Poets.*

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
  And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
  And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
  And where her sweetest theme she chose,
  A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,

    Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
    And, with a withering look,
  The war-denouncing trumpet took,
  And blew a blast so loud and dread,
  Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
    And ever and anon he beat
    The doubling drum with furious heat;
  And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
    Dejected Pity at his side
    Her soul-subduing voice applied,
  Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fix'd,
  Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
  And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
  And dashing soft from rocks around,
  Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
  Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
    Round an holy calm diffusing,
    Love of peace, and lonely musing,
  In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
  Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known:
  The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
  Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
  Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.[1]

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET THOMSON.[2]

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!

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[1] The Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, namely, the Scotch Rebellion of 1746, when the young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, after landing in Scotland and routing the English forces, was utterly defeated at Culloden. The subsequent devastations of the Highlands by the English were dreadful and bloody in the highest degree; and well might our gifted poet invoke the genius of Mercy.

[2] This ode on the Death of Thomson, seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond on the Thames. Collins had "skill to complain." Of

The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
  To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
  His airy harp[1] shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
  May love through life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
  And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
  To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,[2]
  And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
  And Joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
  Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!

---

that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship or beauty, he was almost an unequalled master.

[1] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

[2] Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads[1] assign'd to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
  With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes.
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies!

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, 1689—1761.

Samuel Richardson, who may be said to be the inventor of the modern English novel, was the son of a carpenter in Derbyshire, and was born in 1689. From the limited means of his father, he was restricted to a common school education, which is very apparent in the structure of his composition. He early exhibited, however, the most decisive marks of genius, and was remarkably partial to letter-writing, and to the company of his young female friends, with whom he maintained a constant correspondence, and even ventured, though only in his eleventh year, to become their occasional monitor and adviser. "As a bashful and not forward boy," he relates, "I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making." In this exercise, doubtless, we may see the germ of the future novelist.

At the age of sixteen he was put to the printer's trade, which he chose because it would give him an opportunity for reading. At the termination of his apprenticeship he became a compositor and corrector of the press, and continued in this office for nearly six years, when he entered into business for himself. By his industry, punctuality, and integrity, he became more and more known, and his business rapidly increased; so that in a few years he obtained the lucrative situation of printer to the House of Commons. He did not, however, neglect to use his pen, and frequently composed prefaces and dedications for the booksellers. He also published a volume of "Familiar Letters," which might serve as models for persons of limited education.

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[1] Thomson resided in the neighborhood of Richmond some time before his death.

In 1740 he published his first novel, "Pamela," which immediately attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. "It requires a reader," says Sir Walter Scott, "to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature." Truly original in its plan, it united the interest arising from well-combined incident with the moral purposes of a sermon. Pope praised it as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit.

In 1749 appeared Richardson's second and greatest work, "The History of Clarissa Harlowe," which raised his reputation at once, as a master of fictitious narrative, to the highest point. Dr. Drake calls it "perhaps the most pathetic tale ever published." The admiration it excited was not confined to his own country. It was honored with two versions in French, and Rousseau declared that nothing ever equal, or approaching to it, had been produced in any country.

As in the character of Clarissa, Richardson had presented a picture of female virtue and honor nearly perfect, so in 1753, in the "History of Sir Charles Grandison," he designed to give a character which should combine the elegance of the gentleman with the faith and virtues of the Christian. "This, though not indeed so pathetic as his former work, discovers more knowledge of life and manners, and is perfectly free from that indelicacy and high coloring which occasionally render the scenery of Clarissa dangerous to young minds."[1]

In 1754 he was elected to the post of master to the Stationers' Company, a situation as lucrative as it was honorable. For some years previous to his death he had suffered much from nervous attacks, which at length terminated in an apoplectic stroke, which proved fatal on the 4th of July, 1761.

No character could be freer from vice of every sort, or more perfectly irreproachable, than Richardson. In all the duties of morality and piety he was the most regular and exemplary of men. As a writer, he possessed original genius, and an unlimited command over the tender passions; yet, owing to the prolixity of his productions and the poverty of his style, his works are continually decreasing in popularity. How few now read "Clarissa," or "Sir Charles Grandison!" How important, then, is style to the preservation of literary labor!

In 1755 was published a curious volume with the following title:—"A Collection of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions, and Reflections, contained in the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison." From it we make the following extracts.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

Beneficence. The power of doing good to worthy objects, is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune.

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[1] Drake's Essays, vol. v. p. 53.

What joy it is in the power of the wealthy to give themselves, whenever they please, by comforting those who struggle with undeserved distress.

Nothing in human nature is so God-like, as the disposition to do good to our fellow creatures.

Such is the blessing of a benevolent heart, that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness; since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

Calumny, Censure. No one is exempt from calumny. Words said, the occasion of saying them not known, however justly reported, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.

Were evil actions to pass uncensured, good ones would lose their reward; and vice, by being put on a foot with virtue in this life, would meet with general countenance.

A good person will rather choose to be censured for doing his duty, than for a defect in it.

Children. There is such a natural connection and progression between the infantile and more adult state of children's minds, that those who would know how to account for their inclinations, should not be wholly inattentive to them in the former state.

At two or three years old, or before the buds of children's minds will begin to open, a watchful parent will then be employed, like a skilful gardener, in defending the flower from blights, and assisting it through its several stages to perfection.

Education. Tutors should treat their pupils, with regard to such of their faulty habits as cannot easily be eradicated, as prudent physicians do their patients in chronical cases; rather with gentle palliatives than harsh extirpatives; which, by means of the resistance given to them by the habit, may create such ferments as may utterly defeat their intention.

Neither a learned nor a fine education is of any other value than as it tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good.

A generous mind will choose to win youth to its duty, by mildness and good usage, rather than by severity.

The Almighty, by rewards and punishments, makes it our interest, as well as our duty, to obey Him; and can we propose to ourselves, for the government of our children, a better example?

Friendship. The more durable ties of friendship are those

which result from an union of minds formed upon religious principles.

An open and generous heart will not permit a cloud to hang long upon the brow of a friend, without inquiring into the reason of it, in hopes to be able to dispel it.

Freely to give reproof, and thankfully to receive it, is an indispensable condition of true friendship.

One day, profligate men will be convinced, that what they call friendship is chaff and stubble, and that nothing is worthy of that sacred name that has not virtue for its base.

General Observations. The man or woman who will obstinately vindicate a faulty step in another, seems to indicate, that, in like circumstances, he or she would have been guilty of the same fault.

All our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our years and views.

We must not expect that our roses will grow without thorns; but then they are useful and instructive thorns, which, by pricking the fingers of the too hasty plucker, teach future caution.

The Good Man. A good man lives to his own heart. He thinks it not good manners to slight the world's opinion; though he will regard it only in the second place.

A good man will look upon every accession of power to do good, as a new trial to the integrity of his heart.

A good man, though he will value his own countrymen, yet will think as highly of the worthy men of every nation under the sun.

A good man is a prince of the Almighty's creation.

A good man will not engage even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it.

How much more glorious a character is that of the friend of mankind, than that of the conqueror of nations?

The heart of a worthy man is ever on his lips: he will be pained when he cannot speak all that is in it.

An impartial spirit will admire goodness or greatness wherever he meets it, and whether it makes for or against him.

The Good Woman. A good woman is one of the greatest glories of the creation.

How do the duties of a good wife, a good mother, and a worthy matron, well performed, dignify a woman!

A good woman reflects honor on all those who had any hand in her education, and on the company she has kept.

A woman of virtue and of good understanding, skilled in, and delighting to perform the duties of domestic life, needs not fortune to recommend her to the choice of the greatest and richest man, who wishes his own happiness.

YOUTH. It is a great virtue in good-natured youth to be able to say NO.

Those who respect age, deserve to live to be old, and to be respected themselves.

Young people set out with false notions of happiness; with gay, fairy-land imaginations.

It is a most improving exercise, as well with regard to style as to morals, to accustom ourselves early to write down every thing of moment that befalls us.

There is a docile season, a learning-time in youth, which, suffered to elapse, and no foundation laid, seldom returns.

Young folks are sometimes very cunning in finding out contrivances to cheat themselves.

THOMAS SHERLOCK, 1678—1761.

THIS learned prelate of the Church of England was born in London, 1678. He was educated at Catharine Hall, Cambridge, of which he became master, and in 1714 was vice-chancellor of the university. In the controversies which arose at that period respecting the proofs of the divine origin of Christianity, Sherlock distinguished himself, particularly in his "Use and Intent of Prophecy," and his "Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus." In 1728 he was made Bishop of Bangor, in 1734 was translated to Salisbury, and in 1748 to London. In 1755 and 1756 he revised and corrected a large body of his sermons, which were published in four volumes. He died in 1761, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

Sherlock's sermons are among the best specimens of English pulpit eloquence extant. His style, though possessing but little ornament, is clear and vigorous, and a few passages may be selected from his writings, such as the comparison between Christ and Mahomet, that are truly sublime.

DIFFERENT ENDS OF RELIGION AND INFIDELITY.

Should the punishments of another life be, what we have but too much reason to fear they will be, what words can then express the folly of sin? Short are our days in this world,

and soon they shall expire: and should religion at last prove a mere deceit, we know the worst of it; it is an error for which we cannot suffer after death: nor will the infidels there have the pleasure to reproach us with our mistake; they and we, in equal rest, shall sleep the sleep of death. But should our hopes, and their fears, prove true; should they be so unhappy, as not to die for ever; which miserable hope is the only comfort that infidelity affords; what pains and torments must they then undergo? Could I represent to you the different states of good and bad men; could I give you the prospect which the blessed martyr Stephen had, and show you the blessed Jesus at the right hand of God surrounded with angels, and the *spirits of just men made perfect;* could I open your ears to hear the never-ceasing hymns of praise, which the blessed above *sing to him that was, and is, and is to come; to the Lamb that was slain, but liveth for ever;* could I lead you through the unbounded regions of eternal day, and show you the mutual and ever-blooming joys of saints who are at rest from their labor, and live for ever in the presence of God; or, could I change the scene, and unbar the iron gates of hell, and carry you, through solid darkness, to *the fire that never goes out*, and to *the worm that never dies:* could I show you the apostate angels fast bound in eternal chains, or the souls of wicked men overwhelmed with torment and despair: could I open your ears to hear the deep itself groan with the continual cries of misery; cries which can never reach the throne of mercy, but return in sad echoes, and add even to the very horrors of hell; could I thus set before you the different ends of religion and infidelity, you would want no other proof to convince you, that nothing can recompense the hazard men run of being for ever miserable through unbelief. But, though neither the tongues of men nor of angels can express the joys of heaven, or describe the pains of hell; yet, if there be any truth in religion, these things are certain and near at hand.

THE INFORMATION THE GOSPEL GIVES, MOST DESIRABLE.

The Christian revelation has such pretences, at least, as may make it worthy of a particular consideration. It pretends to come from heaven; to have been delivered by the Son of God; to have been confirmed by undeniable miracles and prophecies; to have been ratified by the blood of Christ and his apostles, who died in asserting its truth: it can show, likewise, an innumerable company of martyrs and confessors; its doctrines are pure and

holy; its precepts just and righteous; its worship is a reasonable service, refined from the errors of idolatry and superstition, and spiritual, like the God who is the object of it; it offers the aid and the assistance of heaven to the weakness of nature, which makes the religion of the Gospel to be as practicable as it is reasonable; it promises infinite rewards to obedience, and threatens eternal punishment to obstinate offenders, which makes it of the utmost consequence to us soberly to consider it, since every one who rejects it stakes his own soul against the truth of it. Look into the Gospel; there you will find every reasonable hope of nature, nay, every reasonable suspicion of nature cleared up and confirmed, every difficulty answered and removed. Do the present circumstances of the world lead you to suspect that God could never be the author of such corrupt and wretched creatures as men now are? Your suspicions are just and well founded. "God made man upright;" but through the temptation of the devil, sin entered, and death and destruction followed after.

Do you suspect from the success of virtue and vice in this world, that the providence of God does not interpose to protect the righteous from violence, or to punish the wicked? The suspicion is not without ground. God leaves his best servants here to be tried oftentimes with affliction and sorrow, and permits the wicked to flourish and abound. The call of the Gospel is not to honor and riches here, but to take up our cross and follow Christ.

Do you judge from comparing the present state of the world with the natural notion you have of God, and of his justice and goodness, that there must needs be another state in which justice shall take place? You reason right, and the Gospel confirms the judgment. God has appointed a day to judge the world in righteousness: then those who mourn shall rejoice, those who weep shall laugh, and the persecuted and afflicted servants of God shall be heirs of his kingdom.

Have you sometimes misgivings of mind? Are you tempted to mistrust this judgment when you see the difficulties which surround it on every side; some which affect the soul in its separate state, some which affect the body in its state of corruption and dissolution? Look to the Gospel: there these difficulties are accounted for; and you need no longer puzzle yourself with dark questions concerning the state, condition, and nature of separate spirits, or concerning the body, however to appearance lost or destroyed; for the body and soul shall once more meet to part no more, but to be happy for ever. In

this case the learned cannot doubt, and the ignorant may be sure that 'tis the man, the very man himself, who shall rise again; for an union of the same soul and body is as certainly the restoration of the man, as the dividing them was the destruction. Would you know who it is that gives this assurance? It is one who is able to make good his word: one who loved you so well as to die for you; yet one too great to be held a prisoner in the grave. No; He rose with triumph and glory, the first born from the dead, and will, in like manner, call from the dust of the earth, all those who put their trust and confidence in Him.

CHRIST AND MAHOMET CONTRASTED.

Go to your Natural Religion: lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armor and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands who fell by his victorious sword: show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements: show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the perverse: let her see him in his most retired privacies: let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God: carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse: let her see him injured, but not provoked: let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies: lead her to the cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" When Natural Religion has viewed both, ask, *Which is the prophet of God?* But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended at the cross: by him she said, "Truly this was the Son of God."

JOHN BYROM, 1691—1763.

John Byrom, the son of a linen-draper at Manchester, was born in 1691, and at the age of seventeen entered the University of Cambridge. Here he cultivated with great assiduity a taste for elegant letters, and especially for poetry, to which, even in his earliest years, he had shown a marked propensity. After taking his degree, he obtained a fellowship in the university through the influence of Dr. Richard Bentley, whose daughter Joanna is the "Phœbe" of his pastoral poem, the best of his poetical efforts. As he declined going into the church, he vacated his fellowship, and soon after married. Having no profession he went to London, and supported himself by teaching short-hand writing, till, by the death of his elder brother, he inherited the family estate, and spent the remainder of his life in easy circumstances, devoting his time to literary pursuits. He died on the 28th of September, 1763, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Byrom's best piece is his pastoral poem of "Colin and Phœbe," remarkable for its easy and flowing versification, and its sprightliness of thought. He also wrote a poem on "Enthusiasm," and one on the "Immortality of the Soul." His comic poem entitled the "Three Black Crows," has a most excellent moral in it, well illustrating the nature of Rumor, the *Fama* of Virgil. The Spectator is indebted to him for four or five numbers, of which Nos. 586 and 593 are upon the nature and use of dreams.

A PASTORAL.

I.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest;
But now she is gone, and has left me behind;
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

II.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good-humor'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;

Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass:
Be still, then I cry; for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

VI.

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast;

You put on your colors to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this
About the Crows!—I don't know what it is,
Replied his friend.—No! I'm surpris'd at that;
Where I came from it is the common chat;
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And, that it happen'd, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.—
Impossible!—Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you.—
From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, sir, I did: and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by the by, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*.—

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went,
Sir—and so forth—Why yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
The truth of *that* you may depend upon,

The gentleman himself told me the case—
Where may I find him?—Why, in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard?
Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?—Not I—
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and *one;*
And here, I find, all comes, at last, to *none!*
Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all*?—
Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over—and, pray, sir, what was't?
Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was—*as black*, sir, as a crow.

WILLIAM KING, 1685—1763.

Dr. William King, born at Stepney, in Middlesex, in 1685, "was known and esteemed," says his biographer, "by the first men of his time for wit and learning; and must be allowed to have been a polite scholar, an excellent orator, and an elegant and easy writer, both in Latin and English." He died in 1763, having sketched his own character in an elegant epitaph, in which, while he acknowledges his failings, he claims the praise of benevolence, temperance, and fortitude. The work by which he is now chiefly known is that from which the following extracts are taken—"Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times."

VIRGIL.

Most of the commentators on the *Greek* and *Roman* poets think it sufficient to explain their author, and to give us the various readings. Some few indeed have made us remark the excellency of the poet's plan, the elegance of his diction, and the propriety of his thoughts, at the same time pointing out as examples the most striking and beautiful descriptions. Ruæus, in his comment on Virgil, certainly excelled all his fellow-laborers, who were appointed to explain and publish a series of the *Roman* classics for the use of the Dauphin. His mythological, historical, and geographical notes are a great proof of his learning and diligence. But he hath not entered into the spirit of the author, and displayed the great art and judgment of the poet, particularly his knowledge of men and manners. The learned Jesuit perhaps imagined that remarks of this sort

were foreign to the employment of a commentator, or for some political reasons he might think proper to omit them. And yet, in my opinion, nothing could have been more instructive and entertaining, as his comment was chiefly designed for the use of a young prince. The *Æneid* furnishes us with many examples to the purpose I mention. However, that I may be the better understood, the following remark will explain my meaning. In the beginning of the first book, *Juno* makes a visit to *Æolus*, and desires him to raise a storm and destroy the *Trojan* fleet, because she hated the whole nation on account of the judgment of *Paris*, or, as she was pleased to express herself, because the *Trojans* were her enemies. *Gens inimica mihi*, &c. *Juno* was conscious that she asked a god to oblige her by an act which was both unjust and cruel, and therefore she accompanied her request with the offer of *Deiopeia*, the most beautiful nymph in her train: a powerful bribe, and such as she imagined *Æolus* could not resist. She was not disappointed: *Æolus* accepted her offer, and executed her commands as far as he was able. What I have to observe here, in the first place, is the necessity of that short speech, in which *Juno* addresses herself to *Æolus*. She had no time to lose. The *Trojan* fleet was in the *Tuscan* sea, sailing with a fair wind, and in a few hours would probably have been in a safe harbor. *Æolus* therefore answered in as few words as the goddess had addressed herself to him. But his answer is very curious. He takes no notice of the offer of *Deiopeia*, for whom upon any other occasion he would have thanked *Juno* upon his knees. But now, when she was given and accepted by him as a bribe, and as the wages of cruelty and injustice, he endeavored by his answer to avoid that imputation, and pretended he had such a grateful sense of the favors which *Juno* had formerly conferred on him, when she introduced him to *Jupiter's* table, that it was his duty to obey her commands on all occasions:

> Tuus, O Regina, quod optes,
> Explorare labor; mihi jussa capessere fas est.

And thus insinuated even to *Juno* herself, that this was the sole motive of his ready compliance with her request. I am here put in mind of something similar, which happened in Sir Robert Walpole's administration. He wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition, and which was disliked by some of his own dependents. As he was passing through the Court of Requests,

he met a member of the contrary party, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said, "Such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is a bank bill of 2000*l.*;" which he put into his hands. The member made him this answer. "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court, the king was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (*putting the bank bill into his pocket*) if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask me." This incident, if wrought up by a man of humor, would make a pleasant scene in a political farce. But to return to *Virgil.* The short conference between *Juno* and *Æolus* is a sufficient proof of the poet's excellent judgment. It demonstrates his knowledge of the world, and more particularly his acquaintance with the customs and manners of a great prince's court. Hence we may learn, that a bribe, if it be large enough, and seasonably offered, will frequently overcome the virtue and resolution of persons of the highest rank, and that the power of love and beauty will sometimes corrupt a god, and compel him to discover a weakness unworthy of a man.

A REPARTEE.

A repartee, or a quick and witty answer to an insolent taunt, or to any ill-natured or ironical joke or question, is always well received (whether in a public assembly or a private company) by the persons who hear it, and gives a reputation to the man who makes it. Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus, informs him of some reproaches, a kind of coarse raillery, which passed between himself and Clodius in the senate, and seems to exult and value himself much on his own repartees: though I do not think that this was one of Cicero's excellencies. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, "*that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet.*" My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark, "*that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet* BALAAM, *who was reproved by his own ass.*" The bishop, in a reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding

thus: "*since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet* BALAAM: *but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his Lordship.*"

SINGULAR CONDUCT.

About the year 1706, I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible well-natured man, possessed of an estate of £700 or £800 per annum: he married a young lady of a good family in the west of England; her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him, or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose,[1] a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, "You see, brother," said she, "as old as I am, I have got a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's hand-writing: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away; however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk: they had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends, and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related.[2] When Howe left his wife, they

[1] "I was very well acquainted with Dr. Rose, and he frequently entertained me with this remarkable story."

[2] London is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays constantly

lived in a house in Jermyn-street, near St. James's church; he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time: but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an act of parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead: this act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers, in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants, and the expenses of her housekeeping; and, therefore, removed from her house in Jermyn-street to a little house in Brewer-street, near Golden Square. Just over against her lived one Salt,[1] a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they eat, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sate and received her com-

for his lodging, for his provisions, and for whatsoever else he wants, nobody will ask a question concerning him, or inquire whence he comes, or whither he goes.

[1] "I knew Salt, who related to me the particulars which I have here mentioned, and many others, which have escaped my memory."

pany; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct; apparently, there was none: but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother Howe[1] would never have returned to his wife, if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been £1000 or £2000, had not been all spent: and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarce have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him, I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in Gil Blas, what was sufficient for his expenses.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, 1714—1763.

This lover of rural life was born at the Leasowes, in Shropshire, in 1714, and was distinguished, even in childhood, for his love of reading and thirst for knowledge. He was first taught to read by an old village dame, whom he has immortalized in his poem after Spenser's manner, called "The School Mistress." He was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1732, where he continued his studies for ten years. Here he published his principal poems at intervals, which consist of elegies, odes, ballads, the Judgment of Hercules, and several other pieces. In 1745 he went to reside on his paternal estate, to which he devoted all his time, talents, and capital, so that the Leasowes became, under his care, a perfect fairy-land. He died on the 11th of February, 1763.

"Shenstone is a pleasing writer," says Campbell, "both in his lighter and graver vein. His genius is not forcible, but it settles in mediocrity without meanness. But with all the beauties of the Leasowes in our minds, it may still be regretted, that, instead of devoting his whole soul to clumping beeches, and projecting mottoes for summer-houses, he had not gone more into living

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[1] "And yet I have seen him after his return addressing his wife in the language of a young bridegroom. And I have been assured by some of his most intimate friends, that he treated her during the rest of their lives with the greatest kindness and affection."

nature for subjects, and described her interesting realities with the same fond and natural touches which give so much delightfulness to his portrait of

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS."

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

* * * * *

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;

And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

* * * * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

* * * * *

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfin's ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts, the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

* * * * *

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

ROBERT DODSLEY, 1703—1764.

This eminent bookseller and respectable author, was born at Mansfield, in 1703. Being placed as an apprentice to a stocking-weaver, and not liking his situation, he ran off to London, and took the place of a footman, and in 1732 published a volume of poems under the title of "The Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany," which attracted considerable attention. His next production was a dramatic piece called "The Toyshop," which was

acted with great success, and the profits of which enabled him to set up as a bookseller. Patronized by Pope and other authors of the day, his shop in Pall Mall soon became the resort of a large literary circle; and so rapidly did his business increase, that in his latter days Dodsley might be considered as standing at the head of the bookselling trade in London. Having acquired a competent fortune by his double occupation of author and bookseller, he retired from business, to enjoy the fruits of his exertions, but died at Durham, while on a visit to a friend, September 25th, 1764.

Besides the above, Dodsley wrote and published anonymously, that well known and ingenious little work, "The Economy of Human Life," which is full of the best moral maxims. He also wrote a tragedy called "Cleone," which was well received, and a farce called, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield." But he is now more known from the works which he projected and published, than for his own productions. One of these was the "Preceptor," a very useful book, in 2 vols., containing treatises on various subjects, and for which Dr. Johnson wrote a preface. Another was his "Collection of Old Plays," in 12 vols. But he is most known as the projector of the "Annual Register," in 1758, which still goes by his name. He also has the credit of having first encouraged the talents of Dr. Johnson, by purchasing his poem of "London," in 1738, for the sum of ten guineas, and of having, many years afterwards, been the projector of the English Dictionary.

EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honor, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak, that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him: so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation the spirit of man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree in spite of oppression; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs; he rejoiceth in the execution thereof; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbor breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining; and the good that happeneth to another is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart; and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness; and therefore believeth his neighbor is like unto himself.

He endeavors to depreciate those who excel him; and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lyeth on the watch, and meditates mischief: but the detestation of man pursueth him; he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

TEMPERANCE.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from heaven health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings, if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful, and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For, if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart, she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains; they are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigor stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labor is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions, is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and, therefore, they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

ANGER.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of Nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not, thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Do nothing in thy passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid, therefore, all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and discolor its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy, he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger; and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of Love, to the instructions of Prudence; and let the precepts of Truth sink deep in thine heart: so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness, when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight; ah! hear with caution their alluring words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft seducements.

Remember, thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life; and peace and happiness her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence; Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but Discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When Scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbor is tossed from tongue to tongue, if Charity and Good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of Silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning; she considers her affairs; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study: and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honor to her husband, and he heareth her praise with silent delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom: she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts: her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of Fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

RICH AND POOR.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favored, and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure; because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He protecteth the poor that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

He seeketh out objects of compassion; he inquireth into their wants; he relieveth them with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the laborer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune. He rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof.

That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief or distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear. The anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

O! what are the miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart!

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with dependents, nor teased with the clamors of solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth all their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

His labor preserveth his health, and produceth him a repose to which the downy bed of Sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility; and the calm of con-

tentment is sweeter to his soul than the acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches, nor the poor despond in his poverty; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both, and the distribution thereof is more equally made than the fool can believe.

BENEVOLENCE.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O Man! who honored thee with reason, endowed thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation, thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures of life, thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be friendly to mankind, as it is thy interest that men should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast; and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbor.

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof: in removing the oppression of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart he endeavoreth to promote it.

EDWARD YOUNG, 1681—1765.

Edward Young, the celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts," was born at Upham, in Hampshire, in 1681. He was educated at Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Law in 1714, and his Doctor's degree in 1719. That he was distinguished for his ingenuity and learning above his fellow-students and cotemporaries, is known by a complaint of Tindal the infidel, who said, "the other boys I can always answer, because I know where they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times: but

that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own." After publishing a number of poetical pieces of rather indifferent merit, in 1721 he gave to the public his tragedy of "Revenge," which is one of the finest efforts of his genius; but unfortunately it was written after the model of the French drama, and though the thoughts are refined and full of imagination, and a true poetic feeling pervades the whole, it has hardly *vitality* enough to keep it alive as a drama.

In 1725 he published the first of his Satires, and in three or four years the other six followed, under the title of "The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion." They are evidently the production of a mind rendered acute by observation, enriched by reflection, and polished with wit; and they abound in ingenious and humorous allusions. Their chief defect is in the perpetual exaggeration of the sentiment. Goldsmith says, that "they were in higher reputation when published, than they stand at present;" and that "Young seems fonder of dazzling than of pleasing, of raising our admiration for his wit than of our dislike of the follies he ridicules."[1]

In 1728 Young entered the church, and was appointed chaplain to George the Second. Three years after he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. She died in 1741, leaving one son. A daughter whom she had by her former husband, and who was married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston, died in 1736, and Mr. Temple four years after. It has generally been believed that Mr. and Mrs. Temple were the Philander and Narcissa of the Night Thoughts. Mrs. Temple died of a consumption, at Lyons, on her way to Nice, and Young accompanied her to the continent.[2] Some, most inconsiderately, have identified Young's son with the Lorenzo of the Night Thoughts. This is absurd, for when this character of the finished infidel was drawn by the father, the son was only eight years old.

Of the Night Thoughts, which were published from 1742 to 1744, Young's favorite and most finished poem, it may be said, that they show a mind stored with reading and reflection, purified by virtuous feelings, and supported by religious hope. There are in them great fertility of thought and luxuriance of imagination, uncommon originality in style, and an accumulation of argument and illustration which seems almost boundless.[3] "In this poem," says Dr. Johnson, "Young has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness

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[1] Essay on English Poetry. Young's Satires were published before those of Pope.

[2] To her death at Lyons the two lines in Night Third doubtless allude, for the city authorities refused to allow her to be buried in "consecrated" ground.

> "While Nature melted, Superstition rav'd;
> That mourn'd the dead, and this deny'd a grave.

[3] See Life, by Rev. J. Mitford. Read, also, his Life by Dr. Johnson—a biographical sketch in Drake's Essays—and another in the sixth volume of Campbell's Specimens. The criticisms of the latter, however, I cannot consider just.

of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue, and of every odor."

In 1756 Dr. Joseph Warton paid a very just and elegant tribute to the poetical reputation of Young, by dedicating to him his most learned and instructive "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope." Young was at that time the only survivor of that brotherhood of poets who had adorned and delighted the preceding age, and among whom Pope shone with such unrivalled lustre. In 1762, when he was upwards of fourscore, Young printed his poem of "Resignation," in which, for the first time, a decay of his powers is manifested. In April, 1765, he closed his long, useful, and virtuous life. He had performed no duty for the last three or four years, but he retained his intellects to the last.

In his personal manners, Young is said to have been a man of very social habits, and the animating soul of every company with whom he mixed. Nobody ever said more brilliant things in conversation. Dr. Warton, who knew him well, says that he was one of the most amiable and benevolent of men, most exemplary in his life and sincere in his religion. If he stooped below the dignity of his high profession, in courting worldly favor and applause, as without doubt he did, no one has more convincingly shown how utterly worthless was the object of this inconsistent ambition.

As a poet, if he ranks not in the first class, he takes a very high place in the second. If his taste be not the purest, or his judgment not always the best, he has an exuberance, a vigor, and an originality of genius, which amply atone for all his defects. As respects the moral influence of his poetry, there has been and can be but one opinion. No one can rise from the studious reading of the Night Thoughts, without feeling more the value of time, and the importance of improving it aright, both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. It is a book full of the purest and noblest sentiments, which, if followed, can not fail of making us wiser and better.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NIGHT THOUGHTS. THE VALUE OF TIME. THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
  From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The Day too short for my distress; and Night,

Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
  Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
  The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
  How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
  'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom

Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost!
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress! Are Angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is Shadow, all beyond
Is Substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

MAN'S RESOLUTIONS TO REFORM.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool:
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing, no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
By tyrant life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

DYING RICH.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell!

SOCIETY NECESSARY FOR HAPPINESS.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of Happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy;
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for Two;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluck'd by One.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

INSUFFICIENCY OF GENIUS AND STATION WITHOUT VIRTUE.

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.

Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great ill is an achievement of great powers.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: Worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.
Let genius then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter station: What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise.

High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no ribband, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.
Other ambition nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, at first, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.[1]

What will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The Love of Praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
Here, to Steele's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

THE WEDDED WIT.[2]

Naught but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

THE LANGUID LADY.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.

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[1] Satire I. [2] Satire V.

Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve:
But chew she must herself; ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

WILLIAM FALCONER, 1730—1769.

William Falconer was the son of a barber in Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1730. He had very few advantages of education, and in early life went to sea in the merchant service. He was afterwards mate of a vessel that was wrecked in the Levant, and was one of three only, out of the crew, that were saved; a catastrophe which formed the subject of his future poem, "The Shipwreck," which he published in 1762, and on which his chief claim to merit rests. Early in 1769 his "Marine Dictionary" appeared, which has been spoken highly of by those who are capable of estimating its merits. In the latter part of the same year he embarked in the Aurora, for India, but the vessel was never heard of after she passed the Cape, "so that the poet of the Shipwreck may be supposed to have perished by the same species of calamity which he had rehearsed."[1]

The subject of the Shipwreck and the fate of its author, bespeak an uncommon partiality in its favor. If we pay respect to the ingenious scholar, who can produce agreeable verses amidst the shades of retirement, or the shelves of his library, how much more interest must we take in the "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," cherishing refined visions of fancy at the hour which he may casually snatch from fatigue and danger? His poem has the sensible charm of appearing a transcript of reality, and from its vividness and power of description, powerfully interests the feelings, and leaves a deep impression of truth and nature on the mind.

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[1] Campbell's Specimens, vol. vi. p. 98.

THE VESSEL GOING TO PIECES.—DEATH OF ALBERT, THE COMMANDER.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;
But heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for god-like virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels;
So reels, convuls'd with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.

Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
  Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succor and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

MARK AKENSIDE, 1721—1770.

Few English poets of the eighteenth century are to be ranked before the author of the "Pleasures of the Imagination." He was born on the 9th of November, 1721, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh. His parents designed him for the ministry, but as his education progressed, other views governed him, and he devoted himself to

the study of medicine as his future profession. After remaining three years at the Scottish capital, he went to Leyden, where he also studied three years, and took his degree of M. D. in 1744. Returning home the same year, he published his poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination." On offering the copy to Dodsley, he demanded £120 for the manuscript, but the wary publisher hesitated at paying such a price for the work of an unknown youth of twenty-three. He therefore showed the work to Pope, when the latter, having glanced over a few pages, said, "Don't be niggardly about the terms, for this is no every-day writer."

No sooner was it published than it excited great attention, and received general applause. But he could not reap from it "the means whereby to live," and he betook himself to the practice of his profession. He first settled in Northampton; but finding little encouragement there, he removed to Hampstead, and thence finally to London. Here he experienced the difficulty of getting into notice in a large city, and though he acquired several professional honors, he never obtained any large share of practice. He was busy in presenting himself to public notice, by publishing medical essays and observations, and delivering lectures, when his career was terminated by a putrid fever, on the 23d of January, 1770.

The Pleasures of the Imagination is written in blank verse, with great beauty of versification, elegance of language, and splendor of imagery. Its object is to trace the various pleasures which we receive from nature and art to their respective principles in the human imagination, and to show the connection of those principles with the moral dignity of man, and the final purposes of his creation.[1] This task Akenside has executed in a most admirable manner. If his philosophy be not always correct, his general ideas of moral truth are lofty and prepossessing. He is peculiarly eloquent in those passages in which he describes the final causes of our emotions of taste; he is equally skilful in delineating the processes of memory and association; and he gives an animating view of Genius collecting her stores for works of excellence. Of this poem Dr. Johnson remarks, "It has undoubtedly a just claim to a very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions, of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please, and thus comprises every species of poetical delight." He complains, however, with equal justice, of the poet's amplitude of language, in which his meaning is frequently obscured, and sometimes wholly buried.

In maturer life Akenside intended to revise and alter the whole poem, but he died before he had completed his design. The portion that he did "improve" is contracted in some parts and expanded in others; but if it be more philosophically correct, it is shorn of much of its beauty and poetic fire; and the original inspiration, under which he had written the work, does not appear to have been ready at his call.[2]

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[1] Campbell's Specimens, vol. vi. p. 128.

[2] Read Mrs. Barbauld's elegant Essay, prefixed to an edition of his poem, published in 1796; in which she characterizes his genius as lofty and elegant, chaste, classical, and correct.

INTRODUCTION.—THE SUBJECT PROPOSED.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honors, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings,
Wafting ten thousand colors through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend,
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present, all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature; and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil,
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Ethereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labor court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give color, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,

Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labors urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamor'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

MAN'S IMMORTAL ASPIRATIONS.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,

To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardor, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wild horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,

Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

CAUSE OF OUR PLEASURE IN BEAUTY.

Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no: with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe,
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams, delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MORAL OVER NATURAL BEAUTY.[1]

Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffused.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
The strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!

TASTE.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand

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[1] Our poet is exceedingly infelicitous in giving, as an illustration of this fine subject, the historical fact of the assassination of Julius Cæsar by Brutus and the rest of the conspirators. In a moral point of view it was an atrocious murder, utterly unjustifiable: and in a political point of view it was highly inexpedient. For however unscrupulous Cæsar was in his means to attain power; when obtained, few men have used it with more wisdom or clemency. In every great quality how superior was he to the hollow-hearted, selfish Augustus. The former, for instance, spared Cicero, his enemy, and the main stay of the party of Pompey; the latter sacrificed him, though professedly a friend, to the vengeance of Antony.

Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiratiom, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labor; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

CONCLUSION.

O! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave

Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd

The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their souls.

THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771.

This most eminent poet and distinguished scholar was born in London in 1716. After receiving the first portion of his classical education at Eton, he entered the University of Cambridge, where he continued five years, after which he travelled, as companion with Horace Walpole, through France and part of Italy. At Reggio, however, these ill-assorted friends parted in mutual dislike, and Gray proceeded alone to Venice, and there remained only till he was provided with the means of returning to England. As to the cause of the separation Walpole was afterwards content to bear the blame. "Gray," said he, "was too serious a companion for me: he was for antiquities, &c., while I was for perpetual balls and plays: the fault was mine."

Two months after his return to England, his father died in embarrassed circumstances, and Gray returned to Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies with an ardor and industry seldom equalled, to the end of his life. In 1742 he produced his "Ode to Spring," and in the autumn of the same year he wrote the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and the "Hymn to Adversity;" but he did not publish them till some years after. They were circulated among his friends, who were, of course, delighted with them, and they received from their gifted author touches and re-touches, till they were brought to the perfection in which we now have them. So slow was he in poetical composition, that his next "Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat," was not written till 1747. In 1750 appeared his most celebrated poem, the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." Few poems were ever so popular. It soon ran through eleven editions, and has ever since been one of those few, favorite pieces that every one has by heart.

In 1757 the office of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Cibber, was offered to Gray, but declined. The same year he published his two odes on "The Progress of Poesy," and "The Bard." Though they showed to a still higher degree the power and the genius of the poet, and were felt to be magnificent productions, they were not so popular, because they were less understood.[1] In 1768, the Professorship of History at Cambridge be-

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[1] He himself prefixed to them a quotation from Pindar, Φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν, "vocal to the intelligent alone."

coming vacant, it was conferred upon our poet, than whom a person of greater and more extensive scholarship could not be found at that time in England. But his habitual indolence in writing unfitted him for the office; for though he retained it till his death, he delivered no lectures. In the spring of 1770 illness overtook him, as he was projecting a tour in Wales; but recovering, he was able to effect the tour in the autumn. But the next year, 1771, on the 24th of July, he was seized with an attack of gout in the stomach, from which, as an hereditary complaint, he had long suffered; and died on the 30th of the same month, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The life of Gray is one singularly devoid of interest and variety, even for an author. It is the life of a student giving himself up to learning, accounting it as an end itself, and "its own exceeding great reward." He devoted his time almost exclusively to reading: writing was with him an exception, and that, too, a rare one. His life was spent in the acquisition of knowledge. At the time of his death, "he was perhaps the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amusement: and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening."[1]

As a poet, though we cannot assent to the enthusiastic encomium of his ardent admirer and biographer, Mr. Matthias,[2] that he is "second to none," yet, after naming Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Chaucer, if we were compelled to assign the fifth place to some one, we know not to whom it would be, if not to Thomas Gray. There are in the poems that he has left us, few though they be, such a perfect finish of language, such felicity of expression, such richness and harmony of numbers, and such beauty and sublimity of thought and imagination, as to place him decidedly at the head of all English lyric poets. True, Collins comes next, and sometimes approaches him almost within a hair's-breadth: but after all there is distance between them, and that distance is generally clearly perceptible. Of the "Bard" and "The Progress of Poesy," Mr. Matthias justly observes, "there is not another ode in the English language which is constructed like these two compositions; with such power, such majesty, and such sweetness, with such proportioned pauses and just cadences, with such regulated measures of the verse, with such master principles of lyrical art displayed and exemplified, and, at the same time, with such a concealment of the difficulty, which is lost in the softness and uninterrupted flowing of the lines in each

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[1] From a sketch of his life by the Rev. Wm. Temple. "I am sorry," says the excellent Dr. Beattie, in writing to a friend, "you did not see Mr. Gray on his return: you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his cotemporaries can boast, in this or any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and most extensive learning."

[2] Works, by T. J. Matthias, 2 vols. quarto: the best edition.

stanza, with such a musical magic, that every verse in it in succession dwells on the ear, and harmonizes with that which has gone before."

As a man, he had great benevolence of feeling, the strictest principles of virtue, and the most unbending integrity. As an instance of the strictness of his principles, he once made it his particular request to a friend who was going to the continent, that he would not pay a visit to Voltaire; and when his friend replied, "What can a visit from a person like me to him signify?" he rejoined, with peculiar earnestness, "Sir, every *tribute* to *such* a man signifies." If such sentiments were more generally felt and acted on, men of elevated positions would not so often presume upon their talents, or eloquence, or learning, as being a sufficient covering for their moral deficiencies.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,[1]
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs[2]
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,[3]
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

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[1] Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp.—*Psalm* lvii. 8.

[2] The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swollen and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

[3] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,[1]
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,[2]
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar[3]
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,[4]
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet

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[1] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

[3] Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.—*Cowley.*

[4] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,[1]
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's[2] darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He,[3] that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne,[4] the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,

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[1] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

[2] Shakspeare. [3] Milton.

[4] For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—and above the

He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,[1]
With necks in thunder cloth'd,[2] and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.[3]
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear[4]
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE BARD.[5]

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King![6]
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

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firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.—*Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

[1] Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

[2] Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?—*Job.*

[3] Words, that weep, and tears, that speak.—*Cowley.*

[4] Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamor in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

[5] This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

"Over this inimitable ode a tinge so wildly awful, so gloomily terrific is thrown, as without any exception to place it at the head of lyric poetry."—*Drake's Literary Hours.*

[6] Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.] This abrupt execration plunges the reader into that sudden, fearful perplexity which is designed to predominate through the whole. The irresistible violence of the prophet's passions bears him away, who, as he is unprepared by a formal ushering in of the speaker,

Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,[1]
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side[2]
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:[3]
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.[4]

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow[5]
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair[6]
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;[7])
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

---

is unfortified against the impressions of his poetical frenzy, and overpowered by them, as sudden thunders strike the deepest. All readers of taste, I fancy, have felt this effect from the passage; they will be pleased, however, to see their own feelings so well expressed as they are in this note.—*Mason.*

[1] Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail.] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

[2] As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side.] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryrie: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

[3] Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance.] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

[4] "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

[5] On a rock.] The turbulent impetuosity of the preceding stanza, and the sedate majesty of this, form a most pleasing and animated contrast.—*Wakefield.*

[6] Loose his beard, and hoary hair.] The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals; one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans' collection at Paris.

[7] Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.]

"Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd,
Shone, *like a meteor, streaming to the wind.*"
Paradise Lost, i. 535.

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."[1]

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
  That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
  Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.[2]
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,[3]
  Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
  Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.[4]
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
  Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
  Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep.[5] They do not sleep.
  On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
  Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,[6]
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
  Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

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[1] To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.] "Hoel," observes Mr. Mitford, "is called *high-born*, as being the son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales." Llewellyn's poetry, we are told, was characterized by his countrymen as *a soft lay*, and the Bard is himself styled *the tender-hearted prince.*

Dr. Evans mentions *Cadwallo* and *Urien* among those Bards of whom no works remain.

[2] ——————— Cloud-topt head.]
"The *cloud-capt* towers."—*Shakspeare.*

[3] On dreary Arvon's shore they lie.] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

[4] The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryrie, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest.

[5] No more I weep. They do not sleep.] Here, says an anonymous critic, a vision of triumphant revenge is judiciously made to ensue, after the pathetic lamentation which precedes it. Breaks—double rhymes—an appropriated cadence—and an exalted ferocity of language forcibly picture to us the uncontrollable tumultuous workings of the prophet's stimulated bosom.—*Mason.*

[6] Weave the warp, and weave the woof.] Can there be an image more just, apposite, and nobly imagined than this tremendous tragical winding-sheet?

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,[1]
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,[2]
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs[3]
The scourge of heav'n! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind."

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies![4]
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?[5]
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?[6]
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,[7]
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."[8]

In the rest of this stanza the wildness of thought, expression, and cadence, are admirably adapted to the character and situation of the speaker, and of the bloody spectres, his assistants. It is not indeed peculiar to it alone, but a beauty that runs throughout the whole composition, that the historical events are briefly sketched out by a few striking circumstances, in which the Poet's office of rather exciting and directing, than satisfying the reader's imagination, is perfectly observed. Such abrupt hints, resembling the several fragments of a vast ruin, suffer not the mind to be raised to the utmost pitch by one image of horror, but that instantaneously a second and a third are presented to it, and the affection is still uniformly supported.—*Anon. Critic.*

[1] The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring.] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

[2] She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs.] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen, whose relentless cruelty is well known.

[3] From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs.] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

[4] Low on his funeral couch he lies.] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

[5] Is the sable warrior fled?] Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

[6] The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born.] The *summer friends*, in the Hymn to Adversity.

This image is inexpressibly beautiful, but not superior to that which it so happily and unaffectedly introduces.—*Wakefield.*

[7] Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows.] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.—See Froissart, and other cotemporary writers.—*Gray.*

[8] That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.] This representation of the *whirlwind*, under the image of a *beast of prey* lying in *ambush* in the

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,[1]
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell thirst and famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.[2]
Heard ye the din of battle bray,[3]
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,[4]
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,[5]
And spare the meek usurper's holy head![6]

---

day-time, expectant of the *night*, is not only perfectly just and natural, but incomparably sublime.—*Wakefield.*

[1] Fill high the sparkling bowl.] Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers), was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.—*Gray.*

This stanza (as an ingenious friend remarks) has exceeding merit. It breathes in a lesser compass, what the ode breathes at large, the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. The manner of Richard's death by famine exhibits such beauties of personification, as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. From thence we are hurried, with the wildest rapidity, into the midst of battle; and the epithet *kindred* places at once before our eyes all the peculiar horrors of civil war. Immediately, by a transition most striking and unexpected, the poet falls into a tender and pathetic address; which, from the sentiments, and also from the numbers, has all the melancholy flow, and breathes all the plaintive softness, of Elegy. Again the scene changes; again the Bard rises into an allegorical description of carnage, to which the metre is admirably adapted: and the concluding sentence of personal punishment on Edward is denounced with a solemnity, that chills and terrifies.—*Mason.*

[2] A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.] What can exceed the terrible sublimity of this picture? and what is at all worthy to be put in competition with it, except that of Milton, which our author seems to have had in view?

> "He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased; and Death
> Grinn'd horrible, a *ghastly smile*."—*Paradise Lost*, ii. 845.

[3] Heard ye the din of battle bray.] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster. —*Gray.*

[4] Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame.] Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

[5] Revere his consort's faith.] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

——His father's fame.] Henry the Fifth.

[6] And spare the meek usurper's holy head.] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Above, below, the rose of snow,[1]
  Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant gore[2]
  Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom."

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
  Half of thy heart we consecrate.[3]
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
  Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
  Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.[4]
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!"[5]

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
  And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,[6]
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.

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[1] Above, below, the rose of snow.] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

[2] The bristled Boar in infant gore.] The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the boar*.

[3] Half of thy heart we consecrate.] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

[4] No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain.

[5] All hail, ye genuine Kings! Britannia's issue, hail.] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

[6] Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear![1]
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings."

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
  Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
  In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.[2]
  A voice, as of the cherub choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;[3]
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,[4]
  That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
  Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
  The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
  To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.[5]

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[1] Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear.] Taliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory is held in high veneration among his countrymen.

[2] Shakspeare. [3] Milton.

[4] And distant warblings lessen on my ear.] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

[5] The original argument of this capital Ode, as its author had set it down in one of the pages of his common-place book, is as follows: "The army of Edward I., as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardor of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valor in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.[1]

The Curfew tolls[2] the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,[3]
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

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[1] The reasons of that universal approbation with which this Elegy has been received, may be learned from the comprehensive encomium of Dr. Johnson: "It abounds with images which find a mirror in every soul; and with sentiments, to which every bosom returns an echo."

"Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory."—*Lord Byron.*

[2] Dr. Warton would spoil the tranquil simplicity of this line, by introducing a pause with a note of admiration after the word "tolls." But such affectation of solemnity and suddenness in his musing is nowhere to be found in our author.

[3] This line I find so printed in all the editions: I would, however, suggest as an amendment

Beneath those rugged elms that yew-trees shade,

making "that" a relative pronoun the nominative to the verb "shade," instead of a demonstrative agreeing with "shade" as a noun; and "yew-trees" in the objective plural, and governed by the verb "shade." I think this more easy, natural, and strictly correct.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,[1]
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast[2]
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

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[1] A writer in the ninth volume of the Quarterly Review cites the following passage from Bishop Hall's Contemplations, as a singular instance of accidental resemblance: "There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be." So Milton in his Comus speaks of the

——————— "Sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep."

[2] "What son of Freedom is not in raptures with this tribute of praise to such an exalted character, in immortal verse? This honorable testimony and the noble detestation of arbitrary power, with which it is accompanied, might possibly be one cause of Dr. Johnson's animosity against our poet. Upon this topic, the critic's feelings, we know, were irritability itself and 'tremblingly alive all o'er.'"

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.[1]

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture[2] deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.[3]

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[1] Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.] These two verses are specimens of sublimity of the purest kind, like the simple grandeur of Hebrew poetry; depending solely on the thought, unassisted by epithets and the artificial decorations of expression.

[2] "In Gray's Elegy, is there an image more striking than his 'shapeless sculpture?'"—*Lord Byron.*

[3] "In the first edition it stood,

'Awake and faithful to her wonted fires,'

and I think rather better. He means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive we wished to be remembered by them in our absence: this would be expressed clearer, if the metaphorical term 'fires' was rejected, and the line run thus:

'Awake and faithful to her first desires.'

I do not put this alteration down for the idle vanity of aiming to amend the passage, but purely to explain it."—*Mason.*

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."[1]

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.[2]

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[1] Between this line and the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought (and in my opinion very justly) that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines, however, are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.—*Mason.*

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

[2] This epitaph has been commented on, and translated into different lan-

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, 1719—1773.

But little is known of the family or early history of John Hawkesworth. He was born in the year 1719, but how or where educated it is not known. His first appearance as a writer was in 1744, at the age of twenty-five, when he was engaged by the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine to succeed Dr. Johnson as compiler of the Parliamentary Debates; so that he must have had, at that time, considerable reputation as a literary character. In 1752, owing to the success which the "Rambler" had met with, he was induced to project and commence a periodical paper, under the title of "The Adventurer," having received the promise of assistance from Johnson, Warton, and others. For a work of this kind he was eminently qualified. His learning, though not deep, was elegant and various; his style was polished, his imagination ardent, his standard of morals high, and he possessed an intimate knowledge of the world. The first number of the "Adventurer" was published on the 7th of November, 1752, and the paper was continued every Tuesday and Saturday, until the 9th of March, 1754. The name, design, and management, and the writing of seventy of the one hundred and forty numbers, are to be ascribed to Hawkesworth. The sale, during its circulation in separate papers, was very extensive; and when thrown into volumes, four large editions passed through the press in eight years. "The variety, the fancy, the taste, and practical morality, which the pages of this periodical paper exhibit, were such as to ensure popularity; and it may be pronounced, as a whole, the most spirited and fascinating of the class to which it belongs."[1]

The reputation which Hawkesworth had acquired induced him, at the request of Garrick, to turn his attention to the drama, and in 1760, he brought forward his first piece, called "Zimri, an Oratorio," which was tolerably well received. A few other plays followed; but as they did not meet with great success, in 1765 he undertook the office of Reviewer in the Gentleman's Magazine; which department he filled with great ability until the year 1772. In 1765 he published an edition of Swift's works, in 12 volumes, accompanied by explanatory notes, and prefixed with a well-written life.

On the return of Captain Cook from his first voyage of discovery in the South Seas, it being thought desirable, by government, to entrust the task of compiling an account of the voyage to a literary man, rather than to one of the voyagers, Dr. Hawkesworth's reputation as a beautiful and able writer obtained for him the commission. He completed his task in 1773, in 3 vols. quarto, which were illustrated by charts, maps, and engravings,

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guages, by various men of eminence, most of them divines. Did it never occur to any of these, that there was an impropriety in making the "bosom" of Almighty God an abode for human frailty to repose in? Unless, therefore, the author meant by the word "bosom," only remembrance, there is certainly a great inconsistency in the expression.

[1] Drake's Essays, vol. v. p. 7.

executed in a very splendid manner. For this labor he received the princely remuneration of six thousand pounds. The work, however, met with very severe and deserved censure, owing to the glowing representations and the licentious pictures it presented of the manners and customs of the islanders of the South Seas; and to some speculations of a religious character which seemed to border upon skepticism. His enemies made the most of these defects, and held them up to public ridicule and censure; and so keen was his sensibility, that his health was soon affected by it, and he died on the 16th of November of the same year, 1773.

Dr. Hawkesworth was certainly an elegant scholar. "His writings, with the exception of the last ill-fated work, have a tendency uniformly conducive to the interests of virtue and religion; and we may add, that the errors of that unfortunate production must be attributed rather to defect of judgment, than to a dereliction of principle. His imagination was fertile and brilliant, his diction pure, elegant, and unaffected. He was in a high degree charitable, humane, and benevolent; his manners were polished and affable, and his conversation has been described as uncommonly fascinating. He died, it is said, tranquil and resigned, and, we trust, deriving hope and comfort from a firm belief in that religion which his best writings had been employed to defend."

VALUE OF FAMILIAR LETTERS.[1]

In a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigor of life, the ardor of expectation, the hurry of business, the jollity of their social meetings, and the sport of their fancy in the sweet intervals of leisure and retirement; we see the scene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleasures that are past, and friends that are dead; they complain of disappointment and infirmity; they are conscious that the sands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the last, it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connections, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity; and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with such force to what shall be, that the future almost becomes present; and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

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[1] From his Preface to the Letters of Dean Swift.

DANGER OF RELAPSE AFTER PURPOSES OF AMENDMENT.[1]

The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity, as at any other show, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment of life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace; retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of something that may secure us not only from the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigor and perseverance; the reflection which produced it, often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred "to a more convenient season," or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labors in vain to establish another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at

[1] Adventurer, No. 130.

length to impose upon himself; and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected forever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past, and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when "the shadow of death shall be stretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work."

HOW FAR THE PRECEPT TO LOVE OUR ENEMIES IS PRACTICABLE.[1]

To love an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his Saviour, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance;

[1] Adventurer, No. 48.

nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers, we may feed him, and if he thirsts, we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the Scripture sense, be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the color of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and

ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment: indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent, are necessarily excited: and there can be no doubt, but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who, when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault; each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if, after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin: if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancor of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favor is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty, but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

CARAZAN, THE MERCHANT OF BAGDAD.[1]

Carazan, the merchant of Bagdad, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less, he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power: and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the Love of God, and necessarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel

[1] Adventurer, No. 132.

to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

"To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honor! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my harem, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third Heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity, through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past: and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

"'Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted; because it was not prompted by Love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by Love of Man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the Spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of Autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast

lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of Heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.' At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: Oh! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! their society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitudes would divide eternity into time. While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succor and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda."

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

A LESSON FROM THE FLIGHT OF TIME.[1]

The hour is hastening, in which, whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

The following little poem, composed but a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. Hawkesworth before he rose in the morning, will prove how vividly he felt, at that period, the consolations arising from dependence on the mercy of his God.

HYMN.

In Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
  I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
  And drink again the morning light.

New-born—I bless the waking hour,
  Once more, with awe, rejoice *to be;*
My conscious soul resumes her power,
  And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O, guide me through the various maze
  My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
  When dangers press around my head.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,
  A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;
Yet still Thy strength shall me defend,
  Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,
  That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!
  Thy *love* the rapture of the skies!

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[1] The concluding paragraph of the last number of the Adventurer.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1728—1774.

This distinguished poet, novelist, historian, and essayist, was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, on the 10th of November, 1728. His father was a clergyman, and held the living of Kilkenny West, in the County of Westmeath. After studying the classics at two or three private schools, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer,[1] in his fifteenth year. Here he was idle, extravagant, and occasionally insubordinate; though we ought in justice to say that a most injudicious and passionate tutor, a Mr. Wilder, should be held partly responsible for the unsatisfactory nature of Goldsmith's college career.

About the time of his leaving the university his father died,[2] but his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had already borne the principal part of the expenses of his education, amply supplied the father's place. Disappointed in one or two plans that he had marked out for him, he determined to send him to London, to study the law, at the Temple. But stopping at Dublin on his way, he lost in gambling, the sum that had been given him for the expenses of his journey, and returned home penniless. The kindness of his uncle was not yet exhausted, and he sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, where he arrived at the close of the year 1752. Here he remained about eighteen months, when, in consequence of becoming security to a considerable amount for a classmate, he was obliged to quit the city abruptly, and sailed for Leyden. Here he studied about a year, and then set out to make the tour of Europe on foot; having with him, it is said, only one clean shirt, and no money, and trusting to his wits for support.[3] By various expedients he worked his way through Flanders, parts of France and Germany, Switzerland, (where he composed part of "The Traveller,") and the North

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[1] See Note 2, on page 85.

[2] "To this very amiable father, the son, by his power in the delineation of character, has given celebrity in three of his sketches; one in the 'Citizen of the World' (Letter 27th); a second in Dr. Primrose, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield;' and a third, as the family always stated, in reference to his spiritual character, in the Preacher in the 'Deserted Village.' Each has peculiarities that distinguish it from the other, yet touched so skilfully, that with some variation, they cannot be said to offer a contradiction."—*Prior.*

[3] The following passage in the "Vicar of Wakefield" is supposed to describe his own travels: "I had some knowledge of music, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." So also the lines in "The Traveller," in the picture of the Swiss,

> "And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
> With many a tale repays the nightly bed."

And also in the picture of France,

> "How often have I led thy sportive choir
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?" &c.

of Italy, and returned to London in the autumn of 1756, with an empty pocket, indeed, but with a mind enriched by observations of foreign countries, which he has so admirably expressed in that charming poem—"The Traveller."

After trying various means of a professional character for support, he resolved to depend upon his pen; and in April, 1757, made an engagement with Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of the Monthly Review, to write for that journal, for a salary, and his board and lodging in the proprietor's house. At the end of seven or eight months, this engagement was given up by mutual consent, and Goldsmith went into private lodgings, to finish his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," which was published in 1759. His next publication was "The Bee," a series of Essays on a variety of subjects, published weekly, which, for want of support, terminated with the eighth number, Nov. 24, 1759. Though neglected at their first appearance, yet, when known, some time after, to be from the same pen as "The Traveller," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," they were very generally read and admired. Such is the world; withholding from unknown and unhonored genius that praise which it lavishes when needed not.

In 1760, he published his "Letters of a Citizen of the World,"[1] which were very generally read and as generally admired; and have long taken their stand in the list of English classics. His next work was his celebrated novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," which, though finished in 1763, was not published till 1766, when his "Traveller" had established his fame. But it no sooner appeared than it secured the warmest friends among every description of readers; with the old by the purity of its moral lessons, and with the young by the interest of the story. Its great charm is its close adherence to nature; nature in its commendable, not in its vicious points of view. "The Primrose family is a great creation of genius: such a picture of warm-hearted simplicity, mingled with the little foibles and weaknesses common to the best specimens of humanity, that we find nothing like it in the whole range of fiction."[2]

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[1] These Letters purported to be written by a Chinese philosopher, who, in travelling through Europe, for the purpose of examining the manners and customs of the various nations, fixed his residence for some time in England, for the purpose of describing the manners of its people.

[2] Prior, vol. ii. p. 111. "We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age,—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"The irresistible charm this novel possesses, evinces how much may be done without the aid of extravagant incident, to excite the imagination and interest the feelings. Few productions of this kind afford greater amusement in the perusal, and still fewer inculcate more impressive lessons of morality. Though wit and humor abound in every page, yet in the whole volume there is not one thought injurious in its tendency, nor one sentiment that can offend the chastest ear. Its language, in the words of an elegant writer, is what 'angels might have heard, and virgins told.'"—*Washington Irving.*

An interesting anecdote relative to this novel, told by Boswell in his Life of Johnson, and which has been illustrated by a most beautiful engraving, may here be repeated. "I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message

In December, 1764, was published "The Traveller," the earliest of his productions to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. Dr. Johnson was the first to introduce it to the public, in a notice in the Critical Review, closing his remarks with these words: "Such is the poem on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find any thing equal." It is hardly necessary to say how perfectly this sentiment has been universally concurred in; for few poems in the English language have been more deservedly popular. In 1765 he published his ballad of the "Hermit," and engaged in other works for the booksellers, to supply his immediate wants. In 1768 appeared his comedy of "The Good-Natured Man," which had not much success; but in the next year the "Deserted Village" was given to the public, which gave him a still higher rank, and still greater celebrity as a poet.[1] In the same year he entered into engagements for writing his histories of Rome, Greece, and England.

Two years after, he appeared the second time as a dramatic author, and with very great success. Dr. Johnson said of "She Stoops to Conquer," that he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience, that had answered the great end of comedy—making an audience merry. One of his last publications was a "History of the Earth, and Animated Nature," which appeared in 1774, and for which he received the sum of eight hundred and fifty pounds; but such was his improvidence that his money was gone almost as soon as received. A tale of distress would take from him his last penny. His affairs, in consequence, became very much deranged, and his circumstances, preying upon his mind, are supposed to have accelerated his death, which occurred on the 4th of April, 1774.

"Thus terminated the life of an admirable writer and estimable man at the early age of forty-five, when his powers were in full vigor, and much was to be expected from their exertion. The shock to his friends appears to have been great from the unexpected loss of one whose substantial virtues, with all his foibles and singularities, they had learned to value. Burke, on hear-

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from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira, and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

[1] "The 'Deserted Village' has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the 'Deserted Village.'"—*Campbell.*

ing it, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds relinquished painting for the day,—a very unusual forbearance; and Dr. Johnson, though little prone to exhibit strong emotions of grief, felt most sincerely on this occasion."[1] Three months afterwards he thus wrote to Boswell: "Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."[2]

To the merits of Goldsmith, as a writer, the testimony of critics almost innumerable might be adduced. But the following few lines from an admirable article by Sir Walter Scott, will suffice. "The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume with a sigh, that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have so prematurely been removed from the sphere of literature which he so highly adorned."[3]

ITALY.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the Summer, Italy extends;

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[1] Prior, vol. ii. page 519.

[2] "Here Fancy's favorite, Goldsmith sleeps,
The Dunces smile, but Johnson weeps."
St. James's Chronicle, April 7th, 1774.

[3] Read the article on Goldsmith in the 3d vol. of Scott's Prose Works: also, another in the 57th vol. of Quarterly Review: also life, in Mrs. Barbauld's Lives of the British Novelists: also, Life and Works by Prior, 6 vols., one of the most valuable contributions to English literature of the present century. In Boswell's Johnson, Goldsmith is frequently mentioned, but not in such a manner as to do any justice to his character. How could it be expected from such a man? When the work was first published, Burke, much displeased that Goldsmith should be so undervalued in it, remarked to a lady, "What rational opinion, my dear madam, could you expect a lawyer to give of a poet?" Wilkes improved upon this, and remarked at a dinner, "A Scotch lawyer and an Irish poet I hold to be about as opposite as the antipodes." Sir Joshua Reynolds also expressed his decided dissent from Boswell's opinions; and George Stevens, in his usual sarcastic spirit, remarked, "Why, sir, it is not unusual for a man who has much genius to be censured by one who has none." And Sir Walter Scott remarked, "I wonder why Boswell so often displays a malevolent feeling towards Goldsmith. Rivalry for Johnson's good graces, perhaps." That Johnson's opinion was most favorable to Goldsmith, Boswell's own book testifies. Hear him. "Goldsmith was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey; and every year he lived he would have deserved it more." Again: "Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
  But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
  Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;[1]

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[1] Either Sir Joshua Reynolds, or a mutual friend who communicated the story to him, calling, one day, at Goldsmith's lodgings, opened the door without ceremony, and discovered him, not in meditation, or in the throes of poetic birth, but in the boyish office of teaching a favorite dog to sit upright

Each nobler aim, represt by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

From the Traveller.

FRANCE.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.[1]
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:

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upon its haunches, or, as it is commonly said, to beg. Occasionally he glanced his eyes over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at the unwilling pupil, in order to make him retain his position; while on the page before him was written that couplet, with the ink of the second line still wet, from the description of Italy:—

> "By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
> The sports of children satisfy the child.

The sentiment seemed so appropriate to the employment, that the visitor could not refrain from giving vent to his surprise in a strain of banter, which was received with characteristic good humor, and the admission at once made, that the amusement in which he had been engaged had given birth to the idea.

[1] "I had some knowledge of music," says George Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield, "with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes; and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffick round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.[1]
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

From the Traveller.

BRITAIN.

——————My genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.[2]

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[1] "There is, perhaps, no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of The Traveller, in which the author describes the at once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French."—*Campbell.*

[2] "We talked of Goldsmith's Traveller, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly;

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

From the Traveller.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

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and, while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeatedly quoted from it the character of the British nation; which he did with such energy, that the tear started in his eye."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

From the Deserted Village.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

But Goldsmith's prose is no less charming than his poetry. There are, in his essays entitled "The Citizen of the World," an ease and gracefulness of style, a chaste humor, a rich poetical fancy, and a nice observation of men and manners, that render them truly "a mine of lively and profound thought, happy imagery, and pure English."[1]

LIFE ENDEARED BY AGE.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet

[1] At a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds', when some unkind remark was made of Goldsmith, Johnson broke out warmly in his defence, and in the course of a spirited eulogium, said, "Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Dr. Goldsmith?"

experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. Hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some

friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from which you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

Citizen of the World, Letter LXXIII.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

The clock has just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude will be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality. Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! And those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and

find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease. The world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty.[1]

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

Citizen of the World, Letter CXVII.

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman Empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius

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[1] This idea is repeated in the "Deserted Village."

——————— "Ah, turn thine eyes,
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn;
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head."

were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world: for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both: for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents

which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon

an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honors of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left to be engraved on his tomb that no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

From No. 1 *of the "Bee."*

The following paragraph is one of those gems in English Prose Literature, of which few authors, if any, afford a greater number than Goldsmith. It is in the latter part of a review, as severe as his good nature would allow, of Barrett's translation of Ovid's Epistles; to be found in the Critical Review of 1759.

But let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in thus exposing absurdities, which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as men, and could sincerely wish that those whose greatest sin is, perhaps, the venial one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults, but foibles: they may be good and useful members of society without being poets. *The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way.* LET SUCH AS HAVE NOT GOT A PASSPORT FROM NATURE, BE CONTENT WITH HAPPINESS, AND LEAVE TO THE POET THE UNRIVALLED POSSESSION OF HIS MISERY, HIS GARRET, AND HIS FAME.

DAVID HUME, 1711—1776.

DAVID HUME, the celebrated Scotch historian, was born in Edinburgh in 1711. He was designed for the law, but having no inclination for it, he applied himself to mercantile pursuits, and in 1734 became clerk to a house in Bristol. He did not, however, continue long in that line, owing to his strong propensity to literature. He says in his autobiography, "I went over to France with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat, and I then laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune; to maintain, unimpaired, my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible except the improvement of my talents in literature."

In 1738 he published his "Treatise of Human Nature," a metaphysical work, which met with a very indifferent reception. In 1742 appeared his "Moral Essays," which were a little better received. During the next ten years he published his "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding," "Political Discourses," and "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals." While many of the principles of these works are to be reprobated, as compositions they are a model of a perspicuous, and a highly finished style. In 1754 he published the first volume of his "History of England," which he commenced with the House of Stuart. "The History of the House of Tudor" followed in 1759, and the two volumes containing the earlier English History, which completed the work, in 1761. While this work was in progress, he gave to the world his "Natural History of Religion," which was attacked with just severity by Warburton and Hurd. After enjoying one or two offices of honor and profit, he retired to his native country in 1769, and died in 1776.

As an author Hume is to be viewed in two ways, as an historian and as a philosopher. His history is written in an easy and animated style, but it is disfigured by partiality, misrepresentation, and want of accuracy, for he could not tolerate the labor of research into original documents. As a philo-

sopher, though acute and ingenious, he is not profound: indeed he hardly deserves the name, inasmuch as he neglected all search after the highest of all wisdom, and exhibited none of that docility upon the subject of religion, which he himself would require of every one in order to make any attainment in any other science. Upon his death-bed scene, which is represented to have been light and trifling to a shocking degree, Dr. Johnson observes: "Hume owned he had never read the New Testament with attention. Here then was a man, who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death should alter his way of thinking, unless God should send an angel to set him right. He had a vanity in being thought easy."

ON DELICACY OF TASTE.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship.

In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favorable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasure and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they

were more general and undistinguished. The gayety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardors of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

ON SIMPLICITY AND REFINEMENT.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigor. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

ON THE MIDDLE STATION OF LIFE.

The moral of the following fable will easily discover itself without my explaining it. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest amity, with noisy

haughtiness and disdain thus bespoke him :—"What, brother! still in the same state! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and shall shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue which have favored my banks, but neglected yours?" "Very true," replies the humble rivulet, "you are now, indeed, swollen to a great size; but methinks you are become withal somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity."

Instead of commenting upon this fable, I shall take occasion from it to compare the different stations of life, and to persuade such of my readers as are placed in the middle station to be satisfied with it, as the most eligible of all others. These form the most numerous rank of men that can be supposed susceptible of philosophy, and therefore all discourses of morality ought principally to be addressed to them. The great are too much immersed in pleasure, and the poor too much occupied in providing for the necessities of life, to hearken to the calm voice of reason. The middle station, as it is most happy in many respects, so particularly in this, that a man placed in it can, with the greatest leisure, consider his own happiness, and reap a new enjoyment, from comparing his situation with that of persons above or below him.

Agur's prayer is sufficiently noted—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." The middle station is here justly recommended, as affording the fullest security for virtue; and I may also add, that it gives opportunity for the most ample exercise of it, and furnishes employment for every good quality which we can possibly be possessed of. Those who are placed among the lower ranks of men have little opportunity of exerting any other virtue besides those of patience, resignation, industry, and integrity. Those who are advanced into the higher stations, have full employment for their generosity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies betwixt these two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his superiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality which the human soul is susceptible of, may have its turn, and be called up to action; and a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progress in

virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant and without employment.

But there is another virtue that seems principally to lie among equals, and is, for that reason, chiefly calculated for the middle station of life. This virtue is friendship. I believe most men of generous tempers are apt to envy the great, when they consider the large opportunities such persons have of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendship and esteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to associate with those whom they have little kindness for, like people of inferior stations, who are subject to have their proffers of friendship rejected even where they would be most fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendships, they cannot be so certain of the sincerity of them as men of a lower rank, since the favors they bestow may acquire them flattery, instead of good will and kindness. It has been very judiciously remarked, that we attach ourselves more by the services we perform than by those we receive, and that a man is in danger of losing his friends by obliging them too far. I should therefore choose to lie in the middle way, and to have my commerce with my friend varied both by obligations given and received. I have too much pride to be willing that all the obligations should lie on my side, and should be afraid that, if they all lay on his, he would also have too much pride to be entirely easy under them, or have a perfect complacency in my company.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, 1723—1780.

This eminent civilian was born in London, in July, 1723. His father was a silk-mercer, and the fortune he had acquired in the honorable pursuits of trade, was sufficient to enable him to afford his son every advantage of education and scholarship. On leaving the University of Oxford, having selected the law as his profession, he entered the Middle Temple, on which occasion he wrote the sprightly and beautiful lines entitled "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse." In due time he was called to the bar, but after seven years of patient and vain expectance, meeting with but little success, he returned to Oxford, with the intention of living on his fellowship. Having, however, obtained an appointment to the law professorship in the university, he so distinguished himself by the lectures he delivered, that he resumed the practice of his profession with a success proportioned to his great abilities and learning. In 1765 he published his celebrated "Commentaries on the Laws of England," than which few books have exerted

a wider influence, it being one of the first works read by every student of the law, and the one to which, perhaps, he makes the most frequent reference through the whole course of his professional life. In 1770, Blackstone was made one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, which situation he held till his death, in 1780.

THE ORIGIN AND RIGHT OF PROPERTY EXPLAINED.

There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in a total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favor, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor; by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before him; or why the occupier of a particular field, or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world, which of them should enjoy it after him. These inquiries, it must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons of making them. But, when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper or useless to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of these positive constitutions of society.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over

external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity; as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein "*all things were common and undivided to all, just as an undividel patrimony would be to all.*" Not that this communion of good seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer: or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast. A doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken, is for the time his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion: and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Other-

wise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestall; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt, but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupance, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As by some tyrant's stern command
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;

Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below:
Then, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu;
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How bless'd my days, my thoughts how free
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
Those scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities, draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose revelry and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please:
Instead of thee a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony:
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
Th' united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns, of life,
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncurs'd amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709—1784.

Samuel Johnson, the Corypheus of English Literature of the eighteenth century, was born at Litchfield,[1] in Staffordshire, September 7th, 1709, and was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. He gave early proof of a vigorous understanding and of a great fondness for knowledge; but poverty compelled him to leave the University, after being there three years, without taking a degree, and he returned to Litchfield in the autumn of 1731, destitute, and wholly undetermined what plan of life to pursue. His father, who had been a bookseller, and who had become insolvent, died in December, and in the July following Johnson accepted the situation of usher of the grammar-school at Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire. For this situation, however, he soon felt himself utterly unqualified by means of his natural disposition. Though his scholarship was ample, he wanted that patience to bear with dulness and waywardness, those kind and urbane manners to win love and respect, that tact in controlling and governing youth, and that happy manner of illustrating difficulties and imparting knowledge, which are as essential as high literary attainments to form the perfect schoolmaster. No wonder, therefore, that he quitted the high vocation in disgust. His scholars, doubtless, were quite as glad to get rid of him as he of them. *Non omnes omnibus.*

The next year he obtained temporary employment from a bookseller at Birmingham, and soon after, entered into an engagement with Mr. Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, to write for that periodical. This, however, was not sufficient to support him, but Cupid happily came to his assistance; for he fell in love with a Mrs. Porter, a widow of little more than double her lover's age, and possessed of eight hundred pounds. They were married on the 9th of July, 1736, and soon after, Johnson took a large house near Litchfield, and opened an academy for classical education. But the plan failed, and he went to London, and engaged himself as a regular contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine. Here he shortly produced his admirable poem entitled "London," in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. For it, he received from Dodsley ten guineas; it immediately attracted great attention, and Pope, as soon as he read it, said, "The author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed." His tragedy of "Irene," produced about the same time, was, as regards stage success, a total failure, though, like the Cato of Addison, it is full of noble sentiments. His pen was at this time continually employed in writing pamphlets, prefaces, epitaphs, essays, and biographical memoirs for the Magazine; but the compensation he received was small, very small; and it is distressing to reflect that, at this period, the poverty of this most distinguished scholar was so great, that he was sometimes obliged to pass the day without food.

In 1744 he published the "Life of Richard Savage," one of the best written, and most instructive pieces of biography extant, and which was at

[1] Hence he has been frequently termed, "The Sage of Litchfield."

once the theme of general admiration.[1] In 1747 he issued his plan for his "English Dictionary," addressed, in an admirably written pamphlet, to the Earl of Chesterfield, who, however, concerned himself very little about its success. The time he could spare from this Herculean labor, he gave to various literary subjects. In 1749 appeared his "Vanity of Human Wishes," an admirable poem in imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal; and in the next year he commenced his periodical paper "The Rambler," which deservedly raised the reputation of the author still higher, and which, from the peculiar strength of its style, exerted a powerful influence on English Prose Literature.[2] In 1755, appeared the great work which has made his name known wherever the English language is spoken—his long-promised "Dictionary." Eight long years was he in bringing it to a completion; and considering the little aid he could receive from previous lexicographers, it was a gigantic undertaking; and most successfully and nobly did he accomplish it.[3] But just before it was published, Lord Chesterfield, with a meanness only equalled by his previous neglect, endeavored to influence Johnson to dedicate it to himself, and for this purpose he wrote two papers, in a periodical called "The World," highly complimentary of Johnson's learning and labors. Johnson was of course highly indignant,[4] and addressed to him

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[1] One of the best proofs of its attractive power was given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who said that, on his return from Italy, he met with it in Devonshire, knowing nothing of its author, and began to read it while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece. It seized his attention so strongly, that, not being able to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed.

[2] The Rambler commenced on the 20th of March, 1750, and continued, every Tuesday and Saturday to March 14, 1752. Of the energy and fertility of resource with which this work was conducted, there can be no greater proof than that during the whole time, though afflicted with disease, and harassed with the toils of lexicography, he wrote the whole himself, with the exception of four or five numbers.

[3] The French Academy of FORTY members were all engaged upon their boasted Dictionary, which, after all, was not equal to Johnson's single-handed labor. This gave rise to the following spirited lines from Garrick.

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men;
In the deep mines of science, though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men and prose-men; then match them with ours;
First Shakspeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And JOHNSON, well arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat FORTY French, and will beat forty more!

[4] In his anger he exclaimed to his friend Garrick, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language; and does he now send out two cock boats to tow me into harbor?"

the following letter, which, for the polish of its style, the elegance of its language, the keenness of its sarcasm, its manly disdain, and the condensed vigor of its thought, is, perhaps, unequalled in English Literature.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord:

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*[1]—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been

[1] The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In the few years succeeding the publication of his "Dictionary," he employed himself in an edition of Shakspeare, and gave to the world another periodical paper entitled "The Idler." In the former, when it appeared in 1765, the public were very much disappointed; for though the preface was written in a style unsurpassed for its beauty and strength, and showed that he well knew the duties and requirements of a commentator upon the great dramatic poet, his annotations showed that he had not that critical knowledge of the writers of the times of Shakspeare and antecedent thereto, which is requisite properly to elucidate the bard. In 1759 he appeared in a new character, that of a Novelist, in the publication of his "Rasselas," which was written to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. In 1762 he was relieved from pecuniary anxiety by a pension of £300 a year, granted to him in consideration of the happy influence of his writings; for Lord Bute expressly told him, on his accepting the bounty, that it was given him not for anything he was to do, but for what he had done.

In the next year, 1763, he was introduced to his biographer, James Boswell, and we have, from this date, a fuller account of him, perhaps, than was ever written of any other individual. From this time we are made as familiar, as it is in the power of writing to make us, with the character, the habits, and the appearance of Johnson, and the persons and things with which he is connected. "Everything about him," says an able critic,[1] "his coat, his wig, his figure, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked the approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce, and veal pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence; his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his

[1] Read the article in the 53d vol. of the Edinburgh Review, or in Macaulay's Miscellanies, vol. ii, page 11. Also an article, "Johnson and his Biographers," in the 46th vol. of the Quarterly. Also, Boswell's Life, Croker's edition—Murphy's Life, in the Preface to his works—a "Memoir" by Sir Walter Scott, in the third volume of his Prose Works—and the "Literary Life of Dr. Johnson," in the 4th volume of Drake's Essays.

insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded."

In 1773, in company with Mr. Boswell, he made a tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, of which he published an interesting and instructive account. In it he pronounces decidedly against the authenticity of the poems called "Ossian's." The last of his literary labors was his "Lives of the Poets," which were completed in 1781. Though it is a work that, on the whole, is justly considered as one of the ablest contributions to English biography, it must be read with great caution; for the criticisms of Johnson are too often biased by his strong political, religious, and even personal antipathies, as is clearly evinced in the gross injustice he has done to the two greatest poets of the series—Milton[1] and Gray. "His indiscriminate hatred of Whig principles; his detestation of blank verse; his dislike of pastoral, lyric, and descriptive poetry; his total want of enthusiasm; and his perpetual efforts to veil the splendor of genius, are frequently lost in the admiration which the blaze and vigor of his intellectual powers so strongly excite. This is, in fact, the work in which the excellencies and defects of Johnson are placed before the reader with their full prominence; in which the lovers of philology and biography, the friends of moral and ethic wisdom, will find much to applaud; but in which also the disciples of candor and impartiality, the votaries of creative fancy and of genuine poetry, will have much to regret and much to condemn."

Scarcely had he finished his "Lives of the Poets," when in May, 1781, he lost his long tried friend Mr. Thrale, in whose house he had become a constant resident for fifteen years: and the next year deprived him of his old and faithful friend, Dr. Robert Levett,[2] upon whose character he wrote those beautiful and touching verses which do so much honor to his heart. But his own end was drawing near. In June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, which for some hours deprived him of the power of speech. From this, however, he recovered, but towards the end of the year he was seized with a violent fit of asthma, accompanied with dropsical swellings of the legs. These affections subsided by the beginning of the next year; but towards the autumn they so increased, that all hopes of his recovery were at an end. He had always entertained a great dread of death, and his hours of health were embittered by his apprehensions of dissolution. But when he saw his end actually approaching, he became entirely resigned, strong in his faith in Christ, joyful in the hope of his own salvation, and anxious for the salvation

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[1] What greater contrast can we conceive than that exhibited in the characters of Milton and Johnson; in the former of whom so predominated the imaginative and the spiritual; in the latter, the sensuous and the animal.

[2] This Dr. Levett "was the constant companion of Johnson at his morning's meal for near forty years. He was a practitioner of physic among the lower orders of people in London: his fees were small, but his business was extensive, and he always walked. This good man lived in great obscurity, though continually and most conscientiously employed in mitigating the sorrows of poverty and disease."

of his friends.[1] "On the evening of the 13th of December, 1784, and in the 75th year of his age, he expired so calmly, that the persons who were sitting in the room only knew that he had ceased to breathe, by the sudden failure of the sound which had for some days accompanied his respiration."

The great characteristic of Dr. Johnson was uncommon vigor, and logical precision of intellect. His reasoning was sound, dextrous, and acute; his thoughts striking and original; and his imagination vivid. In conversation his style was keen and pointed, and his language appropriate; and he displayed such a comprehensive view of his subject, such accuracy of perception, such lucidity of discrimination, and such facility of illustration, as to throw light upon every question, however intricate, and to prove the best of all practical guides in the customary occurrences of life.

Besides these great qualities he possessed others of a most humiliating littleness. In many respects he seemed a different person at different times. He was intolerant of particular principles, which he would not allow to be discussed within his hearing; of particular nations, and particular individuals. He was superstitious; and his mind was at an early period narrowed upon many questions, religious and political. He was open to flattery, hard to please, easy to offend, impetuous and irritable. "The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, "was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself." This short and imperfect view of his character would convey a wrong impression, did we not add, that he was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion, a sincere and zealous Christian, and possessed of a most kind and benevolent heart.[2]

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"Life," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal

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[1] On his dying bed, he particularly exhorted Sir Joshua Reynolds "to read the Bible, and to keep holy the Sabbath-day," that is, not to paint on that day.

[2] The Earl of Eglintoune, of remarkable elegance of manners, once remarked at a large dinner party, that he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Baretti, "do with him what you would he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl with a smile, "but then he would have been a *dancing* bear."

"To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of *a bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well:—'Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. HE HAS NOTHING OF THE BEAR BUT HIS SKIN.'"—*Boswell.*

of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations; and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life;* that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labor; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their dangers from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink at last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe

it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was

it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labors that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

Rambler, *No.* 102.

KNOWLEDGE TO BE ACCOMMODATED TO THE PURPOSES OF LIFE.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honors, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them, at once with ignorance and scorn, on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose

his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful in great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honor will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

Rambler, No. 137.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human power. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a

system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that, whenever that time is afforded, it will be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this it has probably proceeded, that, among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the "Praise of Folly," one of his most celebrated performances,

was composed by him on the road to Italy, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that TIME WAS HIS ESTATE; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

Rambler, No. 108.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social hap-

piness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind: whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

Rambler, No. 185.

SOLITUDE NOT DESIRABLE.

Though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society: he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equaled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardor extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep, rather than to labor.

There is a set of recluses, whose intention entitles them to respect, and whose motives deserve a serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion: that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears "to pass through things temporal," with no other care than "not to lose finally the things eternal," I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

Adventurer, No. 126.

FROM THE PREFACE TO HIS DICTIONARY.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labor of years, to the honor of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labors afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavored well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there can never be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labors of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let

it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

REFLECTIONS ON LANDING AT IONA.[1]

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

[1] One of the Western Isles.

PICTURE OF THE MISERIES OF WAR.

It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, must perish in the successful field, but they die upon the bed of honor, resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with England's glory, smile in death!

The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part, with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle, grew rich by the victory, he might show his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations!

FROM HIS PREFACE TO SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised

by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual: in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue: and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyper-

bolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable. The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. *The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.*

THE FATE OF POVERTY.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd[1] by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D.

From London.

[1] The Spaniards had at this time laid claim to several of the English provinces in America.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest, unresisted, ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest:
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

From the Vanity of Human Wishes.

CHARLES XII.[1]

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;

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[1] Charles XII., King of Sweden, having invaded Russia, was totally defeated at the battle of Pultowa, and forced to seek refuge in Turkey. He was afterwards killed at the siege of a little fort in Norway.

He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd, a needy suppliant, to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

From the same.

OBJECTS OF PETITION.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise;
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

From the same.

THE FOLLY OF PROCRASTINATION.

To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose

An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

From the Tragedy of Irene.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVETT.

Condemned to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

ROBERT LOWTH, 1710—1787.

Robert Lowth, a distinguished prelate in the English church, was born in the year 1710. He was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford,[1] and after leaving the University he entered into the church, in which he rose by regular gradations till he became, in 1777, Bishop of London. He died in 1787, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

The writings by which Bishop Lowth is most known, are, "A Short Introduction to English Grammar," for many years a text-book in the schools and colleges in England and in this country; his "Translation of the Prophet Isaiah," with a large body of valuable notes; and his "Lectures on the Poetry of the Hebrews." The latter is a work which unites a depth of learning to a discriminating criticism and a refined taste, in a very unusual degree; and while it is of inestimable value to the professed Biblical student, it affords equal pleasure and instruction to the general reader. From the first Lecture we extract the following just and tasteful remarks, upon

THE ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF POETRY.

Poetry is commonly understood to have two objects in view, namely, advantage and pleasure, or rather an union of both. I wish those who have furnished us with this definition had rather proposed utility as its ultimate object, and pleasure as the means by which that end may be effectually accomplished.

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[1] "I was educated," says Bishop Lowth, "in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, were raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge."

With reference to this encomium of Lowth upon his Alma Mater, Gibbon, the historian, makes the following beautiful remark: "The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure: a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents; and THE TEACHERS OF SCIENCE ARE THE PARENTS OF THE MIND."

The philosopher and the poet, indeed, seem principally to differ in the means by which they pursue the same end. Each sustains the character of a preceptor, which the one is thought best to support, if he teach with accuracy, with subtlety, and with perspicuity ; the other, with splendor, harmony, and elegance. The one makes his appeal to reason only, independent of the passions ; the other addresses the reason in such a manner as even to engage the passions on his side. The one proceeds to virtue and truth by the nearest and most compendious ways ; the other leads to the same point through certain deflections and deviations, by a winding but pleasanter path. It is the part of the former so to describe and explain these objects, that we must necessarily become acquainted with them ; it is the part of the latter so to dress and adorn them, that of our own accord we must love and embrace them.

I therefore lay it down as a fundamental maxim, that Poetry is useful,[1] chiefly because it is agreeable ; and should I, as we are apt to do, attribute too much to my favorite occupation, I trust Philosophy will forgive me when I add, that the writings of the poet are more useful than those of the philosopher, inasmuch as they are more agreeable. To illustrate this position by a well-known example :—Who can believe that even the most tasteless could peruse the writings on agriculture, either of the learned Varro or of Columella, an author by no means deficient in elegance, with the same pleasure and attention as that most delightful and most perfect work, the Georgics of Virgil ? a work in which he has equalled the most respectable writers in the solidity of his matter, and has greatly excelled the most elegant in the incredible harmony of his numbers.

But if it be manifest, even in authors who directly profess

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[1] I cannot but insert here the following very fine remarks of Leigh Hunt, on the Utility of Poetry. "No man recognizes the worth of utility more than the poet : he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the rail-road, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea, or as the greatest two-idead man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his 'buttons' or his good dinner. But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse ; of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on their journey, nay, of those of the great two-idead man ; and, beyond all this, he discerns the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consideration, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjovments."

improvement and advantage, that those will most efficaciously instruct who afford most entertainment; the same will be still more apparent in those who, dissembling the intention of instruction, exhibit only the blandishments of pleasure; and while they treat of the most important things, of all the principles of moral action, all the offices of life, yet laying aside the severity of the preceptor, adduce at once all the decorations of elegance, and all the attractions of amusement: who display, as in a picture, the actions, the manners, the pursuits and passions of men; and by the force of imitation and fancy, by the harmony of numbers, by the taste and variety of imagery, captivate the affections of the reader, and imperceptibly, or perhaps reluctantly, impel him to the pursuit of virtue. Such is the real purpose of heroic poetry; such is the noble effect produced by the perusal of Homer. And who so thoughtless, or so callous, as not to feel incredible pleasure in that most agreeable occupation? Who is not moved, astonished, enraptured, by the inspiration of that most sublime genius? Who so inanimate as not to see, not to feel inscribed, or as it were imprinted upon his heart, his most excellent maxims concerning human life and manners? From philosophy a few cold precepts may be deduced; in history, some dull and spiritless examples of manners may be found: here we have the energetic voice of Virtue herself, here we behold her animated form. Poetry addresses her precepts not to the reason alone; she calls the passions to her aid: she not only exhibits examples, but infixes them in the mind. She softens the wax with her peculiar ardor, and renders it more plastic to the artist's hand. Thus does Horace most truly and most justly apply this commendation to the poets:

> "What's fair, and false, and right, these bards describe,
> Better and plainer than the Stoic tribe:"—

Plainer, or more completely, because they do not perplex their disciples with the dry detail of parts and definitions, but so perfectly and so accurately delineate, by examples of every kind, the forms of the human passions and habits, the principles of social and civilized life, that he who from the schools of philosophy should turn to the representations of Homer, would feel himself transported from a narrow and intricate path to an extensive and flourishing field: — Better, because the poet teaches not by maxims and precepts, and in the dull sententious form; but by the harmony of verse, by the beauty of imagery, by the ingenuity of the fable, by the exactness of

imitation, he allures and interests the mind of the reader, he fashions it to habits of virtue, and in a manner informs it with the spirit of integrity itself.

But if from the Heroic we turn to the Tragic Muse, to which Aristotle indeed assigns the preference, because of the true and perfect imitation, we shall yet more clearly evince the superiority of poetry over philosophy, on the principle of its being more agreeable. Tragedy is, in truth, no other than philosophy introduced upon the stage, retaining all its natural properties, remitting nothing of its native gravity, but assisted and embellished by other favoring circumstances. What point, for instance, of moral discipline have the tragic writers of Greece left untouched or unadorned? What duty of life, what principle of political economy, what motive or precept for the government of the passions, what commendation of virtue is there, which they have not treated of with fulness, variety, and learning? The moral of Æschylus (not only a poet, but a Pythagorean) will ever be admired. Nor were Sophocles and Euripides less illustrious for the reputation of wisdom; the latter of whom was the disciple of Socrates and Anaxagoras, and was known among his friends by the title of the dramatic philosopher. In these authors, surely, the allurements of poetry afforded some accession to the empire of philosophy; nor indeed has any man arrived at the summit of poetic fame, who did not previously lay the foundation of his art in true philosophy.

But there are other species of poetry which also deserve to partake in the commendation; and first the Ode,

> "With thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;"

which, though in some respects inferior to what are called the higher species of poetry, yields to none in force, ardor, and sometimes even in dignity and solemnity. Its amazing power in directing the passions, in forming the manners, in maintaining civil life, and particularly in exciting and cherishing that generous elevation of sentiment on which the very existence of public virtue seems to depend, will be sufficiently apparent by only contemplating those monuments of genius which Greece has bequeathed to posterity. If we examine the poems of Pindar, how exquisite must have been the pleasure, how vivid the sensation to the Greek, whose ordinary amusement it was to sing, or hear them sung! For, this kind of entertainment was not confined to persons of taste and learning, but had grown into general use. When he heard his gods, his heroes,

his ancestors received into the number of the gods, celebrated in a manner so glorious, so divine, would not his bosom glow with the desire of fame, with the most fervid emulation of virtue, with a patriotism, immoderate perhaps, but honorable and useful in the highest degree? Is it wonderful, that he should be so elevated with this greatness of mind, (shall I call it?) or rather insolence and pride, as to esteem every other people mean, barbarous, and contemptible, in comparison with himself and his own countrymen? It is certainly unnecessary to remind the scholar, that in the sacred games which afforded so much support to the warlike virtue of Greece, no inconsiderable share of dignity and esteem resulted from the verses of the poets; nor did the Olympic crown exhibit a more ample reward to the candidate for victory, than the encomium of Pindar or Stesichorus. What a spirited defender of the laws and constitution of his country is Alcæus! what a vigorous opposer of tyrants! who consecrated equally his sword and his lyre on the altar of freedom! whose prophetic muse, ranging through every region, acted as the sacred guardian, not for the present moment only, but for future ages; not of his own city alone, but of the whole commonwealth of Greece. Poetry such as this, so vehement, so animated, is certainly to be esteemed highly efficacious, as well in exciting the human mind to virtue, as in purifying it from every mean and vicious propensity; but still more especially does it conduce to cherish and support that vigor of soul, that generous temper and spirit, which is both the offspring and guardian of liberty.

Thus far poetry must be allowed to stand eminent among the other liberal arts; inasmuch as it refreshes the mind when it is fatigued, soothes it when it is agitated, relieves and invigorates it when it is depressed; as it elevates the thoughts to the admiration of what is beautiful, what is becoming, what is great and noble: nor is it enough to say, that it delivers the precepts of virtue in the most agreeable manner; it insinuates or instils into the soul the very principles of morality itself. Moreover, since the desire of glory, innate in man, appears to be the most powerful incentive to great and heroic actions, it is the peculiar function of poetry to improve this bias of our nature, and thus to cherish and enliven the embers of virtue: and since one of the principal employments of poetry consists in the celebration of great and virtuous actions, in transmitting to posterity the examples of the bravest and most excellent men, and in consecrating their names to immortality; this praise is certainly its due, that while it forms the mind to habits

of rectitude by its precepts, directs it by examples, excites and animates it by its peculiar force, it has also the distinguished honor of distributing to virtue the most ample and desirable rewards of its labors.

But, after all, we shall think more humbly of poetry than it deserves, unless we direct our attention to that quarter where its importance is most eminently conspicuous; unless we contemplate it as employed on sacred subjects, and in subservience to religion. This indeed appears to have been the original office and destination of poetry; and this it still so happily performs, that in all other cases it seems out of character, as if intended for this purpose alone. In other instances poetry appears to want the assistance of art, but in this to shine forth with all its natural splendor, or rather to be animated by that inspiration, which, on other occasions, is spoken of without being felt. These observations are remarkably exemplified in the Hebrew poetry, than which the human mind can conceive nothing more elevated, more beautiful, or more elegant; in which the almost ineffable sublimity of the subject is fully equalled by the energy of the language and the dignity of the style. And it is worthy observation, that as some of these writings exceed in antiquity the fabulous ages of Greece, in sublimity they are superior to the most finished productions of that polished people. Thus, if the actual origin of poetry be inquired after, it must of necessity be referred to religion. Of this origin poetry even yet exhibits no obscure indications, since she ever embraces a divine and sacred subject with a kind of filial tenderness and affection. To the sacred haunts of religion she delights to resort as to her native soil: there she most willingly inhabits, and there she flourishes in all her pristine beauty and vigor.

THOMAS WARTON, 1728—1790.

Thomas Warton, the learned author of the "History of English Poetry," was born at Basingstoke[1] in 1728, of a family remarkable for its talent. His father, Rev. Thomas Warton, was professor of poetry at Oxford, and died in 1745: and his brother Joseph was the author of the "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope." Thomas was educated at Cambridge, and early acquired distinction by the superiority of his poetical productions. In 1754

[1] In Southampton county, about 45 miles W. S. W. of London.

he published his "Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser," which at once established his reputation for true poetic taste, and for extensive and varied learning. In 1757 he was elected to the professorship of poetry in Pembroke College, the duties of which office he discharged with remarkable ability and success. In 1774 he published his first volume of "The History of English Poetry:" a second volume appeared in 1778, and a third in 1781. Into this very elaborate performance Warton poured the accumulated stores of a lifetime of reading and reflection: the survey he has given us of his subject is accordingly both eminently comprehensive in its scope, and rich and varied in its details: and as respects early English Literature, it is a repository of information altogether unapproached in extent and abundance by any other single work of the same kind in the language. The work is, however, brought down to but very little beyond the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, as he died while engaged in it, in May, 1790. It is deeply to be regretted that he had not carried the history of our Literature through the reign of Elizabeth, as no one has presumed to continue the work; for to continue it with like success, would require the union of like powers—a combination rarely given to man.

THE HAMLET.—AN ODE.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,

Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar,
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE CRUSADE.—AN ODE.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd:
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard[1] ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets, as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin,[2] thou paynim[3] king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!

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[1] *Richard*, Richard I., surnamed, from his valor, *Cœur de Lion*.
[2] *Saladin*, the chief of the Mohammedans that defended Palestine against the Crusaders.
[3] *Paynim*, pagan; it means, here, the professor of a false religion.

On Acon's[1] spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon,
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,—
A vaunting infidel the foe!"
  Blondel[2] led the tuneful band,
And swept the lyre with glowing hand.
Cypress, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
  Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth!
Then with ardor fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd:
  "Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favor'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's[3] shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm;
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honors to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And, thou, the sepulchre of God,
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright:
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn[4] he wields.

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[1] *Acon*, anciently called Ptolemais, now St. Jean d'Acre.
[2] *Blondel*, the faithful minstrel of King Richard.
[3] *Engaddi*, a mountain of Palestine.
[4] *Kaliburn*, the celebrated sword of the British king, Arthur, said to have come into the possession of King Richard, and to have been given by him, as a present of inestimable value, to Tancred, King of Sicily.

Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering-engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapors damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth[1] and Termagaunt![2]
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's[3] sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
"Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on the battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons to the sun unfold
Our cross, with crimson wove and gold!"

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1721—1793.

William Robertson, the celebrated historian, was born at Bosthwick, in the county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland, on the 8th of September, 1721. At the early age of twelve he obtained admission into the University, where his subsequent progress in learning was rapid, in proportion to the astonishing acquirements of his childhood. On entering the ministry of the established church of Scotland, he performed the duties of his station with exemplary diligence, and in 1759, by the publication of the "History of Scotland," he commenced that series of admirable histories, which have justly placed him among the very first historical writers of his country. In 1769 he published his "History of Charles V.," which raised his then increasing reputation still higher, and which from the general interest belonging to the subject, was very popular. The introductory part consists of an able sketch of the political and social state of Europe at the time of the

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[1] *Ashtaroth*, a Syrian goddess.

[2] *Termagaunt.* The ignorant old chroniclers believed that the Mohammedans were idolaters, and that they worshipped some deity named Termagaunt.

[3] *Macon.* This alludes to an oriental superstition respecting a poisonous tree.

accession of Charles V.,[1] a most important period, which forms the connection between the middle ages, and the history of modern European society and politics. In 1777 he published his "History of America," and in 1791, "An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India." After spending a life of equal piety, usefulness, and honor, he died on the 11th of June, 1793.

Most of the works of Dr. Robertson relate to that important period, when the countries of Europe were beginning to form constitutions, and act upon the political systems by which they are still preserved. His style is easy and flowing, his language correct, his opinions enlightened, his investigation diligent, and his expressions temperate. Hume, notwithstanding the difference of their religious opinions, greatly extolled his History of Scotland; and Gibbon has borne ample testimony both to his accuracy and his style.[2]

RESIGNATION OF CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the 25th of October, 1555, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the Queen of Hungary, Regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation,

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[1] Charles V., Emperor of Germany (1519—1555), and King of Spain (1516—1555), was the most influential and prominent monarch of the period in which he flourished. Some of the sovereigns cotemporary with him, were Henry VIII. of England (1509—1547), Francis I. of France (1515—1547), Gustavus Vasa of Sweden (1523—1560), and Soliman, *the Magnificent*, of the Ottoman Empire (1520—1566), under whom the Turkish power attained its highest pitch.

[2] "The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, the careless, inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, Hume, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair."—*Gibbon's Memoirs*, Chap. v.

by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and, leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigor of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labor, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigor exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigor of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects; he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory, on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity, others, softened by the expression of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it

was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.

The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always a-head of

the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

EDWARD GIBBON, 1737—1794.

Of the life of Edward Gibbon, the learned author of "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," it will not be necessary for us to give any sketch of our own, as he himself has given us such an admirable one, in his work entitled, "Memoirs of My Life and Writings."[1] From it, we make the following extracts, which, meagre as they are, will but serve, we trust, to excite in those of our readers who have not seen it, sufficient curiosity to desire to make themselves familiar with the work itself.[1]

His Birth. I was born at Putney, in the county of Surrey, the 27th of April, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven; the first child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, Esq., and of Judith Porten. My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. * * So feeble was my constitution, so precarious my life, that, in the baptism of my brothers, my father's prudence successively repeated my Christian name of Edward, that, in case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymic appellation might be still perpetuated in the family. To preserve and rear so frail a being, the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient: the care of my mind was too frequently neglected for the care of my health: compassion always suggested an excuse for the indulgence of the master, or the idleness of the pupil; and the chain of my education was broken, as often as I was recalled from the school of learning to the bed of sickness.

His Education. Death of his Mother. As soon as the use of speech had prepared my infant reason for the admission of

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[1] The writer of a very able criticism on Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, in the Quarterly Review, (vol. xii. p. 375,) thus felicitously and justly characterizes the life of Gibbon. "It is, perhaps, the best specimen of Autobiography in the English language. Descending from the lofty level of his History, and relaxing the stately march which he maintains throughout that work, into a more natural and easy pace, this enchanting writer, with an ease, spirit, and vigor peculiar to himself, conducts his readers through a sickly childhood, a neglected and desultory education, and a youth wasted in the unpromising and unscholarlike occupation of a militia officer, to the period when he resolutely applied the energies of his genius to a severe course of voluntary study, which in the space of a few years rendered him a consummate master of Roman antiquity, and lastly produced the 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"

knowledge, I was taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In my childhood I was praised for the readiness with which I could multiply and divide, by memory alone, two sums of several figures: such praise encouraged my youthful talent.

At the age of seven I was delivered into the hands of Mr. John Kirkly, who exercised, about eighteen months, the office of domestic tutor. In my ninth year I was sent to Kingston-upon-Thames, to a school of about seventy boys, which was kept by Dr. Wooddeson. My studies were too frequently interrupted by sickness; and after a residence here of nearly two years, I was recalled, December, 1747, by my mother's death. I was too young to feel the importance of my loss; and the image of her person and conversation is faintly imprinted in my memory. My poor father was inconsolable. I can never forget the scene of our first interview, some weeks after the fatal event; the awful silence, the room hung with black, the midday tapers, his sighs and tears; his praises of my mother, a saint in heaven; his solemn adjuration that I would cherish her memory and imitate her virtues; and the fervor with which he kissed and blessed me as the sole surviving pledge of their loves.

In his twelfth year he went to Westminster School, where he resided for three years, and then went to Oxford. His reading while here was very multifarious and extensive, but, turning papist, his father removed him at the age of sixteen and sent him to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and placed him under the tuition of a Calvinistic minister, by the name of Pavilliard. Here he spent five years, during which time he made astonishing proficiency in his studies, and he ever spoke of his excellent instructor in terms of the highest affection and respect. He thus speaks of

His First Love. I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respecta-

ble. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content, with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion; and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M.

Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.[1]

After spending nearly five years at Lausanne, he returned to England in May, 1758. The following is his account of

His Interview with his Father. It was not without some awe and apprehension that I approached the presence of my father. My infancy, to speak the truth, had been neglected at home; the severity of his look and language at our last parting still dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. The domestic discipline of our ancestors has been relaxed by the philosophy and softness of the age; and if my father remembered that he had trembled before a stern parent, it was only to adopt with his own son an opposite mode of behavior. He received me as a man and a friend; all constraint was banished at our first interview, and we ever afterwards continued on the same terms of easy and equal politeness. He applauded the success of my education; every word and action was expressive of the most cordial affection; and our lives would have passed without a cloud, if his economy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his desires.

The time spent at his father's, Gibbon devoted to study, except about two years and a half, in which he was doing duty in a situation which bore no affinity to any other period of his studious and social life—as a militia officer. Parliament had resolved to raise a national militia, and he and his father offered their names as major and captain in the Hampshire regiment. A short time before this he had published his first work, "An Essay upon the Study of Literature," which was well received. After the militia was disbanded, (December, 1762,) he resumed his studies, and determined to write upon some historical subject. He went to Paris, where he passed some time—visited Lausanne again, and there studied, preparatory to his Italian journey—travelled into Italy and returned to England in 1765. In 1770 he lost his father; and as soon as he could after this event, he arranged his circumstances so as to settle in London. The following is his account of

His Publication of his History. No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. At the outset all was dark and doubtful—even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the divi-

[1] It is curious to speculate on the effect which an union with a female of such pure dignity of character and calm religious principle, might have had on the character and opinions of Gibbon.

sion of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns, from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the schoolboy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading.

I had likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.[1]

After publishing two more volumes of his History, he went to Lausanne, the place endeared to him by early recollections, there to settle for the rest of his life, and complete his great work. The following are his remarks on

The Completion of his History. I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos.

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[1] Gibbon's attack on Christianity in his otherwise great work is as mean as it is unjust. It is not so much to be wondered at, however, from one who considered the Papal church and Christianity as identical. Besides the other sins that that church has to answer for, is the no small one of making infidels by the scores. But this sin is not confined to that church alone. How many clergymen and private Christians are there of other denominations, who, by their inconsistent lives, do much to bring the religion which they profess into disrepute before the world! Christianity can never fulfil its great and glorious design, until it be carried out and acted upon in all our relations, personal, social, business, civil, and political. Men must trade and vote as they pray, if they wish not the open or silent scorn of the world.

Of all Gibbon's correspondents, Mr. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, was the only one who rebuked him for his attack on Christianity. He says in a letter to him, "You never speak feebly except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly except when you attack Christianity. In the former case you seem to me to want information: and in the latter, you plainly want the common candor of a citizen of the world for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, sir, but, much as I admire your abilities, I cannot bear, without indignation, your sarcastic slyness upon Christianity, and cannot see, without pity, your determined hostility to the Gospel." On the contrary, the Rev. Dr. Robertson highly commended Gibbon's work, without ever alluding to the infidel principles it contains. Was this honest? That such a man as Hume should bestow upon it unqualified praise, was a matter of course.

1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes excepting those of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

INVENTION AND USE OF GUNPOWDER.

The only hope of salvation for the Greek empire and the adjacent kingdoms, would have been some more powerful weapon, some discovery in the art of war, that should give them a decisive superiority over their Turkish foes. Such a weapon was in their hands; such a discovery had been made in the critical moment of their fate. The chemists of China or Europe had found, by casual or elaborate experiments, that a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, produces, with a spark of fire, a tremendous explosion. It was soon observed, that if the expansive force were compressed in a strong tube, a ball of stone or iron might be expelled with irresistible and destructive velocity. The precise era of the invention and application of gunpowder is involved in doubtful traditions and equivocal language; yet we may clearly discern that it was known before the middle of the fourteenth century; and that before the end of the same, the use of artillery in battles and sieges, by sea and land, was familiar to the states of Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England. The priority of nations is of small account; none could derive any exclusive benefit from their previous or superior knowledge; and in the common improvement, they stood on the same level of relative power and military science. Nor was it possible to circumscribe the secret within the pale of the church; it was disclosed to the Turks by the treachery of apostates and the selfish policy of rivals; and the sultans had sense to adopt, and wealth to reward, the talents of a Christian engineer. The Genoese, who transported Amurath into Europe, must be accused as his preceptors; and it was probably by their hands that his cannon was cast and directed at the siege of Constantinople. The first attempt was indeed unsuccessful; but in the general warfare of the age, the advantage was on their side who were most commonly the assailants; for a while the proportion of the attack and defence was suspended; and this thundering artillery was pointed against the walls and towers which had been erected only to resist the less potent engines of antiquity. By the Venetians, the use of gunpowder was communicated without reproach to the sultans of Egypt and Persia, their allies against the Ottoman

power; the secret was soon propagated to the extremities of Asia; and the advantage of the European was confined to his easy victories over the savages of the new world. If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, 1746—1794.

Few names in English literature recall such associations of worth, intellect, and accomplishments, as that of Sir William Jones. He was born in London in 1746. He lost his father, when only three years old, and the care of his education devolved upon his mother. "She was a person," says Campbell, "of superior endowments, and cultivated his dawning powers with a sagacious assiduity, which undoubtedly contributed to their quick and surprising growth. We may judge of what a pupil she had, when we are told that, at five years of age, one morning, in turning over the leaves of a Bible, he fixed his attention with the strongest admiration, on a sublime passage in the Revelations. Human nature, perhaps, presents no authentic picture of its felicity more pure or satisfactory, than that of such a pupil superintended by a mother capable of directing him."

At the age of seven he went to Harrow school, where he made the most astonishing progress in his studies; and at the age of seventeen he went to Oxford, his mother going with him, and taking up her residence in the town. Here he pursued the study of the Oriental languages which he had commenced at Harrow, and on leaving the university, he was, perhaps, possessed of as much varied learning as any one who ever took his degree at that renowned seat of literature. The same year (1765) he accepted the invitation of the Earl of Spencer to become the tutor to his son; at the same time he was constantly adding to his own stores of knowledge. He journeyed with the family twice upon the continent, and on his return after his second tour, in 1771, he resolved to devote himself to the study of the law. He had already published a small volume of poems, and two dissertations on Oriental literature, and after he was called to the bar, he gave to the world a translation of the Greek Orations of Isaeus. He was at this time a member of the Royal Society, and maintained an epistolary correspondence with several eminent foreign scholars.

During the progress of our Revolutionary war, Sir William Jones expressed his decided disapprobation of the measures of his own government, having no sympathy with that infamous sentiment, "Our country right or wrong." Like Lord Chatham, and Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, he did not hesitate to rebuke, and rebuke severely, his country, or rather the ruling administration, when he deemed its measures to be wrong. But his inflexi-

ble adherence to correct principles, and to a just line of action, together with an "Ode to Liberty," which he had published, caused him to lose favor with those who had offices in their gift, and he did not obtain the situation of the judgeship at Fort William, in Bengal, which became vacant in 1780, though he was doubtless the most competent person at that time in England to fill it. But on a change of administration in 1782, he was appointed to this responsible station, and received the honor of knighthood. In April, 1783, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom he had been engaged for sixteen years. He immediately set sail for India, having secured, as his friend Lord Ashburton congratulated him, the two first objects of human pursuit, those of love and ambition.

In December, 1783, he commenced the discharge of his duties as an Indian judge, with his characteristic ardor; but it is impossible, in this short space, to do any justice to his great labors. He early formed a society of which he was the president, for "Inquiring into the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Asia;" and to the "Asiatic Researches," which this society published, he himself was the chief contributor. The following are some of his papers: "Eleven Anniversary Discourses on the different nations of Asia, &c.;" "A Dissertation on the Orthography of Asiatic Words in Roman Letters;" "On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India;" "On the Chronology of the Hindoos;" "On the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiac;" "On the Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindoos;" with very many other treatises of less importance. All these literary labors he performed when not attending to his official duties, which, for the greater part of the year, occupied him seven hours a day. But such labors, enough to try the strongest constitution anywhere, were too much for him in the debilitating climate of Bengal; his health gave way, and he died at Calcutta, on the 27th of April, 1794.[1]

"In the course of a short life," says Campbell, "Sir William Jones acquired a degree of knowledge which the ordinary faculties of men, if they were blessed with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass. His learning threw light on the laws of Greece and India, on the general literature of Asia, and on the history of the family of nations. He carried philosophy, eloquence, and philanthropy, into the character of a lawyer and a judge. Amidst the driest toils of erudition, he retained a sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and a talent for transfusing them into his own language, which has seldom been united with the same degree of industry. When he went abroad, it was not to enrich himself with the spoils of avarice or ambition; but to search, amidst the ruins of oriental literature, for treasures which he would not have exchanged

'For all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Or all the gems of Samarcand.'"

"Sir William Jones," says his biographer, "seems to have acted on this maxim, that whatever had been attained was attainable by him; and he

[1] The best edition of his works is that by Lord Teignmouth, in 13 vols. 8vo.; to which is prefixed a well-written life of this illustrious scholar.

was never observed to overlook or to neglect any opportunity of adding to his accomplishments or to his knowledge. When in India, his studies began with the dawn; and, in seasons of intermission from professional duty, continued through the day; while meditation retraced and confirmed what reading had collected or investigation discovered. By a regular application of time to particular occupations, he pursued various objects without confusion; and in undertakings which depended on his individual perseverance, he was never deterred by difficulties from proceeding to a successful termination." With respect to the division of his time, he had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:—

Sir Edward Coke.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.

But we cannot conclude this short sketch of the life of this eminently great and good man, without adding his beautiful encomium on the Bible. Let it also be borne in mind that those peculiar attainments which rendered him so fully competent to utter it, were scarcely ever possessed by any other man; for he was not only critically acquainted with the original languages of the Bible, but with all the various cognate languages and dialects of the East, a knowledge of which imparts new beauty and lustre to that wonderful book.

I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language or age they may have been composed.[1]

AN ODE.

In Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements, or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Nor bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Nor starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.—

[1] "I am confident," says Sir Richard Steele, "that whoever reads the Gospels, with a heart as much prepared in favor of them, as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force, than any episode in either of those wits, who were the chief of mere mankind."

No;—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State;
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
High over thrones, and globes elate,
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks;
And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

ROBERT BURNS, 1759—1796.

Robert Burns, the celebrated Scottish poet, was born in Ayrshire,[1] one of the western counties of Scotland, January 25, 1759. His father was a small farmer, and Robert had no advantages of early education beyond what the parish schools afford. But he made the most of what he had; and in the possession of discreet, virtuous, and most pious parents, he had the best of all education, the education of the heart; and in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," we see what was the foundation of the whole—the Bible. He early showed a strong taste for reading; and to the common rudiments of education he added some knowledge of mensuration, and a smattering of Latin and French. But poetry was his first delight,[2] as it was his chief solace through life. A little before his sixteenth year, as he tells us himself,

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[1] He was born in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr.

[2] "The earliest composition I recollect taking pleasure in," says Burns, "was the *Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, '*How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!*' I particularly remember one half stanza which was music to my boyish ear,

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'"

See both of these pieces on pp. 348 and 356.

he had "first committed the sin of rhyme." His verses soon acquired him considerable village fame, to which, as he made acquaintances in Ayr and other neighboring towns with young men of his own age, he greatly added by the remarkable fluency of his expression, and the vigor of his conversational powers. The charm of these social meetings, at which he shone with so much distinction, gradually introduced him to new habits, some of which were most destructive of his happiness and his virtue.

About this time, to escape the ills of poverty, and to break away from some of the associations by which he was surrounded, he resolved to leave his native country, and to try his fortune in Jamaica. In order to raise funds for this purpose, he resolved to publish a volume of his poems. They were received with great favor, and Burns cleared, thereby, twenty pounds. He engaged his passage, his chest was on the road to Greenock, from which port he was to sail, and he had taken leave of his friends, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to one of the friends of the poet, completely altered his resolutions. "His opinion," says Burns himself, "that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition of my poems, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction."[1]

The result was, the introduction of the poet to all who were eminent in literature, in rank, or in fashion, in the Scottish metropolis. The brilliant conversational powers of the unlettered ploughman seem to have struck all with whom he came in contact, with as much wonder as his poetry. Under the patronage of Dr. Robertson, Professor Dugald Stewart, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, and other persons of note, a new edition of his poems was published, which yielded him nearly five hundred pounds. With this he returned, in 1788, to Ayrshire—advanced £200 to relieve his aged mother and brother, who were struggling with many difficulties on their farm—and with the rest prepared to stock another farm for himself, in Dumfrieshire, where he took up his abode in June of that year, having before publicly solemnized his union with Jean Armour, to whom he had long been attached.

But the farm did not prosper well, and he obtained the office of exciseman or gauger, in the district in which he lived. In 1791 he abandoned the farm entirely, and took a small house in the town of Dumfries. By this time, his habits of conviviality had settled down to confirmed intemperance, "and almost every drunken fellow, who was willing to spend his money lavishly in the ale-house, could easily command the company of Burns. His Jane still behaved with a degree of maternal and conjugal tenderness and prudence, which made him feel more bitterly the evil of his misconduct, although they could not reclaim him. At last, crippled, emaciated, having the very power of animation wasted by disease, quite broken-hearted by the sense of his errors, and of the hopeless miseries in which he saw himself and his family depressed, he died at Dumfries on the 21st of July, 1796, when only thirty-seven years of age."[2]

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[1] This was in 1786, when he was twenty-seven years old.

[2] Read an interesting sketch of his life in Chambers' Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen; also Currie's Life, Lockhart's Life, and Cunningham's

"Burns," says Professor Wilson, "is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in an humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will be forever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of the peasantry of Scotland, the happiest, perhaps, that Providence ever allowed to the children of labor, was not surveyed and speculated upon by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers, and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own individual welfare. Most other poets of rural life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with misty softness more delicate than the truth. But Burns would not thus indulge his fancy where he had felt—felt so poignantly, all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him, and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed. In reading his poetry, therefore, we know what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. But bliss beams upon us with a more subduing brightness through the dim melancholy that shrouds lowly life; and when the peasant Burns rises up in his might as Burns the poet, and is seen to derive all that might from the life which at this hour the peasantry of Scotland are leading, our hearts leap within us, because that such is our country, and such the nobility of her children. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an un-

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Life prefixed to his edition of the poet's works. This is now the most complete and best edition of Burns, containing 150 pieces more than Dr. Currie's edition. Read also the "Genius and Character of Burns," by Professor Wilson, No. XXI. of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Also, two articles in the Edinburgh Review, vol. 13th and vol. 48th, and one in the first volume of the London Quarterly.

tamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears: some of his finest effusions were poured out before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others—we speak of those first effusions—but in his own creative delight; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loth to admit almost any thought, feeling, or image, drawn from any other region than his native district—the hearth-stone of his father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature enjoying the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedgerow tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us! Often, too often, as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering! 'Most musical, most melancholy' he often is, even in his merriment! In him, alas! the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with reality's kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has, beyond all that was ever written, this greatest of all merits, intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth."

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with a plough in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour:
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth:

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *floweret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but *Heaven*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *ploughshare* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.[1]

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,

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[1] This was the first object of his early, pure, impassioned love—Mary Campbell, or his "Highland Mary." In his poem beginning,

Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
  Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
'Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE BEADSMAN OF NITHSIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
  The castle o' Montgomerie,"

he describes, in the most beautiful language, their tender and final parting on the banks of the Ayr. He intended to marry her, but she died at Greenock on her return from a visit to her relations in Argylshire. At a later period of life, on the anniversary of that hallowed day when they parted, he devoted a night to a poetic vigil in the open air. As evening came "he appeared to grow very sad about something," and wandered out of doors into the barn-yard, where his Jean found him lying on some straw with his eyes fixed on a shining star "like another moon." Thus did he write down, just as it now is, in its immortal beauty, this deeply pathetic elegy to the memory of his "Highland Mary."

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair:
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, To be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Inscribed to R. Aiken, Esq.

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae[1] the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil[2] is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee[3] things, toddlin,[4] stacher[5] thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'[6] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,[7] blinkin[8] bonily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a'[9] his weary carking[10] cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve[11] the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca'[12] the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[13] rin
A cannie[14] errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw[15] new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won[16] penny-fee,[17]
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

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[1] Frae—from. [2] Moil—labor. [3] Wee—little. [4] Toddlin—tottering in their walk. [5] Stacher—stagger. [6] Flichterin'—fluttering. [7] Ingle—fire-place. [8] Blinkin—shining at intervals. [9] a'—all. [10] Carking—consuming. [11] Belyve—by-and-by. [12] Ca'—drive. [13] Tentie—cautious. [14] Cannie—skilful, dexterous. [15] Braw—fine, handsome. [16] Sair-won—sorely won, earned with difficulty. [17] Penny-fee—wages.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;[1]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[2] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars[3] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
"An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[4] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An', O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[5] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;[6]
A strappan[7] youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;
The father cracks[8] of horses, pleughs, and kye.[9]
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[10] an' laithfu',[11] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[12]

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
"If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

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[1] Spiers—asks. [2] Uncos—news. [3] Gars—makes. [4] Eydent—diligent. [5] Hafflins—partly. [6] Ben—into the parlor. [7] Strappan—tall and handsome. [8] Cracks—converses. [9] Kye—kine, cows. [10] Blate—bashful. [11] Laithfu'—reluctant. [12] The lave—the rest, the others.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, insnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,[1]
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
The halesome parritch,[2] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe[3] their only hawkie[4] does afford,
That 'yont[5] the hallan[6] snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd[7] kebbuck,[8] fell,[9]
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond[10] auld,[11] sin[12] lint was i' the bell.[13]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire[14] turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible[15] ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

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[1] Ruth—mercy, kind feeling. [2] Parritch—oatmeal-pudding. [3] Soupe—sauce, milk. [4] Hawkie—a pet-name for a cow. [5] 'Yont—beyond. [6] Hallan—a turf-seat outside a cottage. [7] Weel-hain'd—carefully preserved. [8] Kebbuck—a cheese. [9] Fell—biting to the taste. [10] Towmond—twelve months. [11] Auld—old. [12] Sin—since. [13] Lint was in the bell—flax was in blossom.

[14] This picture, as all the world knows, he drew from his father. He was himself, in imagination, again one of the "wee things" that ran to meet him; and "the priest-like father" had long worn that aspect before the poet's eyes, though he died before he was threescore. "I have always considered William Burns," (the father,) says Murdoch, "as by far the best of the human race that I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with, and many a worthy character I have known. He was a tender and affectionate father, and took pleasure in leading his children in the paths of virtue. I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues of the venerable Burns. I shall only add that he practised every known duty, and avoided every thing that was criminal." The following is the "Epitaph" which the son wrote for him.

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near, with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend:
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

[15] Ha'-Bible—the great Bible kept in the hall.

His lyart[1] haffets[2] wearin' thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[3] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says, wi' solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's[4] wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs,[4] worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin[4] beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the Royal Bard[5] did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plain and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he,[6] who lone in Patmos[7] banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

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[1] Lyart—gray. [2] Haffets—the temples, the sides of the head. [3] Wales—chooses. [4] Dundee, Martyrs, Elgin—the names of Scottish psalm-tunes. [5] Royal bard—David. [6] He—Saint John. [7] Patmos—an island in the Archipelago, where Saint John is supposed to have written his Revelation.

The Pow'r incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;[1]
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes,[2] in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand, a wall of fire, around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's[3] undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,

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[1] Sacerdotal stole—priestly vestment. [2] Certes—certainly.
[3] Wallace—Sir William Wallace, the celebrated Scottish patriot.

I spy'd a man, whose aged step
  Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
  And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
  (Began the rev'rend sage;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
  Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
  Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
  The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
  Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
  A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
  Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
  That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
  How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
  Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
  Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
  That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
  Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
  Supported in his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
  With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
  Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
  In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
  Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds, in every land,
  Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
  That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
  Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse, and shame!

And man, whose heav'n-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth,
  To give him leave to toil:
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
  By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
  His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
  To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
  Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
  Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
  The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
  Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
  From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
  That, weary-laden, mourn!

EDMUND BURKE, 1730—1797.

This most distinguished writer and statesman was born at Dublin on the 1st of January, 1730. On his mother's side he was connected with the poet Spenser, from whom, it is said, he received his Christian name. He was educated at Ballitore in the county of Kildare, at a classical academy under the management of Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker of superior talents and learning. Here, according to his own testimony, Burke acquired the most valuable of his mental habits; he ever felt the deepest gratitude for his early instructor, and with his only son, Richard, the successor in the school,

he preserved an intimate friendship to the end of his life. In 1744 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1750 he was entered as a law-student at the Middle Temple, London: but his thoughts were soon entirely turned to literature and politics, to which, henceforth, all his time, and talents, and energies were devoted. His first publication was anonymous, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society, in a Letter to Lord ———, by a Noble Lord." It was such an admirable imitation of the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that many were deceived by it, and deemed it a posthumous publication of that nobleman, who had been dead but five years. It was ironical throughout, endeavoring to prove that the same arguments with which that nobleman had attacked revealed religion, might be applied against all civil and political institutions whatever.

In the next year, Burke published his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," which, by the elegance of its language, and the spirit of philosophical investigation displayed in it, placed him at once in the very first class of writers on taste and criticism. His object is to show that terror is the principal source of the sublime, and that beauty is the quality in objects which excites love or affection. The fame acquired by this work introduced the author to the best literary acquaintances, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. In 1758 he suggested to Dodsley the plan of the Annual Register, and engaged, himself, to furnish the chief historical matter, which he continued to do for very many years, and which has made that work the most valuable repository of historical knowledge of the times.

In 1765, on the accession to power of the Marquis of Rockingham, he was appointed by that minister his private secretary, and was brought into Parliament for the borough of Wendover. It would be impossible, in the limited space assigned to these biographical sketches, to give an outline of his subsequent parliamentary and political career, or to enumerate all his various publications. His life is a history of those eventful times,—for in them he acted a part more conspicuous than any other man. His able and eloquent opposition to the infatuated measures of the ministry which led to and prolonged the contest between England and our own country—his advocacy of the freedom of the press—of an improved libel law—of Catholic emancipation—of economical reform—of the abolition of the slave trade[1]—his giant efforts in the impeachment of Warren Hastings—and his most eloquent and uncompromising hostility to the French revolution, in his speeches in Parliament, and in his well known "Reflections on the Revolution in

[1] Those who are not well read in the history of those times can hardly have an idea of the deep, bitter, malignant hostility, which the early English abolitionists, Sharp, Clarkson, Wilberforce and others, had to encounter. Even Lord Chancellor Thurlow said, in his place in the House of Lords, on the 18th of June, 1788, that "it was unjust that this *sudden fit of philanthropy*, which was but a few days old, should be allowed to disturb the public mind, and to become the occasion of bringing men to the metropolis, who were *engaged in the trade*, with tears in their eyes and horror in their countenances, to deprecate *the ruin of their property*, which they had embarked on the faith of Parliament:" and the Earl of Westmoreland considered that "as much attention was due to our property and manufactures as to a *false humanity*."

France,"—these are some of the most prominent objects in which he exerted his great talents.

In 1794, his son, who had just been elected to Parliament, took ill and died;—a blow so severe to the father that he never recovered from it; and it doubtless hastened his own end, which took place on the 9th of July, 1797.

As an eloquent and philosophic political character, Burke stands alone. His intellect was at once exact, minute, and comprehensive, and his imagination rich and vigorous. As to his style, he is remarkable for the copiousness and freedom of his diction, the splendor and great variety of his imagery, his astonishing command of general truths, and the ease with which he seems to wield those fine weapons of language, which most writers are able to manage only by the most anxious care. The following remarks of an able critic[1] are as beautiful as they are just:

"There can be no hesitation in according to Mr. Burke a station among the most extraordinary men that have ever appeared; and we think there is now but little diversity of opinion as to the kind of place which it is fit to assign him. He was a writer of the first class, and excelled in almost every kind of prose composition. Possessed of most extensive knowledge, and of the most various description; acquainted alike with what different classes of men knew, each in his own province, and with much that hardly any one ever thought of learning; he could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged—or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties and enlarge his views—or he could turn any portion of them to account for the purpose of illustrating his theme, or enriching his diction. Hence, when he is handling any one matter, we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner or a teacher, to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar: his views range over all the cognate subjects; his reasonings are derived from principles applicable to other theories as well as the one in hand: arguments pour in from all sides, as well as those which start up under our feet, the natural growth of the path he is leading us over; while to throw light round our steps, and either explore its darker places, or serve for our recreation, illustrations are fetched from a thousand quarters; and an imagination marvellously quick to descry unthought-of resemblances, points to our use the stores, which a lore yet more marvellous has gathered from all ages, and nations, and arts, and tongues. We are, in respect of the argument, reminded of Bacon's multifarious knowledge, and the exuberance of his learned fancy; while the many-lettered diction recalls to mind the first of English poets, and his immortal verse, rich with the spoils of all sciences and all times."[2]

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[1] Read the article in vol. xlvi. of the Edinburgh Review: also, his Life by James Prior, by far the most accurate and complete of any hitherto published.

[2] The following comparison between Burke and Johnson, is taken from Cumberland's "Retrospection."

Nature gave to each
Pow'rs that in some respects may be compared,
For both were Orators—and could we now
Canvass the social circles where they mix'd,

TERROR A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on anything as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent of land, is certainly no mean idea: the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with anything so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

The palm for eloquence by general vote
Would rest with him whose thunder never shook
The senate or the bar. When Burke harangu'd
The nation's representatives, methought
The fine machinery that his fancy wrought,
Rich but fantastic, sometimes would obscure
That symmetry which ever should uphold
The dignity and order of debate.
'Gainst orator like this had Johnson rose,
So clear was his perception of the truth,
So grave his judgment, and so high the swell
Of his full period, I must think his speech
Had charmed as many and enlighten'd more.

Johnson, if right I judge, in classic lore
Was more diffuse than deep: he did not dig
So many fathoms down as Bentley dug
In Grecian soil, but far enough to find
Truth ever at the bottom of his shaft.
Burke, borne by genius on a lighter wing,
Skimm'd o'er the flow'ry plains of Greece and Rome,
And, like the bee returning to its hive,
Brought nothing home but sweets: Johnson would dash
Thro' sophist or grammarian ankle-deep,
And rummage in their mud to trace a date,
Or hunt a dogma down, that gave offence
To his philosophy.—

SYMPATHY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed,

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Both had a taste
For contradiction, but in mode unlike:
Johnson at once would doggedly pronounce
Opinions false, and after prove them such.
Burke not less critical, but more polite,
With ceaseless volubility of tongue
Play'd round and round his subject, till at length,
Content to find you willing to admire,
He ceased to urge, or win you to assent.

Splendor of style, fertility of thought,
And the bold use of metaphor in both,
Strike us with rival beauty: Burke display'd
A copious period, that, with curious skill
And ornamental epithet drawn out,
Was, like the singer's cadence, sometimes apt,
Altho' melodious, to fatigue the ear:
Johnson, with terms unnaturaliz'd and rude,
And Latinisms forc'd into his line,
Like raw, undrill'd recruits, would load his text
High sounding and uncouth: yet if you cull
His happier pages, you will find a style
Quintilian might have prais'd. Still I perceive
Nearer approach to purity in Burke,
Tho' not the full accession to that grace,
That chaste simplicity, which is the last
And best attainment, author can possess.

first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

UNCERTAINTY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

A low tremulous intermitting sound is productive of the sublime. It is worth while to examine this a little. The fact itself must be determined by every man's own experience and reflection. I have always observed that night increases our terror, more perhaps than anything else; it is our nature, when we do not know what may happen to us, to fear the worst that can happen; and hence it is that uncertainty is so terrible, that we often seek to be rid of it, at the hazard of a certain mischief. Now some low, confused, uncertain sounds leave us in the same fearful anxiety concerning their causes, that no light, or an uncertain light, does concerning the objects that surround us.

> —— "A faint shadow of uncertain light,
> Like as a lamp, whose life doth fade away;
> Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,
> Doth show to him who walks in fear and great affright."

But light now appearing and now leaving us, and so off and on, is even more terrible than total darkness; and sorts of uncertain sounds are, when the necessary dispositions concur, more alarming than a total silence.

DIFFICULTY ADVANTAGEOUS.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

REVOLUTIONS OF NATIONAL GRANDEUR.

I doubt whether the history of mankind is yet complete enough, if ever it can be so, to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the internal causes which necessarily affect the fortune of a state. I am far from denying the operation of such causes; but they are infinitely uncertain, and much more obscure, and much more difficult to trace, than the foreign causes that tend to raise, to depress, and sometimes to overwhelm a community. It is often impossible in these political inquiries, to find any proportion between the apparent force of any moral causes we may assign, and their known operation. We are therefore obliged to deliver up that operation to mere chance, or, more piously, (perhaps more rationally,) to the occasional interposition and irresistible hand of the Great Disposer. We have seen states of considerable duration, which for ages have remained nearly as they have begun, and would hardly be said to ebb or flow. Some appear to have spent their vigor at their commencement. Some have blazed out in their glory a little before their extinction. The meridian of others has been the most splendid. Others, and they are the greatest number, have fluctuated, and experienced at different periods of their existence a great variety of fortune. At the very moment when some of them seemed plunged in unfathomable abysses of disgrace and disaster, they have suddenly emerged. They have begun a new course, and opened a new reckoning; and even in the depths of their calamity, and on the very ruins of their country, have laid the foundations of a towering and durable greatness. All this has happened without any apparent previous change in the general circumstances which had brought on their distress: the death of a man at a critical juncture, his disgust, his retreat, his disgrace, have brought innumerable calamities on a whole nation. A common soldier, a child, a girl at the door of an inn, have changed the face of fortune, and almost of nature.

CHARACTER OF JUNIUS.

Where, Mr. Speaker, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws, and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing

him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you: no; they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But, what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity; bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public.

CLOSE OF HIS SPEECH TO THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL.

Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you, for having set me in a place, wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share, in any measure giving quiet to private property, and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good-will of his countrymen;—if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book;—I might wish to read a page or two more—but this is enough for my measure.—I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that to gratify any anger, or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation; and be comforted.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I first saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone.[1]—That of sophisters,

[1] And well is it that "the age of chivalry is gone," for it was an age of brute force, sanctioned by an institution as silly as it was revengeful, bloody, and barbarous. How justly the late accomplished Christian scholar, Dr. Arnold, speaks of it: "I confess that if I were called upon to name what spirit of evil predominantly deserved the name of Antichrist, I should name the spirit of chivalry—the more detestable for the very guise of 'archangel ruined,' which has made it so seductive to the most generous spirits, but to

economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

BURKE'S LAMENTATION OVER HIS SON.

From his "Letter to a Noble Lord."

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those to whom he traces in his line. His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring, of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness

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me so hateful, because it is in direct opposition to the impartial justice of the Gospel and its comprehensive feeling of equal brotherhood, and because it so fostered a sense of *honor* rather than a sense of DUTY."

might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane hath scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors: I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbors of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

In this attempt to present to the public a series of the choicest extracts from the whole range of English prose literature, it would be almost unpardonable to pass over in silence the celebrated "Letters of Junius." That they may be the better understood and more keenly relished, especially by the younger portion of our readers, a few words upon the state of the times in which they appeared, as explanatory of their object, may, if not absolutely necessary, at least be somewhat interesting.

George the Third ascended the throne of Great Britain at a very eventful period of its history. A war of unexampled extent, and embracing a vast variety of interests was then raging—the "Seven Years' War," (1756—63,)

between Prussia and Austria, in which Great Britain, as well as many of the other European powers, unhappily became entangled. Fortunately for England a ministry of great talents and energy directed the affairs of the nation, of which the elder Pitt was the most conspicuous member and the main support. But soon after the king's accession it seemed to many that his principles were far more despotic—more inclined to extend the rights of the crown, and to abridge the rights of the people, than those which had actuated any of his predecessors of the same family. The great Whig[1] families of the kingdom, by the aid of whose ancestors the Revolution had chiefly been brought about, thought that their services were slighted and set at naught by a prince who was but a little way removed from that very sovereign whom their fathers had placed upon the throne, to the exclusion of a family of arbitrary principles.

These feelings and fears were increased by the resignation of William Pitt, in 1761, and by the formation of a new ministry under the Earl of Bute, the king's especial favorite. He had the honor, however, of bringing to a close that terrible war which brought so much of "glory" to Mr. Pitt and the nation, along with an overwhelming national debt. To meet the great expenses of the nation, additional taxes were proposed, both upon the people at home, and upon the then American colonies. This produced great discontent on both sides of the Atlantic. The Earl of Bute resigned in 1763, and a new ministry was appointed, at the head of which was Lord Grenville, 1763—65. At this time very free, and in many cases virulent discussions were carried on in the newspapers of the day, relative to the course of public events. Of these, a paper called the "North Briton," was the most violent. It was edited by John Wilkes, a member of Parliament, who, in consequence of some very severe remarks in his paper upon the speech of the king to the Parliament, was expelled that body. At once he became the idol of the people—offered himself as a candidate to the electors of Westminster—and was returned to Parliament by a large majority. Parliament, however, declared him incapable of resuming his seat; and hence arose throughout the kingdom that remarkable discussion which shook the pillars of the state.

While the cause of Wilkes was agitating the nation, the question of taxing America, and the consequences that might result therefrom, were becoming every day more alarming. To add to the general discontent, there was a constant change in the administration. Lord Bute was succeeded by the Duke of Bedford's ministry in 1763; Lord Rockingham was appointed prime minister in 1765; Lord Chatham formed a new arrangement in 1766; the Duke of Grafton another in 1767; and Lord North completed the series in 1770. Thus the people saw that there was little harmony of views in those who were at the helm of state, and who should, in their counsels, especially at such a time, be united.

On the 22d of February, 1770, the Marquis of Rockingham, in his place in the House of Lords, moved "that a day be appointed to take into con-

[1] See note explanatory of the English term "Whig," on p. 392.

sideration the STATE OF THE NATION. In supporting this motion he urged, that the present unhappy condition of affairs, and the universal discontent of the people, arose from no *temporary* cause, but had grown by degrees from the first moment of his majesty's accession to the throne; that the persons in whom his majesty then confided had introduced a system subversive of the old principles of English government; their maxim being, that the royal prerogative alone was sufficient to support government, to whatever hand the administration might be committed. The operation of this principle was observable in every act over which the influence of these persons had been exerted; and by a tyrannical exercise of power, they had removed from their places, not the great and dignified only, but numberless innocent families, who had subsisted on small salaries, and were now turned out to misery and ruin. By this injustice—by the taxes which had been imposed at home—by the indecent management of the civil list—by the mode of taxing and treating America—by the recent invasion of the freedom of election—in short, by every procedure at home and abroad, the constitution had been wounded, and the worst effects had resulted to the nation. He therefore recommended it strongly to their lordships, to fix an early day for taking into consideration the state of the country, in all its relations, foreign, provincial, and domestic; for it had been injured in them all. That consideration, he hoped, would lead them to advise the crown to correct past errors, and to establish a system of government more suited to the people, and more consistent with the constitution."

It was at this period, when the public mind was thus intensely agitated, that the celebrated "Letters of Junius" appeared. They were published in the "Public Advertiser" of London, a paper printed by Mr. Woodfall;[1] one of the highest respectability, and which had the most extensive circulation in the kingdom. The first of these letters was dated January 21, 1769, and the last, January 21, 1772. No sooner did they appear, than they attracted universal attention. The author,[2] whoever he was, was evidently no common man. To a minute, exact, as well as comprehensive knowledge of public affairs, he added a moral courage and dignity, a fearlessness in exposing the corruptions and the blunders of the government, a just and manly sense of the rights and interests of the people, and a scholarship that showed itself in a style of such unrivalled clearness, grace, and elegance, united to a condensation, energy, precision, and strength, that at once commanded the attention and admiration of the nation. Even his adversaries, at the very moment when his satire and invective were producing their most powerful effect, never failed to compliment him on the classical correctness, the attic wit, the figurative beauty, and the manly power of his language.

The first quality of style that will strike the reader of Junius, is the studied energy and great compression of his language. There is not only no super-

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[1] Woodfall was afterwards tried for these alleged "libellous publications," before Lord Mansfield; and though his lordship did all he could that he might be convicted, the jury acquitted him, and thus established, on an immovable foundation, THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

[2] See Burke's admirable description of him, on page 646.

fluous sentence, but there is no superfluous word in any of his sentences. He seems to have aimed at this quality with the greatest care, as best suited to the style and character of his mode of thinking, and best accommodated to the high attitude which he assumed, as the satirist and judge, not of ordinary men or common authors, but of the most elevated and distinguished personages and institutions of his country; of a person who seemed to feel himself called on to treat majesty itself with perfect freedom; and before whom the supreme wisdom and might of the great councils of the state stood rebuked and in fear.

But of all the varied powers that Junius has displayed, none is so peculiarly and entirely his own, as his power of sarcasm. Other authors deal occasionally in it, but with Junius it is more general; and whenever he rises to his highest sphere, he assumes the air of a being who delights to taunt and to mock his adversary. He refuses to treat him as a person who should be seriously dealt with, and pours out his contempt or indignation under an imposing affectation of deference and respect. His talent for sarcasm, too, is of the finest kind: it is so carefully but so poignantly exerted, that it is necessary to watch his words to perceive all the satire which they contain. Thus we may have an impression that the author is only speaking in his natural style when he is employing a mode of annoyance which it requires the utmost address and skill to manage. But when his irony is perceived, it strikes like a poniard, and the wound which it makes is such as cannot be closed. Indeed, there is, perhaps, no author who possesses this quality in the same perfection, or who has exerted it with the same effect.

But the style of Junius, admirable as it is, cannot be proposed as a model for general imitation. "It is too epigrammatic—too much characterized by the tone of invective—and too strongly compressed, to be used by any mind but one similar to that of its author, and, it may be added, but for purposes resembling those for which he employed it. Few authors, accordingly, have attempted to imitate the style of Junius, and the few that have attempted it have not succeeded. His style was exquisitely fitted for the purpose to which he destined it, and should be studied, carefully and repeatedly, by those who would see the English language in one of its happiest forms. But the nerve of Junius must belong to the man who can hope to use, successfully, the instrument which he used; for that instrument was fitted to his grasp, and among ordinary men there are none who can pretend to wield it."[1]

FROM THE DEDICATION TO THE ENGLISH NATION.

I dedicate to you a collection of Letters, written by one of yourselves for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size, without your continued encou-

[1] Woodfall's is generally considered the best edition of Junius; but an admirable one is that published by Oliver Boyd, Edinburgh, 1822, with notes and preliminary dissertations, and to which I am indebted for a portion of the above remarks.

ragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing, but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under *your* care they have thriven. To *you* they are indebted for whatever strength or beauty they possess. When kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired, hereditary freehold to your children, you do but half your duty.[1] Both liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.[2]

I cannot doubt that you will unanimously assert the freedom of election, and vindicate your exclusive right to choose your representatives. But other questions have been started, on which your determination should be equally clear and unanimous. Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the *palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman, and that the right of juries to return a general verdict, in all cases whatsoever, is an essential part of our constitution, not to be controlled or limited by the judges, nor in any shape questionable by the legislature. The power of king, lords, and commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees, not the owners of the estate. The fee-simple is in US. They

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[1] By hereditary freehold he evidently means the constitution in its original purity.

[2] Thus far, this declaration is true; for though, at the time of the publication of the Letters, all eyes were directed to find out the author, and all ears open to every rumor that might lead to his detection, and though ever since, it has absorbed more of public thought and inquiry than any other mere literary question on record, we are about as much in the dark now, as when the first letter appeared in the "Public Advertiser." To more than twenty individuals have they, at different times, been attributed, and the claims of each have successively been considered as irrefutable until a stronger has succeeded to overturn them, and take his place. The two most prominent candidates for the authorship are Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville. To me it has appeared that the claims of Horne Tooke were as strong as either of these. The style of Junius in its polish and sarcasm, is not unlike Tooke's; and the controversy which Junius had with him may be considered as a feint, to divert the public attention. It is not a little remarkable that of all those who entered the lists of controversy with our author, no one had any reason to boast of the encounter but the able and acute author of the "Diversions of Purley."

cannot alienate, they cannot waste. When we say that the legislature is *supreme*, we mean that it is the highest power known to the constitution:—that it is the highest in comparison with the other subordinate powers established by the laws. In this sense, the word *supreme* is relative, not absolute. The power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of natural justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution. If this doctrine be not true, we must admit, that king, lords, and commons have no rule to direct their resolutions, but merely their own will and pleasure. They might unite the legislative and executive power in the same hands, and dissolve the constitution by an act of Parliament. But I am persuaded you will not leave it to the choice of seven hundred persons, notoriously corrupted by the crown, whether seven millions of their equals shall be freemen or slaves.

These are truths unquestionable.—If they make no impression, it is because they are too vulgar and notorious. But the inattention or indifference of the nation has continued too long. You are roused at last to a sense of your danger.—The remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius lives, you shall often be reminded of it. If, when the opportunity presents itself, you neglect to do your duty to yourselves and to posterity,—to God and to your country, I shall have one consolation left, in common with the meanest and basest of mankind.—Civil liberty may still last the life of JUNIUS.

TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER.

SIR:—An academical education has given you an unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech. Masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition. You are a scholar, Sir William, and, if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me then, for I am a plain unlettered man, to continue that style of interrogation, which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers, you ought to have no objection. * * *

Do you then really think that, if I were to ask a *most virtuous man* whether he ever committed theft, or murder, it would disturb his peace of mind? Such a question might,

perhaps, discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience. Examine your own breast, Sir William, and you will discover, that reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable: the man, who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it. * * *

And now, Sir William, I shall take my leave of you for ever. Motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment, make it impossible you should ever know me. In truth, you have some reason to hold yourself indebted to me. From the lessons I have given you, you may collect a profitable instruction for your future life. They will either teach you so to regulate your conduct, as to be able to set the most malicious inquiries at defiance; or, if that be a lost hope, they will teach you prudence enough not to attract the public attention to a character, which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation. JUNIUS.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Relinquishing all idle views of amendment to your grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation.—There is something in both, which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or color of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. Let us look back together to a scene, in which *a mind like yours*[1] will find nothing to repent of. Let us try, my lord, how well you have supported the various relations in which you stood, to your sovereign, your country, your friends, and yourself. Give us, if it be possible, some excuse to posterity, and to ourselves, for submitting to your administration. If not the abilities of a great minister, if not the integrity

[1] This is a favorite mode of sarcasm with Junius.

of a patriot, or the fidelity of a friend, show us, at least, the firmness of a man.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you.[1] You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character, by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face.[2] Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.[3]

My Lord:—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and, perhaps, an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

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[1] The first Duke of Grafton was a natural son of Charles II. During the progress of the Revolution he abandoned the Stuarts for King William; and his descendants had hitherto generally ranked themselves among the party of the Whigs.

[2] The allusion here is to the dark complexion of the duke.

[3] This is one of the most labored of our author's letters; and perhaps there is none of them which displays, in so striking a manner, his unrelenting spirit.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank;—a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority;—the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road, which led to honor, was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England;—the noble independence, which he might have maintained in parliament, and the real interest and respect, which he might have acquired, not only in Parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country, then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in Parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in Parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of govern-

ment. The people would look up to him as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune,[1] he would submit to the stroke, with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous heart-felt consolation, in the sympathizing tears, and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in Parliament by an indecent violence either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favorite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favorite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honor of his friendship. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependents, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues, which he had labored to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man,—his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a

[1] The duke lately lost his only son by a fall from his horse.

place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House!

FROM HIS LETTER TO THE KING.[1]

To the Printer of the "Public Advertiser."

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince, made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice, but how to gratify the wishes, and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious *speculation* to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country, and that the great person, whom he addresses, has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

SIR:—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent

[1] This celebrated letter to the king is, perhaps, the most remarkable political address ever published in England. At the time of its appearance it made a very great impression upon the public mind; and the importance which the author himself attached to it, is evinced by the following note which he addressed to his printer, announcing it: "I am now meditating a capital, and I hope a final piece."

allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince, from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man, from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant;—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties: from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding. * *

You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little, personal resentments which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man[1] the remainder of his punishment; and if resentment still prevails, make it, what it should have been long since, an act not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station,—a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man, who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends, whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and *may* be returned. The fortune, which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince, who looks

[1] Mr. Wilkes.

for friendship, will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational:—fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible;—armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince, who imitates their conduct, should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember, that as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

JUNIUS.

THE KING'S HONOR THAT OF THE PEOPLE.[1]

The ministry, it seems, are laboring to draw a line of distinction between the honor of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet been only started in discourse, for in effect both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honor is that of his people. *Their* real honor and real interest are the same.—I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear, unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth;—public honor is security.—The feather that adorns the royal bird, supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.[1]

JUNIUS.

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[1] From Letter XLII.

[2] It was in answer to the XLII. Letter that Dr. Johnson wrote his pamphlet entitled, "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands;" a pamphlet which gave so much satisfaction to the ministry, that to express their gratitude, they are said to have doubled his pension. To this pamphlet, however, though a very able one, Junius made no reply. He probably saw either that he had met with an antagonist who was in all respects, except in mere delicacy of taste, his equal; or he might not choose to engage in a protracted controversy, which would have increased the danger of his being detected.

ENCOMIUM ON LORD CHATHAM.

It seems I am a partisan of the great leader of the opposition. If the charge had been a reproach, it should have been better supported. I did not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear Lord Chatham. I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion, and surely it is not in the little censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common, sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of service to Lord Chatham. *My* vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet. But if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding;—if he judges of what is truly honorable for himself, with the same superior genius, which animates and directs him, to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honors shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric.—These praises are extorted from me; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD CAMDEN.

My Lord:—I turn with pleasure, from that barren waste, in which no salutary plant takes root, no verdure quickens, to a character fertile, as I willingly believe, in every great and good qualification. I call upon you, in the name of the English nation, to stand forth in defence of the laws of your country, and to exert, in the cause of truth and justice, those great abilities, with which you were entrusted for the benefit of mankind. Your lordship's character assures me that you will assume that principal part, which belongs to you, in supporting the laws of England, against a wicked judge, who makes it the occupation of his life, to misinterpret and pervert them. If you decline this honorable office, I fear it will be said that, for some months past, you have kept too much company with the Duke of Grafton. When the contest turns upon the interpretation of the laws, you cannot, without a formal surrender of all your reputation, yield the post of honor even to Lord Chatham. Considering the situation and abilities of Lord Mansfield, I do not scruple to affirm, with the most solemn appeal to God for my sincerity, that, in *my* judgment, he is the very worst and

most dangerous man in the kingdom. Thus far I have done my duty in endeavoring to bring him to punishment. But mine is an inferior, ministerial office in the temple of justice.—I have bound the victim, and dragged him to the altar.

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The man, who fairly and completely answers my arguments, shall have my thanks and my applause. My heart is already with him.—I am ready to be converted.—I admire his morality, and would gladly subscribe to the articles of his faith. Grateful, as I am, to the Good Being, whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning intellect, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionably indebted to him, from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind, a gift worthy of the divinity; nor any assistance, in the improvement of them, a subject of gratitude to my fellow-creature, if I were not satisfied, that really to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart. JUNIUS.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731—1800.

WILLIAM COWPER, "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," as the poet Southey terms him, was born in Berkhamstead, in Bedfordshire, Nov. 15, 1731. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, was the rector of that place. From infancy he had a delicate and extremely susceptible constitution,—a misfortune that was aggravated by the loss of an affectionate mother, who died when he was only six years old. The intense love with which he cherished her memory during the rest of his life, may be known from that most affecting poem which he wrote on contemplating her picture. At the age of ten he was sent to Westminster School, where he stayed till he was eighteen; and though he pursued his studies diligently while there, he could never look back upon those years without horror, as he remembered the despotic tyranny exercised over him by the older boys:—a shameful practice, still, in a degree, maintained in the English schools.

After leaving school, he spent three years in an attorney's office, and then entered the Middle Temple, in which he continued eleven years, devoting his time, however, to poetry and general literature more than to law. In 1763 the offices of Clerk of the Journals, reading Clerk, and Clerk of the committees of the House of Lords, which were all at the disposal of a cousin of Cowper's, became vacant about the same time. The two last were conferred on Cowper, but the idea of appearing, and reading before the House of Lords so overwhelmed him, that he resigned the offices almost as soon as they were accepted. But as his patrimony was nearly spent, his friends

procured for him the office of Clerk of the Journals, thinking that his personal appearance at the House would not be required. But he was unexpectedly summoned to an examination at the bar of the House, before he could be allowed to take the office. The thoughts of this so preyed upon his mind, as to shatter his reason, and he actually made attempts upon his own life. He was therefore removed to the house of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans, with whom he continued about eighteen months.

On his recovery he was so fortunate as to find friends who were able to soothe his melancholy, direct his genius, and make his time pass happily away. In June, 1765, his brother took him to Huntingdon to board. Here he was introduced to the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, who was the clergyman of the place. It consisted of the father, Mrs. Unwin, and a son and daughter just arrived at majority. Cowper says of them, in one of his letters, "they are the most agreeable people imaginable; quite sociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentle folks as any I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me." Much to his joy, they agreed to receive him into their house as a boarder. He had been there, however, but two years, when Mr. Unwin, senior, died, and Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to a new residence, which they chose at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he formed an intimate friendship with the Rev. Mr. Newton of that place, with whom he long maintained a Christian intercourse, delightful and profitable to both parties.

In 1773 Cowper was visited by a second attack of mental derangement, which showed itself in extreme paroxysms of religious despondency. It lasted for about four years, during which period Mrs. Unwin watched over him with a tenderness and devotion truly maternal. As he began to recover, he betook himself to various amusements, such as taming hares and making bird cages, which pastimes he diversified with light reading. Hitherto his poetic faculties had lain nearly dormant; but in the winter of 1780-81 he prepared the first volume of his poems for the press, consisting of "Table-Talk," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," &c., which was published in 1782, but it did not attract much attention till the appearance of the Task.

In the same year that he published his first volume, an elegant and accomplished visitant came to Olney, with whom Cowper formed an acquaintance that was, for some time, a most delightful one to him. This was Lady Austen, the widow of Sir Robert Austen. She had wit, gayety, agreeable manners, and elegant taste. While she enlivened Cowper's unequal spirits by her conversation, she was also the task-mistress of his Muse. He began his great original poem, "The Task," at her suggestion,[1] and

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[1] One day Lady Austen requested him to try his powers on blank verse: "But," said he, "I have no subject." "Oh you can write on anything," she replied; "take this sofa." Hence the beginning of the Task,

> I sing the Sofa. * * *
> The theme, though humble, yet august and proud
> Th' occasion—for the fair commands the song.

was exhorted by her to undertake the translation of Homer. So much cheerfulness seems to have beamed upon his sequestered life from the influence of her society, that he gave her the endearing appellation of Sister Anne.[1] But his devoted old friend, Mrs. Unwin, looked with no little jealousy upon the ascendancy of a female, so much more fascinating than herself, over Cowper's mind; and, appealing to his gratitude for her past services, she gave him his choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance or her own. Cowper decided upon adhering to the friend who had watched over him in his deepest afflictions; and sent Lady Austen a valedictory letter, couched in terms of regret and regard, but which necessarily put an end to their acquaintance. Whether in making this decision he sacrificed a passion or only a friendship for Lady Austen, it must be impossible to tell; but it has been said that the remembrance of a deep and devoted attachment of his youth, was never effaced by any succeeding impressions of the same nature; and that his fondness for Lady Austen was as platonic as for Mary Unwin. The sacrifice, however, cost him much pain; and is, perhaps, as much to be admired as regretted.[2]

In 1784 appeared his "Task," a poem which, as Hazlitt well remarks, contains "a number of pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement which can hardly be forgotten but with the language itself." The same year he began his "Tirocinium," a poem on the subject of education, the object of which was to censure the want of discipline, and the inattention to morals, which prevailed in public schools. In the same year also he commenced his translation of Homer, which was finished in 1791, and which is, on the whole, the best translation of Homer that we possess: that is, it gives us the best idea of the style and manner and sentiments of the great Grecian bard: for having adopted blank verse, he had to make no sacrifices of meaning or language to rhyme.

In the mean time, the loss of Lady Austen was, in a degree, made up by his cousin Lady Hesketh, who, two years after the publication of the "Task," paid him a visit at Olney, and settling at Weston Hall, in the immediate neighborhood, provided a comfortable abode for him and Mrs. Unwin there, to which they removed in 1786; and here he executed his translation of Homer.

In 1792, the poet Hayley, afterwards his biographer, made him a visit at Weston, having corresponded with him previously. Of him, Cowper, in

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[1] "Lady Austen's conversation had as happy an effect upon the melancholy spirit of Cowper as the harp of David upon Saul. Whenever the cloud seemed to be coming over him, her sprightly powers were exerted to dispel it. One afternoon, (Oct., 1782,) when he appeared more than usually depressed, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which had been told to her in her childhood, and which, in her relation, tickled his fancy as much as it has that of thousands and tens of thousands since, in his. The next morning he said to her that he had been kept awake during the greater part of the night by thinking of the story and laughing at it, and that he had turned it into a ballad. The ballad was sent to Mr. Unwin, who said, in reply, that it had made him laugh tears."—*Southey.*

[2] See Campbell's Specimens, vol. vii. page 346.

one of his letters, thus writes: "Everybody here has fallen in love with him, and wherever he goes everybody must. We have formed a friendship that, I trust, will last for life, and render us an edifying example to all future poets." While Hayley was with him, Mrs. Unwin had a severe paralytic stroke, which rendered her helpless for the rest of her life. To this most excellent woman, to whom we are indebted, perhaps, as the instrument of preserving Cowper's reason, and it may be his life, he addressed one of the most touching, and perhaps the most widely known of all his poems—"To Mary." Mr. Hayley says he believes it to be the last original piece he produced at Weston, and that he doubts whether any language on earth can exhibit a specimen of verse more exquisitely tender.

In 1794 his unhappy malady returned upon him with increased violence, and Lady Hesketh, with most commendable zeal and disinterestedness, devoted herself to the care of the two invalids. Mr. Hayley found him, on a third visit, plunged into a sort of melancholy torpor, so that when it was announced to him that his majesty had bestowed on him a pension of £300 a year, he seemed to take no notice of it. The next year it was thought best for both Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, that their location should be changed, and accordingly they were removed to the house of his kinsman, Mr. Johnson, at North Tuddenham, in Norfolk. The removal, however, had no good effect upon either, and the next year Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper would not believe she was dead, when the event was broken to him, and desired to see her. Mr. Johnson accompanied him to the room where lay her remains. He looked upon her for a few moments, then started away with a vehement, unfinished exclamation of anguish, and never afterwards uttered her name.

In the year 1799, some power of exertion returned to him; he completed the revisal of his Homer, and wrote the last original piece that he ever composed—"The Cast-Away." It is founded on an incident mentioned in one of Anson's Voyages, and when we consider the circumstances under which it was written, and the parallelism constantly preying upon the diseased mind of the author, it is one of the most affecting pieces that ever was composed. His own end was now drawing near, and on the 5th of April, 1800, he breathed his last.

Cowper is eminently the David of English poetry, pouring forth, like the great Hebrew bard, his own deep and warm feelings in behalf of moral and religious truth. "His language," says Campbell, "has such a masculine, idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being, whose fine spirit had been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity." And a writer in the Retrospective Review remarks, that "the delightful freedom of his manner, so acceptable to those who had long been accustomed to a poetical school of which the radical fault was constraint; his noble and tender morality; his

fervent piety; his glowing and well expressed patriotism; his descriptions, unparalleled in vividness and accuracy since Thomson; his playful humor and his powerful satire; the skilful construction of his verse, at least in the 'Task,' and the refreshing variety of that fascinating poem,—all together conspired to render him highly popular, both among the multitude of common readers, and among those who, possessed of poetical powers themselves, were capable of intimately appreciating those of a real poet."

We might thus fill many pages with encomiastic remarks upon the poetry of Cowper, but the reader would rather taste of the original for himself.[1]

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN ALL THINGS.

Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns; (since from the least
The greatest oft originate;) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life; involves the Heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce Philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs,
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects
Of action and reaction: he has found

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[1] Read Hayley's Life, a most interesting piece of biography—Grimshaw's Life, prefixed to his edition in 8 vols., and Southey's Life, prefixed to his edition in 15 vols. The latter is the best edition of the poet. Read, also, articles in the Edinburgh Review, ii. 64, and iv. 273, and in the Quarterly, xvi. 116, and xxx. 185. Also, an article in Jeffries' Miscellanies.

The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of Him
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught:
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *Him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such, too, thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

THE GEOLOGIST AND COSMOLOGIST.[1]

Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it and reveal'd its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.

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[1] In the early history of geology many good and pious people were concerned, lest such discoveries should be made as would invalidate the Mosaic account of the creation. But how groundless have all their fears proved! Truth is one, and God's works can never be in conflict with his Word. Of the whole race of "spruce philosophers," as Cowper calls them, even the infidel Voltaire could thus write: "philosophers put themselves, without ceremony, in the place of God, and destroy and renew the world after their own fashion." "From the time of Buffon," says Dr. Wiseman, in his learned Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion, "system rose beside system, like the moving pillars of the desert, advancing in threatening array; but like

Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

WAR—SLAVERY.[1]

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,

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them, they were fabrics of sand; and though in 1806 the French Institute counted more than EIGHTY such theories of geology hostile to Scripture history, not one of them has stood till now, or deserves to be recorded." And Turner, in his learned work on Chemistry, says, "of all the wonders of geology, none is so wonderful as the confidence of the several theorists."

[1] Upon this and other pieces of Cowper in behalf of the poor slave, the poet Campbell thus truthfully as well as feelingly remarks: "Poetical expositions of the horrors of slavery may, indeed, seem very unlikely agents in contributing to destroy it; and it is possible that the most refined planter in the West Indies, may look with neither shame nor compunction on his own image, exposed in the pages of Cowper, as a being degraded by giving stripes and tasks to his fellow creatures. But such appeals to the heart of the community are not lost. They fix themselves silently in the popular memory, and they become, at last, a part of that public opinion, which must, sooner or later, wrench the lash from the hand of the oppressor."—*Specimens*, vii. 364.

Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.[1]
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire: that, where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.[2]

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[1] This alludes to the great case of Somerset, a slave who had been brought to England by his master, and who was about to be taken back. His case was argued before the judges three several times, and finally Lord Mansfield declared the opinion of the court, in May, 1772, that "as soon as any slave sets his foot upon English soil, he becomes free."

[2] When Cowper wrote these lines, nearly a million of African slaves toiled in the British colonies. But the English abolitionists, led on by Sharp, and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, so earnestly portrayed their wrongs and plead their cause, that the great heart of the nation became at length fully aroused to the subject, and they were declared absolutely and unconditionally free on the 1st of August, 1838.

It was predicted that theft and plunder and murder would be the consequence, and the 1st of August was anticipated by all with the most intense interest. It came and passed with all the solemnity of a Sabbath day. The houses of worship were thronged the preceding evening, to welcome the advent of Liberty, and as the clock tolled out the hour of midnight, the assembled populace bowed the knee in prayer and praise to the God who had bestowed it. Not a blow was struck in revenge—not an arm upraised in riot.

Nine years have now elapsed, and they have borne witness to the constant and rapid improvement of the freedmen. Their food, clothing, and furniture are much better: nearly every family has a horse or a mule, and very many have several. They are willing to work steadily for moderate wages, and most of them remain on the estates of their former masters. Many have purchased land, and it is estimated that there are now 20,000 freeholders among the emancipated peasantry of Jamaica alone. Marriage is now "honorable" among them; the parental relation is better understood, and its duties better performed; education is appreciated; and churches have multiplied. The freedmen contribute liberally towards sustaining the ministration of the gospel among themselves, and are already beginning to stretch out their hands and

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

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to send forth their missionaries to their benighted father-land. For these condensed facts I am indebted to Rev. C. S. Renshaw, for many years a devoted missionary among the blacks in Jamaica.

WAR.

Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at. Nations would do well,
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy, the world.

LIBERTY.

'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.

PLEASURES OF A WINTER EVENING.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood; in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch.
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio[1] of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness; it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders, lost:
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

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[1] The Newspaper.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.

* * * * *

O Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates,
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake.
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest:
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

* * * * *

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious World,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace, with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,

The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd—
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

* * * * *

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof
(As if one master spring controll'd them all,)
Relax'd into an universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the world's Time is Time in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes; and where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form;
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a World whom Fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most:
Whose only happy, are their idle hours.
E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card devoted Time, and, night by night,
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.

TO MARY.

Autumn of 1793.

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part;
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now, at every step thou mov'st,
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

PREACHING VERSUS PRACTICE.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh, no!
What! rob our good neighbor? I pray you don't go!
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

JOHN BUNYAN.

O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame:
Yet even in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God.
'T were well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;

The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

SONNET TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
  Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
  Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
  Friend of the poor, the wronged, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labor such as thine be vain.
  Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution pause
  And weave delay, the better hour is near
  That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

  Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

  My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

THE CAST AWAY.[1]

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,

[1] This was the last original piece he ever wrote; written March 20, 1799.

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
  Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
  With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
  Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
  That pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

* * * *

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
  No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
  We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

Cowper's prose works are confined almost exclusively to his letters. These now, without dispute, take the very first rank in English epistolary literature. "There is something in the sweetness and facility of the diction, and more, perhaps, in the glimpse they afford of a pure and benevolent mind, that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. From them we now know almost as much of Cowper as we do of those authors who have spent their days in the centre and glare of

literary or fashionable society; and they will continue to be read long after the curiosity is gratified to which, perhaps, they owed their first celebrity; for the character with which they make us acquainted, will always attract by its rarity, and engage by its elegance. The feminine delicacy and purity of Cowper's manners and disposition, the romantic and unbroken retirement in which his life was passed, and the singular gentleness and modesty of his whole character, disarm him of those terrors that so often shed an atmosphere of repulsion around the persons of celebrated writers, and make us more indulgent to his weaknesses, and more delighted with his excellencies, than if he had been the centre of a circle of wits, or the oracle of a literary confederacy. The interest of this picture is still further heightened by the recollection of that tremendous malady, to the visitations of which he was subject, and by the spectacle of that perpetual conflict which was maintained, through the greater part of his life, between the depression of those constitutional horrors, and the gaiety that resulted from a playful imagination, and a heart animated by the mildest affections."[1]

But to form any just conception of the beauty of Cowper's Letters, very many of them must be read, and our pages here are too limited to admit them. But we will venture one extract even at the risk of being likened to him, who, as Dr. Johnson[2] remarks, would recommend Shakspeare by select quotations. The following is from a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated September 4, 1765.

ON A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favor, and blessed with the greatest happiness I can ever know or hope for in this life, while others were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it? His infinite wisdom, to whose infinite mercy I owe it all, can solve these questions, and none beside him. If a free-thinker, as many a man miscalls himself, could be brought to give a serious answer to them, he would certainly say—"Without doubt, sir, you were in great danger, you had a narrow escape, a most fortunate one, indeed." How excessively foolish, as well as shocking! As if life depended upon luck, and all that we are or can be, all that we have or hope for, could possibly be referred to accident! Yet to this freedom of thought it is owing that He, who, as our Saviour tells us, is thoroughly apprized of the death of the meanest of his creatures, is supposed to leave those whom he has made in his own image, to the mercy

[1] Edinburgh Review, vol. iv., page 273. [2] See page 596.

of chance; and to this, therefore, it is likewise owing that the correction which our Heavenly Father bestows upon us, that we may be fitted to receive his blessing, is so often disappointed of its benevolent intention, and that men despise the chastening of the Almighty. Fevers and all diseases are accidents, and long life, recovery at least from sickness, is the gift of the physician. No man can be a greater friend to the use of means upon these occasions than myself, for it were presumption and enthusiasm to neglect them. God has endued them with salutary properties on purpose that we might avail ourselves of them, otherwise that part of his creation were in vain. But to impute our recovery to the medicine, and to carry our views no further, is to rob God of his honor, and is saying in effect that he has parted with the keys of life and death, and, by giving to a drug the power to heal us, has placed our lives out of his own reach. He that thinks thus may as well fall upon his knees at once, and return thanks to the medicine that cured him, for it was certainly more immediately instrumental in his recovery than either the apothecary or the doctor. My dear cousin, a firm persuasion of the superintendence of Providence over all our concerns is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Without it, we cannot be said to believe in the Scripture, or practice any thing like resignation to his will. If I am convinced that no affliction can befall me without the permission of God, I am convinced, likewise, that he sees and knows that I am afflicted; believing this, I must in the same degree believe that, if I pray to him for deliverance, he hears me; I must needs know likewise with equal assurance that, if he hears, he will also deliver me, if that will, upon the whole, be most conducive to my happiness; and if he does not deliver me, I may be well assured that he has none but the most benevolent intention in declining it. He made us, not because we could add to his happiness, which was always perfect, but that we might be happy ourselves; and will he not, in all his dispensations towards us, even in the minutest, consult that end for which he made us? To suppose the contrary, is (which we are not always aware of) affronting every one of his attributes; and at the same time the certain consequence of disbelieving his care for us is, that we renounce utterly our dependence upon him. In this view, it will appear plainly that the line of duty is not stretched too tight, when we are told that we ought to accept every thing at his hands as a blessing, and to be thankful even while we smart under the rod of iron with which he sometimes rules us. With-

out this persuasion, every blessing, however we may think ourselves happy in it, loses its greatest recommendation, and every affliction is intolerable. Death itself must be welcome to him who has this faith, and he who has it not, must aim at it, if he is not a madman.

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION,

WHEN THE WORK IS USED AS A

COLLEGE OR SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

Date of birth and death? In whose reign did he flourish? Date of Edward III.'s reign? When did he leave England for foreign travel? How long was he gone? Through what countries did he travel? In what languages did he write his travels? What entitles him to great consideration? What accounts did he give which were not believed at the time, but which later testimony has proved true? How does he prove the spherical form of the earth? Give his reasoning.

JOHN WICLIF.

Date of Wiclif's birth and death? In whose reign did he flourish? [☞ Here the scholar must not be governed by the name of the monarch at the top of the page over the author's name, for as the authors are arranged according to the dates of their death, some will be found to have died the very first or second year of a new king's reign; of course, therefore, they cannot be said to have "flourished" in his reign. Thus, though Wiclif died in the reign of Richard II., his great works were mostly written, and his great labors chiefly exerted in the reign of Edward III.; he, therefore, must be said to have "flourished" in the reign of that monarch.] What was he called? What does Milton say of him? Where was he educated? For what did he early distinguish himself? What title did he acquire? What was henceforth the great business of his life? Repeat the quotation from Milton relative to Wiclif. State the comparative merits of Wiclif and Luther, as reformers. Repeat the fine remark of Burnet. When did Wiclif die? What did the Council of Constance decree? What is the remark of Fuller? Repeat the lines of Wordsworth, (note.) What is said of Wiclif's writings? What was his chief work? What honor belongs to him? What did the papal clergy say of his labors? (note.)

JOHN BARBOUR.

Date of Barbour's birth and death? To what country did he belong? In whose reign did he flourish? What is the title of his chief work? What is its nature? In what character therefore, is Barbour to be considered? What does he say, himself, of his work? Repeat the paraphrase of his Apostrophe to Freedom, (note.) [The two last lines of the original are much superior, and should be imbedded in the memory.]

GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

Date of Chaucer's birth and death? By what title is he distinctively known? What does Warton say of him? In whose reign did he flourish? To what family did he become connected by marriage? Where did he travel? Who were the three chief scholars of Italy in the 14th century, and for what distinguished? (note.) What public office did Chaucer receive? When did he die? In what respect does

Chaucer resemble Cowper? What is his great work? From what did he take the idea? What was the Decameron? Its etymology? Where was Canterbury? Why were pilgrimages made there? In what respects is Chaucer's plan superior to Boccacio's? What knowledge do the Canterbury Tales give us? What great cause did they subsequently aid? (note.) [Here the instructor may direct the scholar to commit to memory such extracts from the various authors, as he may deem best. Of those from Chaucer, I would recommend "The Parson."*] What are the four other principal works of Chaucer? Give an account of "Troilus and Creseida." Of the "Romaunt of the Rose." Of "The House of Fame." Of "The Flower and the Leaf." Who has imitated Chaucer's "House of Fame," and in what? Repeat the lines from Pope, (note.)

WILLIAM CAXTON.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Why will his name ever be cherished? Repeat the verses in his praise, (note.) Give the outline of his life. What is said of the history of printing? (note.) What two cities claim the honor of the discovery? Who discovered the principle of the art? Who invented moveable types? Who first founded types? State the conclusion, (note.) What was the first book ever printed in the English language, where, and when? What was the first book printed in England, and when? What is said of Caxton's character? How many works did he print?

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

Date of birth and death? What does Ellis say of him? What are his chief poems? What is the story of the "Thistle and the Rose?" Give an account of "The Dance."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

In whose reign did he flourish? What is said of him? What remark was made of him when a boy? To what offices was he appointed? Why did he incur the displeasure of Henry VIII.? How did he die? What does Hume, the historian, say of his death? What is said of More's genius and character? What couplet is attributed to him? What great inconsistencies did he display? What is his most celebrated work? Why so called? (note.) What is its character? What are some of the excellent principles in it? What is the subject of the first chapter, and what curious customs are mentioned? What of the second? Of the third? Of the fourth? Of the fifth? What other works of More are mentioned? How often was More married? What is said of his first wife? What of his second?

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Who gave us the first English Version of the Bible? From what was the translation made? When did Wiclif die? What Convocation twenty-four years after? What did it decree? When was the Latin Vulgate first printed? When the Hebrew? When the Greek? What did the Monks say of them? What did one of the priests declare? Date of Tyndale's birth and death? In whose reigns did he flourish? Where was he educated? What is said of his scholarship? What did a priest once say to him? What was Tyndale's noble reply? Where did Tyndale go in 1523? For

* I cannot too strongly urge upon the young the advantage of committing to memory the choicest passages in prose and poetry in English Literature. What we learn thoroughly when young, remains by us through life. "Sir," said the great Doctor Johnson to Boswell, "in my early days I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but, I had all the facts. I remember very well when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

what purpose? When did he finish his translation of the Testament? What was the result? How was his retreat at Antwerp discovered? What was done to him? What efforts made to release him? With what success? How was he employed in prison? What was finally done to him? Give an account of his martyrdom and last prayer. Repeat the lines on his death. How was his prayer answered? What is said of his translation?

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Date of birth and death? With whose name is his generally associated? For what was he early distinguished? What were his accomplishments? What were some of the traits of his character? On what mission was he sent? What was the cause of his death? What qualities did he unite in his character? For what was he most distinguished? How did he ennoble learning and poetry?

EARL OF SURREY.

Date of birth and death? In whose reigns did Surrey and Wyatt flourish? When did he enter upon public life? What honor was conferred on him 1542? What did he do 1544? What effect had his popularity on Henry VIII.? Who was his chief malicious enemy? What was done to Surrey? Of what was he accused? Who was the chief witness against him? What was the result? When was he judicially murdered? What is said of his character? What is said of his endowments? What of his moral virtues? What of his regard for religion? Repeat the lines on "The Happy Life."

HUGH LATIMER.

Date of birth and death? Where educated? By whose means converted? What is said of him during the reign of Edward VI.? In the reign of Mary? What did he refuse to do? What was the result? Give an account of his and Ridley's martyrdom. What did Latimer say to Ridley? What is said of his sufferings? What of Ridley's? Meaning of "martyr"? (note.)

SIR JOHN CHEKE.

Date of birth and death? What professorship did he early fill? To whom was he tutor? Milton's lines? (note.) What was the consequence of his Protestantism? What choice was offered to him? Which did he take? What followed? When did he die? What is said of the period in which he flourished? What did he introduce in Greek? How improve English? What is said of his works? What is the title of the chief one extant?

JOHN HEYWOOD.

What is said of the age of Queen Elizabeth? Repeat the remarks of Dr. Johnson respecting it: (note.) To what does the name of John Heywood introduce us? How many divisions in the history of the Drama, and what are they? When were the Miracle Plays in vogue? Why called so? What were some of their subjects? By whom acted? What is said of them? What was the next division? What were "Moral Plays?" What is said of them? What scriptural character in them? What is said of the "Interludes?" What successful writer of them? Date of his birth and death? What of his genius? What did he expose? What is the name of one of his best Interludes? What is it, and who were the characters? How does the piece open? What does the Pardoner say? What the Palmer? How does the Pardoner reply? What says the Poticary? What the Pedler? What does the Pedler propose, to end the dispute? Who begins? Who gains the victory? Repeat the lines. What exclamations follow?

ROGER ASCHAM.

In whose reign did he flourish? Where educated? To whom was he preceptor? What office did he fill? When did he die? What are his two principal works? What is the Toxophilus? What is its design? Who are the speakers? What does Dr. Johnson remark of the work? What influence had his work upon the language? What was his other work? What does Johnson say of it? What

does Ascham say of the influence of foreign travel?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

In whose reign did he flourish? When did he enter Oxford? When begin his travels? What happened to him at Paris? To what high post abroad was he elected? Who was opposed to his accepting of it, and why? What public service was he next engaged in? Relate the particulars of his death. What effect did it produce in England? On what does his literary reputation rest? How may he be regarded as a prose writer? What does Cowper say of him? (note,) and what does he say of "poetry?" What is the Arcadia? Where is the scene of it laid? Who are the heroes of the romance? What is their fortune? What is the other great work of Sidney? What is said of it? What does Hallam say? (note.)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

With whom was he cotemporary? Date of birth and death? For what was he most known in his life? For what now? Repeat the extract.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Date of birth and death? Where educated? To what order did he attach himself? Where did he go, and in what capacity? What treatment did he meet with? For what was he tried? What was the result? Was he probably guilty? What is said of the whole transaction? Did he do anything more than he had a right to do? What is said of putting down opinions by force? Repeat Whittier's lines. What is said of Southwell's poetry? [Commit "Times go by turns," and "Scorn not the Least."]

EDMUND SPENSER.

Date of birth and death? In whose reign did he flourish? What is said of his parentage? What does Gibbon say? How did he enter Cambridge? What is a "sizer," and why so called? What work did he first publish? What is it? In what capacity did he go to Ireland? What grant did he receive? Where did he go to reside? Who visited him there? What did he style him? What was he persuaded to do? What does Campbell say of Raleigh's visit to Spenser? What is Spenser's great work? Of how many books does it consist? How many is it said he intended to write? Did he probably finish his design? What happened to him in Ireland? Where did he die, and when? What is said of the influence of his works? What have prevented the "Faerie Queene" from being generally read? What is said of the allegory? What does Spenser say is the "end of all the book"? Who is the hero? Who is intended by the "Faerie Queene"? What does Prince Arthur represent? The knight and virtue of the first book? Of the second? Of the third? Of the fourth? Of the fifth? Of the sixth? [Commit —at pleasure.] What does Sir James Mackintosh say of Spenser? What does Hazlitt? What Campbell?

RICHARD HOOKER.

Date of birth and death? What is said of him? Where educated? What profession did he select? Where did he preach? Did he love a city life? What did he request? Where did he die? What is his great work called? What its design? To what does it owe its origin? What is said of its learning? Of its style? What does Hallam say of it?

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

What does Campbell say of it? To whom has it been ascribed? With any probability? Repeat it.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSY.

What is said of the minstrels? Where were their talents put in requisition? What of their origin? Derivation of the term? How long did they continue a distinct order? What did they sing and probably compose? What incidents in history show that they were held in high estimation? Give an account of their declining popularity? What is one of the best old ballads? What does Sidney say of it? Who has criticised it, and where? Give the history of it. [Commit, at pleasure.]

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

What is said of our present version of the Bible? What were the reasons why it was undertaken? When was a conference held of the clergy of all denominations? What did the king (James I.) do? How many of those first commissioned to translate the Bible, died or resigned, before it was begun? How many were left? How divided? How did they proceed in their task? What cautions did they take to prevent errors? When was the result published? Under what title? What is said of the translation as a whole? What does Adam Clarke say? What does strict truth require? What is one of the greatest defects in the translation? (note.) Give examples.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Why does he deserve consideration? Give an account of his tragedy? By what poem is he best known? What are its character and design? What portion did he write of it? Who finished it? What is said of Sackville's powers as a poet?

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where born? When? What is said of his early life? What prove him to have been a great student? Whom did he marry? When did he remove to London? What is his history there? When did he retire to the country? How long did he enjoy his retirement? When did he die? What is said of his children, and their descendants? How has he written his own eulogy? (Repeat the lines.) What does Ben Jonson say of him? What Dryden? (Repeat the extract, most richly worth committing.) [Commit from the poet, at pleasure.]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What is said of him? Where educated? How did he spend his time in France? What did he do in 1579? What was the result of the expedition? What was granted him in 1584? What did he do? What in 1585? Result? What in 1594? What did he publish? How treated by James? What is said of the trial, and result? How did he employ his prison hours? What did he do in 1615? Result? What of his death? What is said of his character, and learning? Dates of his history? What does Hume say of it? What Tytler? What other works did he write? What does Headley say of him? What is said of his poetry? What does Spenser style him? [Commit "The Nymph's Reply."]

SAMUEL DANIEL.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What is his chief work? What does Headley say of him? [Commit the three last verses of Richard Second's Soliloquy.]

GILES FLETCHER.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What does Wood say of him? What is his chief poem? What does Campbell say of him?

FRANCIS BACON.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Whose son was he? Where educated? How there distinguished? What profession did he choose? Did he confine his studies to it? What great work did he early plan? What honor did he receive, 1603? What subsequent one? What awaited him? To what did he confess? What were his words? What was his punishment? When did he die? What is his first principal work? What does Stewart say of it? What the second mentioned? Of what does it treat? How does he divide human learning? What the third? What is its object? What the fourth? What rank has this work given him? Difference between Bacon and Aristotle? What does he say of man? What remarkable passage in his will? What detracts greatly from his character? What does Pope say of him? [Commit, at pleasure.]

BEN JONSON.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Give an account of his life. Of what do his works consist? How is he compared with Shakspeare? How does old Fuller compare them? What is

said of his lyrical pieces? What of his prose? [Commit, "Directions for writing well."]

THOMAS CAREW.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What does Headley say of his poetry? What Campbell? But on what subjects did he employ his talents?

GEORGE SANDYS.

In whose reign did he flourish? Where educated? When did he die? His principal work?

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What is said of him? Where did he study for some time? What is his great work called? What object had he in writing it? What does Locke say of it? What Gibbon?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What profession did he study? With what noble object? To whom did he become secretary? Where did he die, and when? What does Montgomery say of him? What remarks upon his writings? What does Headley say? What are his chief poetical works? What are his emblems? [Commit, at pleasure. "The World," and "Hope in God," are recommended.] What is his principal prose work? What does Headley say of it? [Commit, at pleasure.]

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

What is said of him? What of the character of his poetry? What of his sonnets? When did he die? [Commit, "On Sleep," and the lines that Pope imitated, with Pope's imitation.]

RICHARD CRASHAW.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What is said of his character? What are his poems called? To what church did he attach himself? What do his poems display? What of his attainments? What of his "Lines on a Prayer-book"?

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where did he study? What profession did he enter? What is his chief poem called? What is it? What its character? [Commit "The Shepherd's Life," and, "Decay of Human Greatness."]

JOSEPH HALL.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What characters did he unite? Of what profession? What office did he hold? In what protestation did he unite? What was done to him in consequence? What was his subsequent history? At what age did he die? How known as a poet? What does Warton say of his poems? What is their chief fault? What was Pope's testimony concerning them? [Commit, "The Client and Lawyer," and "Domestic Tutor."] What is said of him as a prose writer? Which of his prose works are now most known? What has he been styled? [Commit lines from Burns, and the quotation from Walton, (note.)]

THOMAS FULLER.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? Of what profession? What of his promotions? Give the outline of his life. What is the first of his works here mentioned? What is its character? What the second? What of it? What the third? The fourth? The fifth? What is said of his character? Of his learning? Of his memory? [Commit, Aphorisms, at pleasure.] What does Gibbon say of the obligations of a scholar to his teacher? (note.) What are Barton's six reasons for marriage? (note.) How did Las Casas address Charles V. on slavery? (note.) What duty does Bacon enjoin upon every man? (note.)

ROBERT HERRICK.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What is said of him as a poet? What profession did he enter? What does the Retrospective Review say of him as a poet? [Commit "To Daffodil," "To Primroses," "To Blossoms," &c.]

JEREMY TAYLOR.

What is said of him? In whose reigns did he flourish? Where edu-

cated? To whom did he become chaplain? What happened to him 1644? Where did he establish a school? What does he say of his retirement? What affliction did he meet with? What honor did he receive at the Restoration? When did he die? What is said of his writings? What is his greatest work? What is its object? How has it been described? What is his most popular work? What does an eminent critic say of him? [Commit "On Prayer," "On Content," and Thomson's lines, in note.]

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

What is said of him? In whose reigns did he flourish? For what was he distinguished in college? What early gave him a taste for poetry? To what cause did he attach himself? What is said of him at the Restoration? How was he esteemed at his death? How are his poetical works divided? What does Dr. Johnson say of him as a poet? What is said of his prose compared with his poetry? What is the criticism of Dr. Johnson? Of Dr. Drake?

JOHN MILTON.

How does Milton rank among English poets? In whose reigns did he flourish? When born? Where did he imbibe his principles of liberty? In what was he early instructed? What influence had it on him? Where educated? Where did he go after leaving the university? For how long? How employed? What remark did he make? Which of his minor poems did he write while in the University? Which at his father's? When did he go to Italy? How did he rank? Whom did he visit? What did he do on his return home? In what controversy engage? How did he sustain himself in it? Whom did he marry? What is said of the connection? To what office appointed in 1649? For how long had his eyesight been failing him? What cause? When and in what labor did it entirely fail? What did he say of it? (note 4, page 215.) What is said of him at the restoration? To what did he devote himself? When was the Paradise Lost published? What did he receive for it? When Paradise Regained? What is his first poetical work, and what is its subject? What the second? Third? Fourth? Fifth? Sixth? Seventh? Eighth? Ninth? Tenth? What is the fable of Comus? (note.) What is said of the nightingale? (note, p. 214. Commit Walton's description.) [Commit "Invocation to Light," "Description of Satan," "Evening in Paradise," "Hymn on the Nativity."] What is said of the prose works of Milton? Of what character? To what owing? What does Burnet say of them? What Brydges? What did Milton publish in 1642? What remarkable sentiment in it?

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

What is said of Hale? In whose reign did he flourish? What profession did he enter? What course did he take in the civil war? Was it right? Who first appointed him judge? Who next? How did he discharge his duties? What honor 1671? What exception to his judicial reputation? What is said of it? Who were with him in opinion? (see note.) What did he write? What is best known? [Commit Lord Erskine's Eulogy, and Cowper's lines.]

ISAAC BARROW.

What is said of him? In whose reign did he flourish? What profession did he first study? Why? To what professorship elected in 1660? In 1662? In 1663? To whom did he resign the last? Why? What honor 1672? When did he die? What of his mind and character? What did Charles II. call him? What of his sermons? What noble moral sentiment recorded?

ANDREW MARVELL.

Why does Marvell deserve especially to be remembered? What is said of his character? In what office did he assist Milton? What of their relations? How honored in 1660? How did he discharge his duties? How vote? Give the anecdote of the attempt to bribe him. To whom did he become obnoxious? How threatened? How affected by it? What is said of

his prose writings? What of the friendship between him and Milton? How did he defend Milton? What of his poetry? [Commit "The Emigrants."]

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Of what is Butler the author? In whose reigns did he flourish? How was his early life employed? When did he first conceive the idea of his poem? When was the first part published? When the second? When the third? When did he die? In what circumstances? What is said of Hudibras? By what suggested? What was its object? What is said of his poem? [Commit first paragraph of Macaulay's remarks on the Puritans, note.] What is said of Butler's prose?

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What profession did he follow? What are his principal productions? What is said of the *Religio Medici?* What of his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica?* What of *Hydriotaphia?* How does Dr. Johnson describe his style? Repeat a portion of the Soliloquies of the Philosopher and Young Lady.

IZAAK WALTON.

What is he called? In whose reigns did he flourish? At what age did he die? For what celebrated? Whose lives has he written? Who especially valued them? By what is Walton most known? What is the character of the work? In what form? Who are the parties introduced? Repeat the exhortation to contentment.

EDMUND WALLER.

What is said of him as a man and a poet? In whose reigns did he flourish? What is said of him in political life? How punished? Whither did he go after his release? What at the Restoration? What does Burnet say of his conduct in Parliament? What are his characteristics as a poet? What does Hallam say? [Commit "The Rose."]

JOHN BUNYAN.

Repeat the lines of Cowper. In whose reigns did Bunyan flourish? What of his parents? Of his education? What does he say of his early marriage? What influence on him? What incident made a deep impression on his mind? When did he join the Baptist church? What office did he fill? What awaited him? What was done to him? How long confined in Bedford jail? What were the fruits of this imprisonment? Give his own account of his incarceration. What books had he with him in prison? Repeat the lines of Cowper. What did he do when released from prison? What did Dr. Owen say of his preaching? What were some of his works, and their subject? What his great work? What its subject? What does Southey say of it? What great poets have united to extol it? [Repeat Macaulay's remarks.]

ROBERT BARCLAY.

Where born, and when? Whither did he go after leaving school? What is said of his position there? What offers did his uncle make, and on what conditions? Why did he decline them? Was his filial duty rewarded? How? How have the "Friends" been distinguished as a sect? What of practical religion? (note.) To what sect did Barclay become a convert? What is his great work? What is said of it? What else did he write? How were the latter years of his life spent? What is said of his character? What of his dedication to Charles II.

SIR ROBERT BOYLE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? Give the anecdote relative to his study of mathematics. What places on the continent did he visit? What change in his circumstances? How did he devote the rest of his life? Of what was he one of the first members? How did he employ his time? How like Newton? What of his writings? Name some of them. What has he been styled? What does Mr. Hughes say of him? What Burnet?

RICHARD BAXTER.

What is said of Baxter? Meaning

of non-conformist? When did he flourish? What of his early education? Where did he preach? What side did he take in the civil war? For what arrested? By whom? What of the character of Jeffries? Result of his trial? What of him as a writer? What are his two chief works? What of them? Why? What work did he leave behind him? With whom was it a favorite? What does Dr. Barrow say of him? (note.)

JOHN TILLOTSON.

In whose reign did Tillotson flourish? How educated? What course did he take at the Restoration? What did he get for it at first? What afterwards? What are his principal compositions? What is said of them? What does Hallam say? (note.) What Blair?

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

What was he? Where educated? Where did he travel? How live during the "Commonwealth"? What honor did Charles II. bestow upon him? What political measure did he arrange and complete? How did the arbitrary conduct of Charles II. affect him? To what post did James invite him? When did he die? What of his works? Name them. To what did his Essay on ancient and modern learning give rise? What position did he maintain? What work did he adduce to support it? Who was Phalaris? (note.) Who came out against him? What then appeared? What followed? What is said of Bentley? Who were the parties to this controversy? Who used the weapon of ridicule? In what work? What is said of this controversy? (note.) What does Blair say of Temple's style?

JOHN DRYDEN.

Where born? In whose reigns did he flourish? What first poem that attracted attention? How did he change sides? To what did he betake himself? How did he write? What occurred in 1668? Meaning of "Laureate"? (note.) Who were his principal enemies? In what did they ridicule him? In what did he reply? What course did he take after the accession of James? What did he write in defence of the Papal church? What in 1689? Consequence? How did he devote the latter part of his life? What is his best piece? When did he die? What is said of his character? What of him as a poet? How does he compare with Pope? What lesson to be learned from Dryden's life and writings? What is said of his prose? What does Drake say? What Johnson of his account of Shakspeare? What compliment to Dryden recorded by Malone? (note.)

JOHN LOCKE.

What was he? In whose reigns did he flourish? What profession did he first choose? Why leave it? What official station did he hold? With whom reside? What constitution did he draw up? What were its provisions? (note.) Where did he go for his health? With whose fortune was his own united? What occurred in 1688? Where did he pass the rest of his life? What is the great work of Locke? What are its principles? What his second work mentioned? Object? What third? Fourth? What position does it maintain? Fifth? Sixth? Seventh? Eighth? What other useful book? What does Drake say of his style? What is said of his personal character?

ROBERT SOUTH.

For what celebrated? What side did he take in church and state? What does he maintain in one of his sermons? What proves him wrong? How was he rewarded? What is said of his sermons?

THOMAS PARNELL.

Where born? In whose reigns did he flourish? What profession did he choose? What party in politics? What success did he meet with? What does Campbell say of his poetry? What is the poem by which he is best known? What is said of it? What is the story taken from? Give the substance of it? (note.) [Commit "Hymn to Contentment."]

WILLIAM PENN.

What is said of him? How renown-

ed? Whose son? In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What early change in religious views? How treated by his father? When did he begin to preach? How treated? What is his most popular work? For what was he tried? What is the most important period of his life? Where was territory granted to him? Why? When did he sail from England? In what ship? When arrive at Newcastle? Where then did he go with the colonists? What were his reasons for coming to America? When did he return to England? What did he there accomplish? When did he re-embark for this country? How long did he remain? Why so short a time? When did he die? Of what works was he the author?

JOSEPH ADDISON.

What is said of Addison? Where educated? In whose reigns did he flourish? How did he first attract notice? What pension did he obtain? Where did he travel? What compose there? What did he publish on his return? What deprived him of his pension? What poem did he write? What does Warton call it? (note.) What ballad superior on the same subject? When did the Tatler first appear? How did Addison recognize Steele's hand in it? What paper did Addison project? What is said of it? When did it commence? (note.) What is its plan? Who were the contributors? How are Addison's papers designated? What followed the Spectator? When commenced? Whom did Addison marry? What is said of her, and of the connection? What is said of Addison's death? Relate the account of it? When did he die? What does Melmoth say of him as a writer? What Young? What Johnson? What are the four departments in literature in which he excels? What is said of him as a critic? What critical papers are mentioned? What of his humor? [Commit what he says of Shakspeare. Also the "Hymn" on page 355. Also "Cato."]

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? Where go, and in what capacity? When did he die? What does Campbell say of him?

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

Whose wife? What of the fate of her husband? How did she aid him? What does Burnet say of her letters, and of her conjugal devotion?

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Where born? When? Where educated? What profession did he first choose? What were the consequences? In what department of literature did he first exert himself? What periodical paper did he project? When published? What appellation does he deserve? When did he begin the Spectator with Addison? What title did he receive? To what post of honor elected? Why continue so poor? What was one of his projects? What is said of his style? How compare with Addison? How with Tillotson, Temple, and Dryden? [Commit Shakspeare's Description of Dover Cliff.]

DANIEL DE FOE.

How known? When born and where? What of his education? In what did he first engage? What did he first publish? What periodical paper? When? Upon what new field did he afterwards enter? What is said of his best known work? What else did he publish? What curious title of one work? What is said of him as a writer? What peculiar power had he? What does Dr. Johnson say of Robinson Crusoe?

JOHN GAY.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What was his early employment? Why abandoned? What his first work? Of what benefit was it to him? What post did he obtain in 1712? What work did he soon after publish? What does Drake say of it? What other department in literature did he enter? What successful drama did he write? By what is he now known? What is said of his Fables? What of his character? What are the lines of Pope?

BARTON BOOTH.

What is said of him? Why deserve a notice here?

HENRY GROVE.

What was he? When born? What is said of him in his youth? What profession did he enter? What post did he afterwards occupy? What work publish? Its design? His next writings? What other treatises? What is said of his religious opinions? When did he die?

THOMAS TICKELL.

When and where born? Where educated? Who was his most intimate friend? How did Addison feel towards him? What poem did he publish? What is said of it? What office did he fill? What charge did Addison leave with him? What does Drake say of his Elegy? What other pieces? When did he die?

RICHARD BENTLEY.

What is said of him? Where educated? To what appointed in 1692? In what controversy did he engage? Who were against him? How did he acquit himself in it? What is said of most of his works? What was his reputation as a scholar? In what did he fail? Give the example quoted. When did he die?

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? Where did he settle? How did he employ his time? Character? What does Shenstone say of him? When did he die? By what is he best known? What is said of it? What else did he write? [Commit lines on Addison.]

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Where born? Where educated? With whom did he early reside? What did he there write? Who invited him to Ireland? Where did he settle there? Relate the anecdote. (note.) What did he publish in 1704? What is its design? What its character? How rewarded in 1713? What destroyed his hopes of further preferment? How, for many years, did he employ himself? State the difference between the English Whigs and Tories? (note.) What made him very popular with the Irish in 1724? Give the account in full? What was the result? What did he publish in 1724? What is said of it? Its design? What were some of his other publications? Give the account of the end of his life. What is said of him as a writer? What does Dr. Blair say?

ALEXANDER POPE.

When born? What of his early life? What of his poetic taste? What instance of precocity? When did he write his pastorals? When his Messiah? What is the Messiah? On what founded? Who was Pollio? (note.) What does Roscoe say of it? When did he finish his Essay on Criticism? What does Johnson say of it? What Warton? (note.) What did he publish in 1712? What kind of a poem is it? What is its subject? (note.) What does Warton say? What else did he publish successively? For what, at the age of twenty-five, did he issue proposals? What of its success? What followed such fame? How did he retaliate? Was it wise thus to do? What did he publish in 1733? How assailed? Who has vindicated it? What did he project? What is his rank as a poet? [Commit the "Messiah."]

ROBERT BLAIR.

Where born? What profession did he enter? What is his chief work? What is said of it? [Commit, at pleasure.]

JAMES THOMSON.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What incident turned his attention to poetry? When did he publish his "Winter"? When the other Seasons? What is his noblest effort? What does Campbell say of it? When did he die? What rank does he hold as a descriptive poet? What does Campbell remark? What is his greatest charm? [Commit the stanzas from "Castle of Indolence"—the "Various Sufferings in Winter"—and "Hymn on the Seasons."]

ISAAC WATTS.

When born, and where? Where educated? Where afterwards reside as private tutor? To what situation was he called in 1698? How afflicted? What valued friend received him to his house? How long did he remain there? What does Dr. Johnson say of it? (note.) When did he die? How to be considered in his literary character? What is said of him as a poet? What of his Psalms and Hymns? What as a philosopher? What were his works in this department? What does Dr. Johnson say of his "Improvement of the Mind"? What of him as a theologian? What did he remark of the Bible? (note.) What does Dr. Johnson say of him as a poet? (note.) What is Dr. Drake's criticism? [Commit "Summer Evening"—"The Rose"—"Looking Upward"—"Seeking a Divine Calm," &c.]

CONYERS MIDDLETON.

For what celebrated? When born? What was his first publication? What does Dr. Monk say of it? What did he publish in 1729? Its object? What is his great work? When did it appear? What might it be called? What of its style? What did he publish in 1749? When did he die? [Commit "Character of Pompey."]

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What political side did he espouse? Whither did he go? What was done respecting him in his absence? In whose cause did he enlist? What occurred in 1723? What in 1735? What did he there write? When did he return to England? When die? To whom did he bequeath his manuscripts? What did they contain? What was Johnson's remark? Give the account and cause of Bolingbroke's maligning Pope. (note.) What is said of his character? Of his style?

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

What is said of his influence? Where and when born? What of his education? Where did he settle as a clergyman and schoolmaster? For how long? What is said of his labors? Where did he go for his health? With what result? What of his writings? What is his best known work? What is said of it? With what other great and good men does he rank? What are some of his other works? What popular biographical work did he write? Who was Colonel Gardiner? Give the account of his conversion. (note.) Is the military compatible with the Christian profession? What is Doddridge's most elaborate work? For what else are we indebted to Doddridge? [Repeat the epigram.]

JOSEPH BUTLER.

In whose reigns did he flourish? What profession did he design to enter? What did he early publish? What change in his views? What appointment did he receive in 1718? What did he publish in 1736? What is its object? What of its execution? What is said of the work? When did he die? What is said of his character? Of his benevolence? What was his remark when made Bishop of Durham? [Repeat Bishop Wilson's admirable remarks on the "Analogy."]

GEORGE BERKELEY.

Where and when born? Where educated? What did he publish in 1709? Its object? What in the year following? What does it attempt to prove? What influence had it? Where did he travel? What time spend there? What did he publish on his return? Give an account of the South Sea scheme. (note.) What object had he long had in view? What did he do to effect it? Repeat the verses in connection with it. When did he sail from England? Where reside? What was the result of his plan? What publish in 1732? What in 1744? What is said of it? Where did he reside the latter part of his life? Give the account of his death. What of his character? What is the line of Pope, applied to him?

WILLIAM COLLINS.

When born? In whose reigns flourish? What does Johnson say of him? When were his odes published?

How received at first? How was he relieved from pecuniary embarrassment? What does Campbell say of his poetry? What Drake? (note.) What Hazlitt? [Commit "Ode to Fear"—"The Passions"—"Ode to Mercy."]

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

What is said of him? When did he flourish! What of his boyhood? At what trade was he put? How did he rise? What situation did he obtain? What did he first publish? What was his first novel? How received? What his second? What is said of it? What does Dr. Drake say? What was his third? Its object? When did he die? What of his character? Why not now much read? What work published in 1755?

THOMAS SHERLOCK.

Where born? In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? In what did he distinguish himself? What promotions did he receive? When did he die? What is said of his sermons? His style?

JOHN BYROM.

When born? What of his early scholarship? What situation did he first fill? Who is the "Phœbe" of his pastoral? Where did he go, after his marriage? What do? What change in his circumstances? What is his best piece? What else did he write? What of his "Three Black Crows?" [Commit the latter.]

WILLIAM KING.

When did he flourish? What was his reputation? By what now most known?

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

When born? For what early distinguished? How has he celebrated his first teacher? Where educated? What publish? Where did he go to reside, in 1745? What is said of it? When did he die? What does Campbell say of him as a writer?

ROBERT DODSLEY.

When born? What of his early life? What was his first publication? What his next? What its success? What business did he enter into? What position did he take in it? When die? What were his writings? For what more now known? What did he do for Dr. Johnson?

EDWARD YOUNG.

In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What anecdote told of him in College? What tragedy did he publish? What of it? What did he publish in 1725? What is said of them? What was Goldsmith's criticism? What profession did he enter? Whom did he marry? Who are intended in the "Philander" and "Narcissa" of the Night Thoughts? What lines refer to Mrs. Temple's death? (note.) When were the Night Thoughts published? What is said of them? What does Johnson say? What compliment did Warton pay him? What did he publish in 1762? When die? What is said of him? What does Dr. Warton say? What of him as a poet? What of the influence of Night Thoughts? [Commit, at pleasure.]

WILLIAM FALCONER.

When born? What of his early life? What his employment? On what does his fame rest? What else did he publish? What of his death? What of the "Shipwreck?"

MARK AKENSIDE.

What of his rank as a poet? When born? Where? For what designed? What profession did he choose? Where go? What did he publish? What anecdote relating to the copyright? What of its success? What did he subsequently do? With what success? When die? What is said of the "Pleasures of the Imagination"? What is its object? How executed? What does Johnson say of it? What is said of his "revised" edition? [Commit on "Taste," &c.]

THOMAS GRAY.

When born and where? Where educated? Where and with whom did he travel? Result? Whose fault? Where did he retire for study? What was his first production? What next? What in 1750? What of its success?

What office was tendered to him? What did he publish the same year? What professorship was he called to in 1768? How discharge its duties? When did he die? What of his life? Of his learning? Extent of his attainments? What rank as a poet? What does Mr. Matthias say of him? What of him as a man? What anecdote? [Commit the "Elegy," and the "Progress of Poesy."]

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

What is said of his early life? His first literary effort? What did he project in 1752? How qualified? What success did it meet with? What does Drake say of him? What did he next do? What office in 1765? How did he fill it? Whose works did he publish? With what entrusted by government? How executed? Why censured? When did he die? What of his character?—[Commit hymn.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

How distinguished? When born? Where? Where educated? College habits? To what in part owing? What did his uncle intend for him? What anecdote of his habits? Where did he go in 1752? For what purpose? How long remain? Why leave? Where did he go then? How long remain? Where travel, and how? What lines in the Traveller alluding thereto? What was his first literary engagement? What did he first publish? What next? What did he publish in 1760? What were they? (note.) What in 1766? What is said of it? What does Walter Scott say? (note.) Repeat the anecdote relating to its composition. (note.) What did he publish in 1764? What did Johnson say of it? What in 1765? What in 1768? What two years after? What was the criticism of Johnson? What was one of his last publications? When did he die? What effect of his death on his friends? What of his merits as a writer? What does Sir Walter Scott say? What impression does Boswell's Johnson give of him? (give the account in the note in full.) What anecdote connected with the lines in the Traveller, "By sports," &c.? (note on p. 555.) What does Campbell say of two lines on p. 557? What Johnson? What of his prose? What did Johnson say? (note, p. 560.) —[Commit, at pleasure.]

DAVID HUME.

For what celebrated? When and where born? What of his early employment? Did it agree with his taste? Where did he go for retirement to study? What did he first publish? How received? What next? For what is he now most known? When did he publish his History of England? What while it was in progress? When did he die? How viewed as an author? What of his history? What of him as a philosopher? What of his death bed? What did Johnson say of him?

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

When born? What of his education? What profession did he enter? What write? What success in his profession? Where go? What publish in 1765? Influence? What office did he hold? When die?

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

What styled? Why so? Where born? When? What often termed? In whose reigns did he flourish? Where educated? What of his early indications? Why did he not remain the usual time at the University? What employment did he first seek? How unqualified for it? What next? What subsidiary assistance did he receive? What new project? Its success? Where did he go? What first publish? What did Pope say of it? What of his Irene? What his situation at this time? What publish in 1744? How received? What proof of its merit? (note.) What did he issue in 1747? What in 1749? When did he publish the Rambler? What of it? When did his Dictionary appear? How long in completing it? Anecdote of Chesterfield? [Commit Lines of Garrick, and Letter to Chesterfield.] What did he next publish? Why not qualified for editing Shakspeare? What in 1759? Why? What receive in 1762? When introduced to Boswell? Results? Where did he go in 1777? What his opinion of Ossian's Poems? What was his

last labor? What is said of it? What incidents in his life, in 1781 and 1782? Give the account of his approaching dissolution? When die? His characteristics? What of his conversation? What other qualities and peculiarities? What of him as a Christian? Anecdote of the Earl of Eglintoune? Remark of Goldsmith? (note.) [Commit, at pleasure.]

ROBERT LOWTH.

In whose reign did he flourish? Where educated? What position in the English church did he hold? When die? What did he write? What of his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry? Remark of Gibbon? (note.) Remarks of Leigh Hunt, on the Utility of Poetry? (note.)

THOMAS WARTON.

For what celebrated? What of his family? When born? Where educated? What did he first publish? To what professorship elected? What did he publish in 1774? What is said of it? [Commit "The Hamlet."]

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

How celebrated? When and where born? What of his early attainments? What profession did he enter? What did he first publish? What next? The merits of these works? Of what does the introduction of "Charles V." consist? What did he publish in 1777? When did he die? To what do most of his works relate? What of his style? What does Gibbon say of Robertson and Hume? (note.)

EDWARD GIBBON.

When born? What does he say of his lot? What of his education? Of the death of his mother? Of his first love? Of the publication of his history? Where did he go for meditation and study? What of the completion of his history? What is said of his attack on Christianity? (note.) What is necessary for Christianity to fulfil its design? Who alone of Gibbon's correspondents rebuked him? Did Dr. Robertson? Was this honest?

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What is said of him? When born? What of his early education? What does Campbell say? What of his studies at school? To what university did he go? What did he do on leaving the university? What profession did he embrace? What was his course during our Revolutionary war? How did it affect his prospects? To what was he appointed in 1782? When did he commence his duties? What were some of his literary labors? What effect did they have on his health? When did he die? What does Campbell say of his acquirements? How does his biographer say he always seemed to act? What were his habits of study in India? What couplets relative to division of time? [Repeat "Remarks on the Bible," and the "Ode."

ROBERT BURNS.

When born? Where? What of his early education? What was the foundation of it? For what did he early show a fondness? What were the earliest pieces he loved? (note.) What fame did he early acquire? To what did it introduce him? Consequences? Where did he resolve to go? What prevented him? Result? What did an edition of his poems yield him? How expend it? Result? His habits? When did he die? What does Professor Wilson say of him?

EDMUND BURKE.

When born, and where? Where educated? What profession did he study? To what did he devote himself? His first publication? What is said of it? What the next year? What rank did it give him? Its object? What work did he suggest to Dodsley? How honored in 1765? In what great causes did he employ his talents and learning? What are some of his writings? What calamity in 1794? When did he die? What is said of his character? What does a writer in the Edinburgh Review say? [Repeat "Comparison between Burke and Johnson," "Character of Junius," "Speech to the Electors of Bristol," "The Queen of France."]

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

What was the state of England when

these letters appeared? What seemed to be the principles of George III.? Who resigned from the ministry in 1771? Who formed a new ministry? What was the next change? What editor of a paper now appeared prominent? To what post was he elected? What followed? What other administrations soon followed? What motion was made in the House of Lords in 1770? What arguments in support of the motion? What letters at this time appeared? In what printed? By whom? What interest did they excite? Why? What of the style of Junius? What power peculiarly his own? Can his style be proposed as a model? Why not? What is said of the authorship of these Letters? (note, page 654.)

WILLIAM COWPER.

What does Southey term him? When born? What of his infancy? Of his mother? To what school was he sent? Why was he disgusted with it? What profession did he study? To what office was he chosen? Did he accept it? What effect had the offer upon his mind? Where did he go in 1765? To what family introduced? Where afterwards go? What happened to him in 1773? What did he publish in 1782? What visitor did he receive the same year? What influence had she on him? What did she suggest to him to write? How did Mrs. Unwin feel towards her? Result? When was the Task published? What does Hazlitt say of it? What else did he publish the same year? What other friend visited him at Olney? When did Hayley visit him? What happened to Mrs. Unwin? What poem did he address to her? What happened to him in 1794? When did Mrs. Unwin die? How was Cowper affected? What was the last piece he ever wrote? When did he die? What may he eminently be called? What does Campbell say of him? What of Geology? (note, p. 670.) What does Campbell say of Cowper's writings against slavery? What are the happy effects of emancipation in the West Indies? (note, p. 672.) [Commit, at pleasure.]

THE END.

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"It is generally the object, in text books on arithmetic, to give a sufficient number of problems, under each rule, to exemplify and illustrate the process, so that it may be fully understood by the pupil. But experience in teaching arithmetic shows us that much more than this is required. It is not enough that the pupil understands an arithmetical process, nor that he is simply able to perform it. He must become thoroughly accustomed to the performance of it by means of long-continued practice, until the principles involved and the methods to be pursued, in all the various modifications which may arise, become completely and permanently familiarized to the mind. It is, accordingly, found necessary in the best institutions to provide, in some way, a great number of examples for practice, after those contained in the text-books are exhausted."

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BURLINGTON, N. J., 10th mo. 23d, 1846.

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M. L. STOEVER,

PROF. VOGDES. *Prin. of the Acad. Dept. Penna. College.*

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PHILADELPHIA, June 15, 1847.

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